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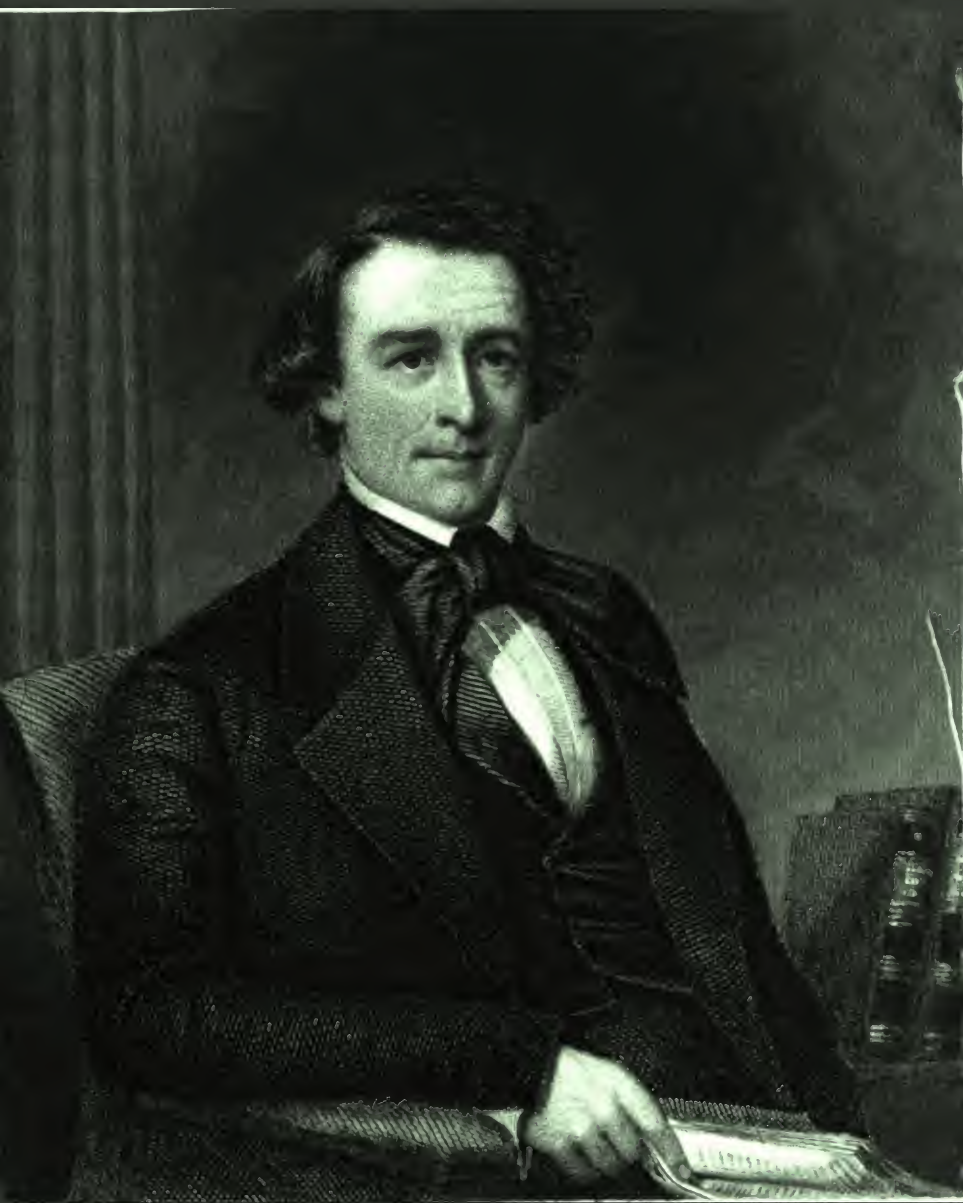
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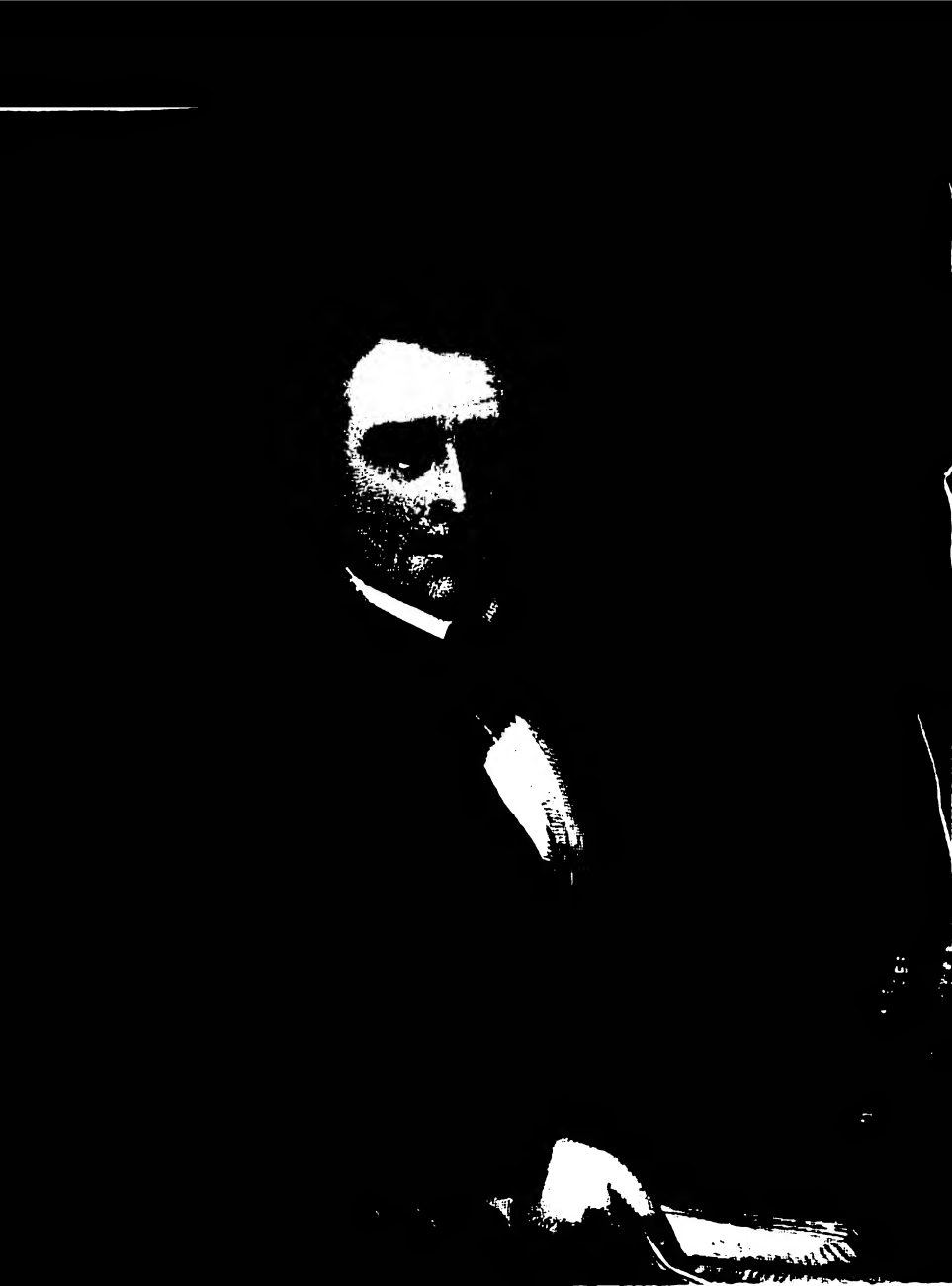
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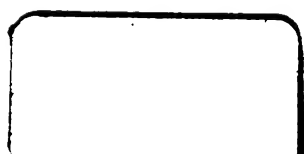
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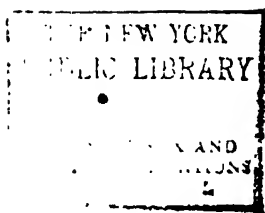


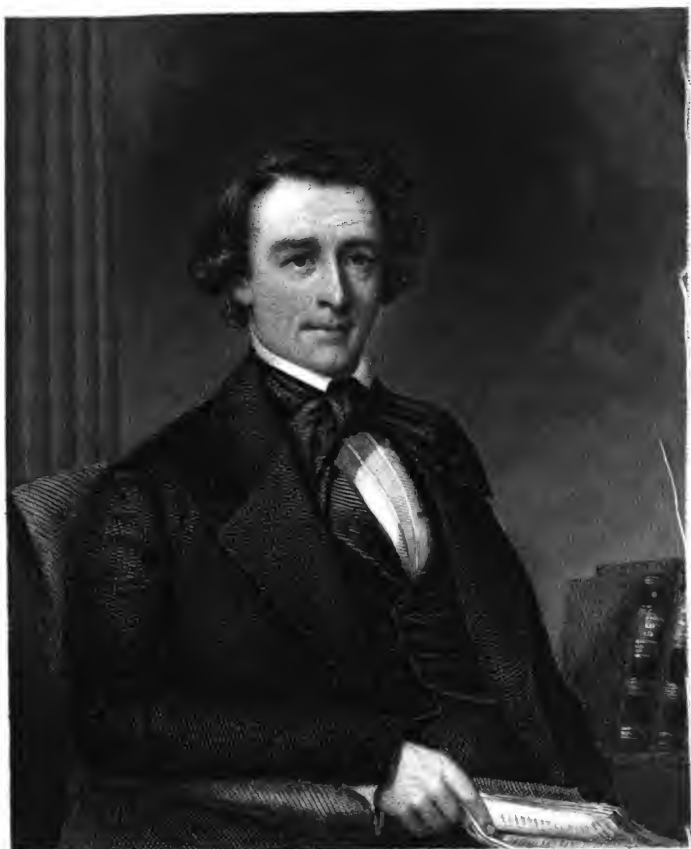
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SKSA
Covenant





Portrait of John A. Kennedy

Engraved by A. L. ...

John A. Kennedy
to Sir

Engraved expressly for the Covenant 100F

IN GOD WE TRUST.

FRIENDSHIP LOVE AND TRUTH

"BUT THE FIRST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

THE
COVENANT

AND
OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE
Grand Lodge of the United States,
I. O. O. F.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,
DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF
ODD FELLOWSHIP.

EDITED
BY P. G. M. JAMES L. RIDGELY.

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I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

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OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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No. 1.

GRAND SIRE JOHN A. KENNEDY.

THE subject of this memoir was born on the 9th day of August, in the year 1803, in the city of Baltimore, and at an early age was placed by his parents at the business of house painting in which he served a regular apprenticeship—having attained his majority he embarked in his vocation upon his own resources and very early thereafter united himself with the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows—on the 23d February, 1831, he was initiated in *Gratitude* Lodge No. 5, in the city of Baltimore, a lodge so called, in commemoration of the services of the first Odd-Fellow in Maryland. Brother Kennedy became immediately after his initiation highly pleased with Odd-Fellowship and was soon among the most efficient members of the young lodge to which he had attached himself—on the 15th of August, of the same year, he was chosen Secretary, and in the following quarters consecutively he was called to act as V. G. and N. G. of the lodge, having thus in the space of one year filled all the chairs of his Subordinate Lodge. At the termination of his term of office as N. G. he was formally admitted into the Grand Lodge of the State in May, 1833, and in the following August was appointed Treasurer of his lodge. The space allowed us in tracing his career in *Gratitude* Lodge in this article will not admit our particularizing his many and valuable services to that body, it may easily however be seen from the rapidity with which he passed the several offices, that he enjoyed in a very high degree, the confidence and regard of his brethren, and the continuous prosperity of the lodge will furnish the surest evidence of the manner in which he administered its several functions during his various terms of office. In December, 1831, he was selected by his lodge to represent it in the organization of the Joint Standing Committee on Education in Maryland, a department of the Order in that State, which now reflects the highest honor upon its foun-

ders; of it more need not be said, than that at this time, the list of children under its charge numbers 206, of whom 113 are now at school receiving the invaluable blessing of education. Bro. Kennedy took an active and zealous part in framing the constitution and devising the ways and means of this interesting committee, was chosen its Secretary in 1832, and continued to act as such during his residence in Maryland. Having entered the Grand Lodge his talents were immediately devoted to the advancement of the character of that body. The Grand Lodge of Maryland had been deeply agitated at the time of his admission by questions of exciting interest affecting its organic law and fundamental alterations in its constitution were in progress of discussion and adjustment. To this subject he gave his unremitting attention and had the satisfaction of contributing to the establishment of its present form of government, which has endured unchanged in any essential particulars since that memorable period. The valuable services of this brother were again given to the Grand Lodge of Maryland in another trying scene through which she was called to pass in the following year, 1833,—a spirit of insubordination at first insignificant, had assumed a more important aspect within the jurisdiction of Maryland, and ultimated in the regular organization of a spurious lodge in the city of Baltimore. The Grand Lodge was called upon at this juncture to adopt firm and decided measures to vindicate its authority and maintain its supremacy. That body assembled to consider its position and duty in the premises upon the invitation of Washington and Gratitude Lodges, and Brother Kennedy who was chosen the Chairman of the important Committee, appointed to report measures for its adoption in these circumstances submitted the following law, which was unanimously enacted, the prompt execution of which happily suppressed the spirit of insubordination and entirely overthrew the unlawful lodge.

ART. 33. Any brother who shall be concerned in organizing, or who shall give countenance and support to, or who shall visit any lodge or lodges in the State of Maryland, purporting to be Odd-Fellows, and not possessing a legal and valid charter, duly granted and presented by the G. Lodge of Maryland, shall be deemed unworthy of fellowship; and may, upon satisfactory proof thereof, be suspended or expelled, at the option of the lodge. Any brother so suspended or expelled, shall not be reinstated unless he makes suitable submission, and the Grand Lodge assents thereto. Nor shall any person who has been admitted to membership in such spurious lodge, be received into any regular lodge, without the consent first had and obtained of the Grand Lodge.

At the January Session, 1834, of the Grand Lodge of Maryland he was elected under the most flattering circumstances Grand Secretary of that body, which office he filled with great credit to himself. Having now arranged his plans of life so as to require his removal to New York, he turned his attention at an early moment to the settlement of his various trusts in the Order in Maryland—he closed the books of his various offices to the entire satisfaction of his brethren and formally resigned the Secretaryship of the Joint Standing Committee on Education, the Treasurership of Gratitude Lodge, and the Grand Secretaryship of the Grand Lodge early in the spring of 1834, and removed from Maryland, leaving behind him a character enviable for its devotion to the integrity and prosperity of Odd-Fellowship.

In the spring of 1834 Brother Kennedy located in the city of New York, and embarked upon that more enlarged field in the pursuit of his

calling—by a continuance of that unremitting energy which had ever distinguished him through life, his peculiar aptness for business soon attracted the notice of a capitalist engaged in the paint and oil trade, who promptly secured his valuable service and during a period of several years submitted to his skill and integrity his entire confidence, and ultimately, as we are informed, as an earnest of the appreciation of his talents and trustworthiness, has associated him in his extensive business. What a moral may be gathered from this brief memoir of our distinguished Brother by the crowds of industrious mechanics in our Order! how emphatically does the crown which has rewarded the toil of this fellow-citizen and brother exemplify the adage, that perseverance overcometh all obstacles—here you behold a youth born in ordinary circumstances, struggling along the sterile pathway of early life amid all the adversities which beset the humble sphere, himself the cultivator of his own mind, and the architect of his own fortune, pushing from his way the thousands of impediments which cross the young mechanic and while yet in the green period of his days looking back with gratification upon years well spent, and beholding in the future a sure guarantee of abundance, peace and happiness as the certain fruit of a steady adherence to the maxims and principles which guided him through the dangers of the past. Brother Kennedy very soon after his location in the city of New York manifested a deep solicitude for the condition of our beloved Order in that jurisdiction. For many years the Grand Lodge of the State had almost wholly failed to report to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and owing to various causes among which perhaps the anti-masonic excitement and the then callous character of the constituency in that State may be considered as the most prominent, Odd-Fellowship in New York commanded neither the respect of the community, nor the confidence of the Order in the south and west. In this posture of an institution to whose fortunes Brother Kennedy had been so intimately wedded in Maryland, it required as may well be imagined no ordinary firmness of character to prompt individual effort to its elevation. He did not however shrink from the Herculean task which lay before him, but summoning to his aid his best energies he set about resuscitating the almost expiring embers of Odd-Fellowship in that jurisdiction. He found Lodges No. 1, 4, 9 and 10 in existence, but in a truly critical condition, each struggling along upon its own resources in separate and distinct communities, without any union and with no common head from which they might derive that counsel and instruction so necessary for the proper conduct of the work of our Order. Selecting from these lodges a competent number of willing brethren he undertook successfully the organization of a new lodge, Gettys, No. 11, so called after the then estimable Grand Sire of the United States, in which he deposited his card and remains until this day in active membership. The report of that jurisdiction for the year preceding, 1833, was barren of all intelligence as to the state of the Order, communicating simply an account of the election and installation of Grand Officers at Albany, with their respective signatures and address. In 1834 at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, that body was informed of the deplorable state of Odd-Fellowship in New York, when it was resolved, “that whereas it is represented that Odd-Fellowship is suffering in the state of New York by reason of the Grand Lodge meeting in Albany, and that the good of the Order will be promot-

ed by the Grand Lodge meeting in the city of New York, that the Grand Lodge of the United States adjourn to meet in the city of New York."

The Grand Lodge of the United States accordingly assembled in the city of New York on the 16th day of August, 1834, where they were aided by the valuable services of Brother Kennedy and other distinguished brethren in efforts to revive Odd-Fellowship in that meridian. At that time the Order numbered about 200 in New York, and it was clearly ascertained that the location of the Grand Lodge of the State at Albany was not only adverse to the improvement of the Order, but destined unless removed to extinguish the institution entirely in a very short time by its great neglect of the interests of the lodges in the city of New York. Impressed with this conviction the representatives, having urged in vain upon the authorities at Albany the removal of the Grand Lodge of the State, adjourned the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, with the most profound grief that all their efforts to better the depressed state of the Order had proved fruitless. Brother Kennedy did not however abate his zeal in the cause in which he had embarked, but gathering new courage from apparent defeat in his plans, he invited a meeting of all the P. G.'s in the city of New York to consider what means, if any, were left to restore the fallen fortunes of the Order in the State. At this meeting a united and brotherly feeling prevailed and it was agreed to make a further trial for success by the continuance of the Grand Lodge at Albany, and it was in view of this determination resolved with unanimity that the Grand Lodge should be requested to cause their proceedings to be printed together with a table of their receipts and disbursements—during this year he also, with the aid of a few choice spirits, introduced the Patriarchal Order in the city of New York by the opening of Mount Hebron Encampment, No. 2. It was very soon discovered that the Grand Lodge at Albany, jealous of what it considered an open attempt at its removal, instead of yielding to the respectful and reasonable request of the large constituency of the city of New York set about fortifying its own position and providing against a change of its location under any circumstances. The wants and interests of the New York lodges continued to be openly neglected, and a crisis was now at hand which required firm and dauntless courage to meet and stem its current. Bro. Kennedy assembled the P. G.'s of the city of New York again, when after mature deliberation in that body, it was resolved to request a thorough revision of the constitution of the G. Lodge, and to that end a committee was appointed to report an amended constitution to the consideration of the meeting, to be submitted to the Grand Lodge for its adoption. Bro. Kennedy, who had the honor to be the chairman of that committee, reported a reformed constitution which was approved by the meeting and by its order submitted to the subordinate lodges of the city in their corporate capacity and by them unanimously ratified. The G. Lodge of the State convened at Albany in the month of February and it being necessary to press upon that body the adoption of the new constitution, several formidable obstacles now interposed themselves to check the sanguine hopes of the brotherhood. The settled and abiding prejudices existing in the minds of the authorities at Albany against the city lodges, superinduced by the efforts to remove the Grand Lodge, admonished the friends of the new constitution that its main chance of success much depended upon the skill, urbanity and tact of the agents to whose hands it

was to be confided. There was enlisted against all and every effort made from New York city in advance, talent, ingenuity and much experience in human nature at Albany, and the signs of the times indicated that a great struggle would be made to resist at the threshold all attempts to alter the organic law of the State Grand Lodge. Much feeling was excited—much prejudice aroused—nor was this all, the extraordinary severity of the winter had almost arrested the intercourse between New York city and Albany, and thus the elements of opposition to success in the cause of the Order were calculated to cool the ardor of the friends of its reform. It is to Bro. Kennedy that the distinguished honor belongs of having met all these obstacles in the face—accompanied by another P. G. he proceeded to Albany, presented his Constitution, and without following further the history of the subject in detail it may be sufficient to say, that this proceeding resulted in the declaration of the Grand Charter of New York to be null and void by the Grand Lodge of the United States, under whose authority its functions remained suspended till 1837. During this interval of time much acrimony existed between the city and Albany lodges, but the authorities at Albany having refused obedience to the requisitions of the Grand Lodge of the United States were finally cut off from all communion with the Order.

Bro. Kennedy in company with two other P. G.'s visited the Grand Lodge of the United States at its session in 1837, upon whose application that body appointed a committee to repair to Newburgh in the state of New York, with power to receive the application of the obedient lodges for a reorganization of the State Grand Lodge—here the Grand Charter was formally conferred upon constitutional application from the lodges in the city of New York, from which time the temples of Odd-Fellowship have spread all over the fertile plains, and now crown almost every hill-top of that majestic State. Let the philanthropist look back upon our beloved Order in New York in 1834, drooping and decaying with scarce two hundred members and a few scattered lodges, and then let him behold from its present proud eminence the burning fires upon her hundred altars, with her ten thousand votaries worshipping at their shrine, scattering blessings upon the disconsolate and distressed, and if he has indeed a heart to feel and a tongue to utter he will exclaim, God speed the spirit whose indomitable energy spoke such a spectacle into being. Bro. Kennedy soon after the reorganization of the Grand Lodge of New York, was chosen its Grand Representative, and attended in person the annual session of the Grand Lodge of the United States in Oct. 1838, at the city of Baltimore. At this session he was appointed chairman of the committee on Foreign Correspondence, the duties of which were of paramount importance in view of the threatening vital difficulties between the Manchester Unity and the Grand Lodge of the United States in relation to the work of the Order. It was in this committee that his earnest attention was first directed to the danger in which the "unity" of Odd-Fellowship throughout the earth was exposed, and it will be seen in the sequel that it was here he imbibed that ardent and enthusiastic spirit which has ever since animated him to rescue our beloved institution from a great calamity. His efforts on this subject and the results which have attended his unremitting labour in this cause are fresh before the Order, and however unpropitious the present aspect of our foreign relations now appear,

it is scarcely to be doubted that at no very distant day his exertion behalf of the "universality" of Odd-Fellowship will be crowned with cess. In 1839 he was chosen to the office of Grand Master of New York his administration was distinguished by the most devoted attention to duties of his office and the admirable form of installation for the office which he prepared and caused to be officially adopted in the State, which has since been adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States gives him of itself a just claim to the thanks of the whole brotherhood. In the year 1840 he represented the state of Delaware by proxy in Grand Lodge of the United States, at which session he conceived the project of instituting an Official Magazine, and was successful in carrying through that body his plan of its publication. Whatever, if any, of that work may possess, or whatever of benefit to the Order, if any, result from its dissemination, to Bro. Kennedy is due the honor of having originated its establishment. At this session he was chosen Grand of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by resignation, in that office he now holds and administers to his own high honor and that of the Order at large.

Of the details of his administration it is perhaps not proper to speak this time, its term not being yet expired, but it may be said without disparagement from the eminent merits of his distinguished predecessors, that the incumbent of that exalted office has ever conferred a higher degree of honor upon the chair, more earnestly or zealously appreciated its manifold and complicated functions, or more ardently pressed forward the general weal of Odd-Fellowship than the present Grand Sire of the United States. Among the first acts of his administration will be found his renewed efforts to bind if possible in closer union the brotherhood throughout the world, and no individual gave to the subject of our unhappy differences with the Manchester Unity of G. Britain a larger share of his devotion evincing a more anxious solicitude for a friendly adjustment of that important question. The G. Lodge of the U. States had for many years no means unemployed to warn our errant brethren of England against the spirit of change and innovation which they had permitted almost entirely to veil the original work of the Order, and the most affectionate expostulations and remonstrances had been officially addressed to the constituent authorities at Manchester time and again without any kind of influence. At the session of 1841, upon the recommendation of the Corresponding Secretary, that body conceived the bold project of authorizing a deputation to proceed to Great Britain in person upon a mission of concession and compromise in the spirit of brotherly love—and to provide the means of meeting so onerous a charge upon her resources caused an appeal to be made to the liberality of her subordinates. Grand Sire Kennedy entered upon this new field of labour with all the ardor which had characterized his early years in Odd-Fellowship, and by his unremitting exertions in a great measure the lodges soon responded to the call made upon them by the Grand Lodge of the United States. Called at this juncture to the delicate and highly responsible task of selecting from a constituency covering so vast an extent of jurisdiction, two competent and proper brethren to present the views, feelings and wishes of the Grand Lodge of the United States before the Grand Master and Board of Directors in England, Grand Sire tendered the appointment to the distinguished Brother v

has been called almost unanimously to succeed him in his high office, P. G. Master Howell Hopkins of Pa. and with him conferred the high honor upon the Grand Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Lodge of uniting him in the embassy. Circumstances denied the Order the benefit of the valuable services of the former, and it fell to the lot of the Worthy Grand Chaplain to supply his place. This deputation proceeded to England duly commissioned by Grand Sire Kennedy, bearing his instructions full of earnest and affectionate hope for the success of this important mission.—The result is before the whole Order. The Grand Sire's official acts and doings in connexion with the subject, portrayed as they are in so clear and conclusive a manner in his annual message to the September session of 1842, have met the unqualified approbation of the Grand Lodge of the United States and it is believed of every State Grand Lodge in the confederacy. Perhaps no period of time in the history of Odd-Fellowship has been more eventful than the one which has passed and is now passing during the present administration of its affairs, and amid the trials, difficulties and embarrassments incident to an office to which every State in the Order looks for advice and instruction, not unfrequently amid conflicting and divided counsels at home, the present Grand Sire has thus far so guided the helm of the mighty ship which he commands as to steer clear of distraction, division and discord, and is passing on in his happy government of the Order harmoniously and successfully, while all around him he may behold as the fruit of his labour in the holy cause, with the co-operation of the Grand Lodge of the United States, one undisturbed surface of brotherly love covering the vast jurisdiction of the Order upon this continent. To a brother who has thus distinguished himself in the Order for many years, serving in every office from the humblest to the most exalted, is the tribute of respect which adorns this number of the Covenant offered by one who has long cherished for his official and individual worth, and for his estimable family the most sincere regard.

THE TRUANT CHILD.

BY LOUISE.

1.

'Twas the early dawn of a summer day,
And softly the gentle breeze
Was careering among the flow'rets gay,
Or tarrying with every leaflet to play
That hung on the verdant trees.

2.

The heavens look'd smiling, clear, and bright,
In their robe of azure hue,

While afar in the east, fleecy and light,
Soft cloudlets were drawn like a veil of white,
Concealing the sun from view.

3.

But anon—like a gay and glorious bride,
Unveiling her beauteous face—
The day-god, scattering their folds aside,
Till they spread o'er the concave far and wide,
Came forth from his hiding place.

4.

Then, like a fond lover's embrace, his beams
Circl'd hamlet, and mount, and vale,
And sparkled and danced on the jocund streams
That murmur'd in numbers their pleasant dreams
To the od'rous morning gale.

5.

But fairest and brightest his rays of light
On Madelaine's cottage lay,
And peeped with bold air through the casements bright,
Dispersing the dreams that had made the night
Vanish so swiftly away.

6.

She sprang from her couch—her young bosom free
From aught like sorrow or, pain ;
Her husband that day was to come from the sea,
And she knew how warm his praises would be
When clasp'd in his arms again.

7.

And then she imagined his fond surprise
When he saw his blooming boy,
With his dark, flowing curls, and liquid eyes,
Rivalling the hue of his own native skies,
Till her heart overflow'd with joy.

8.

Alas, that the loveliest scenes must fade!
That hopes are but born to die!
No prospect on earth that hath not its shade—
No joy that gloom doth not sometimes invade,
And waken the troubled sigh

9.

Madelaine turn'd to the couch of her child
To utter her humble prayer,
But she shriek'd the lov'd name in accents wild,
For no rosy lips on her presence smil'd—
No infant was pillow'd there!

10.

Trembling she mov'd from a niche in the wall
The crib, half thinking that he
But sought to hide from her morning call,
And listen'd to hear his soft tones fall
With a gush of childish glee.

11.

But luckless the search, though each curtain's fold
Was scann'd ere she pass'd it by;
And not a nook she deem'd his form could hold,
(For she knew his spirit was brave and bold,)
Was suffer'd to 'scape her eye.

12.

Alas! how she wept in sorrow and fear
As the hours sped fast away,
And she dreaded Reginald's step to hear
As the time of meeting drew swiftly near,
For what would he think and say?

13.

At length he appear'd, but no happy dame
Stood smiling beside his door—
No devoted young wife or sweet child came
With gentle voices repeating his name,
And welcomings o'er and o'er.

14.

He entered, and there in her chamber, pale,
And drooping beneath his eye
His young wife lay, like a floweret frail,
That had sunk 'neath a rough and boisterous gale
To wither, and then to die!

15.

He press'd to his bosom her trembling form,
While she told with many tears,
Of the morning's search, how she'd knelt in prayer
And miss'd the sweet object of all her care,
The fond, cherish'd hope of years.

16.

"Despond not," he whisper'd, with tender tone—
"The wild-bird forsakes its nest
To return again—thou art not alone,
And thy dove when weary of wandering grown
Will nestle within thy breast.

17.

We'll seek him together," he said, and smil'd,
So leaving their joyless cot,
They stroll'd far and near for the truant child—
By hill-side and stream through wood and through wild,
They wander'd but found him not.

18.

At length the day melted into the night—
The shadows stretch'd deep along—
Sweet Luna arose with her chasten'd light,
And gilded the blossoms with lustre bright,
While the Bulbul* tuned her song.

19.

Poor Madelaine's heart was oppress'd with dread
As she homeward turn'd at night,
And she wept and mourn'd the lost boy as dead,
When something arrested her footstep's tread,
And shone in the clear moonlight.

20.

'Twas the clasp of a tiny silken shoe
And she shriek'd aloud with joy,
For near, 'neath a noble and stout old yew
By vines and wild blossoms half hid from view
Asleep lay her truant boy.

21.

His beautiful curls in disorder stream'd
Down his fair and dimpled face,
While the moon's pale rays on his features beam'd,
And with loving and tender kisses seem'd
To revel on every grace.

22.

By his side, on the turf, defac'd and torn
The shoe's pretty fellow lay,

*The Nightingale.

But the "bonny blue ribbon" meant to adorn
As a tie, of its beauty was rudely shorn
And heedlessly flung away.

23.

He had crept from his couch at early day
And through the half open door,
Intent on the wide-spreading lawn to stray,
With the stolen slippers' gay clasps to play,
And then could return no more.

24.

All day 'mong the flowers he laughed and sung,
Like a glad and fairy child,
And pluck'd the sweet berries and fruit that hung
In clusters around till the evening flung
Her mantle o'er all the wild.

25.

And then on the soft, velvet grass he laid—
Nature's green and tender breast;
While a gentle and holy prayer was said,
Ne'er heard till that hour in green-wood shade,
As he softly sunk to rest.

26.

They bore him, still hush'd in his slumbers bright
To his cottage home again,
And he woke with the morn's first streak of light
Forgetting the wand'ring—the roguish wight!
And yesterday's grief and pain.

27.

He greeted "papa" with a merry shout,
And lisp'd what he'd strangely dream'd,
And his full rosy mouth wore half a pout
When fond Madelaine shook her head in doubt
That visions so *real* seem'd.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been urged in favor of early marriages, there is room to doubt their expediency, so far at least as the happiness of those immediately interested is concerned. Under given circumstances it would seem desirable that persons who are to pass their lives together

should be united as early as possible, in order that they may be assimilated to each other before permanent habits are formed, the conflict of which may be productive of mutual discomfort. It must however on the other hand be borne in mind, that where persons are brought together before the judgment is matured and while passion is in its greatest strength the result, in the event of a want of congeniality, will in all probability be reciprocal and deep rooted dislike. Those who argue in behalf of early matrimonial connections, in sustaining their side of the question, lay great stress on what they call *love*, the capacity for which, they say, is diminished in proportion to the advance of age. These persons would have us believe that the pure and warm affection which springs up between two persons of mature years and is based upon a just appreciation of each other's good qualities, is not sufficient to ensure connubial happiness, but that a something else to which they give the appellation of love is indispensable to the mutual toleration and blindness to each other's faults, which can alone ensure permanent affection. If indeed Providence intended that human happiness should depend on so frail and vacillating a basis as the incompetency to form just opinions produced by the excitement of the imagination, rather than the deliberate exercise of man's reflecting faculties, there might be some plausibility in such an idea, but to believe such to be the case appears to be contrary to the dictates of sound philosophy. It is rational to suppose that in marriage, as in the other concerns of life, the moral and intellectual powers were intended to be brought into action, and that however the sexual feelings implanted in our bosoms by an all-wise Creator may be useful in cementing the union between man and wife, their operation should be subservient to higher and more exalted impulses. To come at a just estimate of this important question it may be proper to look to the actual state of circumstances in early life and enquire whether they be such as to ensure a more correct judgment than at a period when experience shall have furnished its invaluable lessons.

In the case of an early marriage two young people, who have no knowledge whatever of the perplexities incident to a participation in the affairs of life, see and become fond of each other. The preference mutually excited may arise from personal beauty, or some peculiar intellectual gifts, which happen to chime in with the mutual tastes of the parties. The young lady for instance may have exquisitely formed features, she may be graceful in her movements, amiable in her deportment, contented in her disposition and joyous in her temperament. On the other hand the gentleman may be handsome, graceful and brave, generous, witty and intelligent. Two such persons meet in the walks of social intercourse and become enamoured of each other; an understanding takes place and they become man and wife, to remain united until death shall separate them. It will be recollected that all the good qualities above named are manifested under circumstances which are not in the slightest degree calculated to test their extent or durability, and must be taken with reference to the opportunity which has been afforded for their exhibition. Under the parental roof and residing with affectionate parents constantly on the look out to anticipate and gratify every wish, however idle, the fair one is all smiles and affability, and studies only to please. Nor is the gentleman in a position less favorable, it being only necessary for him to form a plan of amusement in order to have it carried into execution and his every ex-

pression being sedulously treasured up as a subject for admiration and encomium. So soon as the newly married couple enter upon the matrimonial state a new condition of things presents itself. Cares never before dreamed of, intrude themselves and the features of the wife, so placid and undisturbed in the maiden, become overclouded and gloomy. The household is to be taken care of and, instead of practising upon her favorite instrument and then taking her morning walk or drive, the lady finds herself called on to attend to the vexatious demands of servants and to see that the household economy is conducted as it should be. Sickness with its attendant train of evils enters the door and langour and dejection hang upon cheeks that lately were glowing in all the radiance of health and beauty. It may be that the husband's house is not so well filled as papa's, and that wants previously satisfied in anticipation must now remain ungratified, the consequence of which is petulance and fault-finding, where it had been supposed the ruder passions had no existence. A ride is proposed but business prevents and, to his surprise, the young husband finds that his angel can frown and look sulky; or perhaps the gentleman has invited friends to dine, and, instead of meeting with a smile on entering his door, he is told that it is unreasonable to suppose that the family can be put into confusion merely to gratify his whims. Nor is this all. Sometimes a change of fortune takes place, and economy and privation must be the orders of the day. He who, whilst his means permitted, was ever ready to gratify every caprice of his wife, however frivolous, is unceremoniously reminded of the luxury in which he found her in the house of her parents, and learns to his surprise that the voice once studiously attuned to softest cadences, can now break forth in the grating accents of reproach and vituperation. Now what becomes of the *love* which had arrayed every thing in *couleur de rose*? it has taken wings and in its stead an abiding feeling of loathing and resentful disgust has taken possession of his soul. His fireside, once the scene of content and pleasure, is now hateful to him—he seeks the tavern or the billiard-room, in search of a respite from his misery or, too frequently, finds solace for his cares in the maddening influences of the intoxicating cup. Here is a picture of the probable results of an early marriage contracted under the exciting operation of what is called love, nor is it overwrought, as the experience of hundreds and thousands will attest. In the case above described the parties have acted, in the first instance, from the purest and best motives, without the least intention of deceiving or the slightest expectation of being deceived. There has been no hypocrisy whatever, and the manifestations of good qualities have been honest and true, so far as the condition of those concerned has permitted. To blame under such circumstances would be unjust and yet we find that, without any fault on their part, two persons have been made miserable for life. Where then are we to look for the cause of the evil? Simply in the fact that youthful impetuosity has been suffered to bear the sway and hurry the parties into a relation for which they were not fitted by education nor experience. They have intended to do right but their intentions have been frustrated by their own incapacity to judge correctly of each other.

It has been often stated that early marriages are proper because they tend to prevent the formation of habits that strike at the root of the social system and upturn the foundation of correct morals. Is such the case; or

do not these premature alliances, so far from preventing the evils above alluded to, give rise, in the long run, to the existence of a state of things infinitely more painful and disreputable than could have existed if no such union had ever taken place? In the first place the wife by being subjected to cares for which she is in no wise prepared, is led into the indulgence of tempers which, had her judgment been suffered to become matured, would have been suppressed or at least controlled, and consequently the husband would not have been exposed to attacks upon his feelings the consequence of which is a dereliction of duty on his part. In the second place, there would have been none of the bad example to children which, inevitably, begets on their part a contempt for the institution of marriage and destroys the subordination which should exist in every family. Nor does the evil stop here. A young man, with capacities that fit him for playing a distinguished part in the drama of life, finds his energies paralysed and his hopes blasted by the scenes of domestic discomfort and wrangling to which he is constantly exposed. His mind, harrassed by petty annoyances, is unfitted to grapple with the difficulties that lie in the road to preferment—he is turned aside from the path of manly effort—his buoyancy of feeling is destroyed and, instead of becoming a competitor for the prize of distinction in whatever pursuit he may have chosen, he yields himself a prey to disappointment and useless regrets. The great stimulus for effort is taken away from such a man—there is no longer a goal to which he can look forward for the consummation of his wishes. Speak to him of professional eminence and he will tell you that to him it has no charms—why should he be ambitious when there is in his very home, at his fireside, an influence that weighs him down and checks every aspiration of his spirit. Admitting that he should be successful in his struggles for honor and wealth, with whom is he to partake of the delights which they confer? Is it with the wife whose study and practice it has been to render his home uncomfortable; or the children who have been the witnesses of his humiliations and mortifications? Should he desire to mingle with the society which is calculated to inspire him with pleasurable emotions, but for which the mother of his children has no inclination, he is marked as one who forgets his domestic duties. Does he select some gifted individual of the other sex who can appreciate his gifts and extend to him the sympathy for which a sensitive mind so naturally seeks, he hears his name coupled perhaps with a want of moral rectitude which his heart would despise, and finds arrayed against him a host of slanderers ever on the alert to vilify what they cannot hope to imitate.

Such are some of the fruits of the boasted system of early marriages, which, so far from being the promoter of the morality and well-being of society, has caused more wretchedness and crime to individuals and communities than perhaps any other error of the present day. Marriage is in itself a noble, a holy institution, intended to be the great solace of the human race, and when rightly understood and appreciated, it becomes the palladium of virtue, public and private. Its end being so exalted, it should not be treated as a pastime for children in which they may gratify their appetites, but as a something reserved for the lasting comfort and reward of well regulated affection and matured judgment. Far from being like a garment to be put on and off at pleasure, it is a state intended to endure so

long as life lasts, and should be kept sanctified and unprofaned by sensuality or caprice. As the obligations it imposes are of the most enduring, refined, and sacred character, they never should be assumed except under the guidance of the purest and best regulated affection, directed by refined reflection and sound judgment. When those who enlist under its spotless banner, do so in the proper temper of mind and with the determination to practice the duties which it enjoins in a self-devoting spirit, they may confidently hope to realize all the blessings to procure the enjoyment of which it was instituted; but should its injunctions be regarded with heedlessness or contempt the consequences must be unhappiness and disgrace.

There cannot be imagined a condition on earth approaching more nearly to the bliss of redeemed spirits, than that of two persons who, with a full understanding of each other's characters, and a just appreciation of each other's virtues, come together with the resolution to do all in their power to make each other happy. Discarding all selfishness they unite themselves in order that by so doing they may be enabled to interchange, under the sanction of the strictest confidence, the kind offices dictated by unbounded affection and love, in the only true and genuine sense of the term. Placing an appropriate value upon their respective virtues and making due allowances for the failings that attach, of necessity, to human frailty, they come under the solemn obligation to cherish, protect and comfort each other through all the vicissitudes of fortune. Deceived by no hasty and evanescent ebullition of passion, they are enabled to take a correct view of the engagement into which they enter, and without flattering themselves that the future is to be an uninterrupted series of enjoyments they make up their minds to meet whatever may come with fortitude and a firm reliance on each other's constancy. It is true, that no adequate idea can be formed, in a state of celibacy, of the trials and vexations incident to the married state, nor of the changes of temper and deportment that untoward circumstances may bring about, but, resolved that let the worst come to the worst they will mutually aid each other, they are prepared to bear whatever fortune may bring with cheerfulness and propriety. They are happy in one another and await the tide of events with a placid determination to cling together and be mutual supporters in weal or woe.

△.

ASSOCIATIONS FOR BENEVOLENCE, ANCIENT AND UNIVERSAL.

BY REV. A. B. CHAPIN, M. A.

*Rector of Christ Church, West Haven, and St. John's Church, North Haven.**

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—1 Thess. v. 21.

THE chapter from which our text is taken, contains numerous precepts, designed to direct the Thessalonian Christians in the performance of their

*A Discourse, delivered in Trinity Church, New Haven, September 2, 1842, being the Third Anniversary of the I. O. O. F. of Connecticut. Published by request.

duty. In the text itself, the Apostle inculcates a most important principle, incumbent upon all men, at all times, and in all places. The pertinence of the illustration, and the force of the language, is rendered still more striking by the allusion made to the practice of testing coins, by ringing them upon a counter or touchstone. It has been debated, by commentators, whether the Apostle intended this language to apply to every thing that should come before us; or whether it was intended to apply only to Christian doctrine.* The latter, no doubt, was the leading idea in the author's mind; but nevertheless, he lays down a principle, applicable to all cases, touching which we may be called upon to judge. We are first to *prove*, or to make trial of those things which claim our approbation, before receiving or rejecting them. If they stand the test, we are to approve them, and in case of moral and religious duties, to hold them fast. It is our duty, and especially may we ask it of those who are not members of the Association which has come here to worship to-day, to apply this principle on the present occasion. *Prove* the principles of this Society, try their acts, and if they be found not only innocent, but praiseworthy, give them your sanction, if not your support. On the contrary, if they stand not this test, reject, renounce, anathematize them. But do not reject that which has not been tried, nor renounce that which has not been proved, nor anathematize that which has not been put to the test. And while we invite this examination, it is our duty and our pleasure to facilitate your inquiries, and to assist you in an examination. For this purpose I propose to state briefly the principles and practices of the Society, and to put you in the road to a fair and conclusive examination of the subject. And I do this the more readily as some have supposed that there are valid objections against it. As a fellow-citizen, as a Christian man, but above all, as a Christian minister, it is my duty to do this, that I may avoid even the appearance of evil—and that, without sacrificing principle to passion, or knowledge to prejudice.

In addressing you on this subject, I may presume, that to those who are not members of this Association, I am to speak of an institution of which they have heard and know but little. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude, that you will at once inquire, what are the principles, practices, and benefits of this Society? To this proper and reasonable inquiry, it is my duty and design to reply. A full answer to this question will require us to consider four things.

1. The *origin* of the Association.
2. The *objects* of the same.
3. The *principles* upon which it is founded, and which are inculcated in it; and,
4. The *benefits* to be derived from a participation in its membership.

1. Concerning the *origin* of this Institution, there has been much debate and no little difference of opinion. That the *present* name is modern, no one doubts; that its introduction into this country is recent, is granted; but that the *thing* is far more ancient than the *name*, is certain. If, then, we lay aside the *name*, which has been frequently changed, and confine our attention to the *substance*, we shall find no difficulty in tracing the *principle* back to the remotest ages. The principle upon which this and

*Bloomfield, Com. in loco.

all similar institutions have been founded, may be stated thus: *It is good for men to associate themselves together for purposes of benevolence and mutual aid; that in an institution designed to be universal, there should be something which will serve as an universal language to all its members, and at the same time operate as a safeguard to the institution against fraud and imposition.* The plan universally adopted as the best calculated to accomplish this purpose, has been, *a mode of initiation, solemn and impressive, with signs and tokens by which the members should recognize each other.* These, therefore, must of necessity be secret. Hence the principle upon which this and all similar institutions have been based, is, *that of association for purposes of benevolence and mutual aid, with a solemn and impressive mode of initiation, and with signs and tokens of recognition, which the members are not at liberty to reveal.* All else is open and free to the public. All else is freely published to the world; and the closest scrutiny invited.

You will see from this, my friends, that we cannot tell what is the mode of initiation into the I. O. of O. F., nor into any similar institution, nor what are the signs and tokens by which the members recognize each other. But in regard to every thing else, the world may know, as well as its members. Consequently, we shall never be able exactly to identify the several societies of this nature, which do now, or have heretofore existed, though we may prove the existence of societies having similar objects in view, and attempting to gain the same end by similar principles.

Bearing this in mind, and I do not hesitate to say, after a most thorough historical investigation, that institutions founded on similar principles, and having similar objects in view, are as ancient as the earliest history of civilization. And I am persuaded that a careful investigation of this point, would be full of interest to the Theologian and Christian student. In Egypt, the most ancient among the ancient nations, an institution of this kind existed from the earliest period.* Of the nature of that institution we know very little. History informs us, that many benefits were supposed to be derived from a participation in the secrets of the society; that those secrets were revealed only to the initiated, and that the mode of initiation was well calculated to make a serious and abiding impression on the mind of the recipient.

Besides the *Egyptian mysteries*, as they are called by historians, we find scattered throughout all Europe, and a large portion of Asia, associations founded on similar principles, characterized by similar ceremonies, and having similar objects in view.† Of most of these our information is scanty and imperfect; but enough is known to prove the identity of their origin and object. These were all sometimes spoken of as the *Mysteries of the Cabiri*; a name which is itself a mystery, and which no learning or research has yet been able satisfactorily to explain.‡

Among all the mysteries of the ancients, those celebrated at the city of Eleusis, and hence called the *Eleusian Mysteries*, are best known.§

*Diod. Sic. LL. i. v. Jamblichus de Myst. § vii. Faber, Myst. Cabiri. c. 1. Rees' Encyc. Art. *Eleusinian*.

†These have been known by various names, in different countries, as the mysteries of Eleusis, of Ceres, of Isis; Pythagoreanism, Druidism, the rites of Theosmophio, the Esculapian, and the like. Indeed, nearly all the worship of the ancients combined something of this kind, though commingled with many other things foreign to the subject.

‡Faber derives it from the Hebrew *Cabirim*, *the mighty ones*. But this wants proof.

§These are described at length in *Voyage de Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, c. lxviii., and

These were copied from the Egyptian, and bore a general correspondence to all similar institutions; and hence, an account of one, is, in the main, an account of all the others. Not that all agreed in the particular detail of their practices or objects, but in their outline they agreed in holding similar principles for similar purposes. Now a careful comparison of all the ancient rites, as they existed anterior to the promulgation of the Gospel, leads to the following conclusion. *It was a leading characteristic of all the ancient rites, that they began in sorrow and gloom, but ended in light and joy;* they were all calculated to remind men of their weakness, their ignorance, their helplessness, and their sinfulness of character; of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of the ills which flesh is heir to; of the punishment of guilt, the reward of virtue,† and the rising of the just to life eternal and immortal.‡* In all, too, the mode of initiation was calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the candidate.

For these purposes, striking exhibitions of the consequences of sin, and the pleasures of virtue, were presented for consideration, in sudden and striking contrast,§ and every thing was designed to impress the candidate with a lively sense of what was thus represented. To these we add some other things, in which the ancient mysteries did in effect agree, though only hinted at, or slightly alluded to, in some; while in others they were distinctly and clearly set forth. First among these, was the doctrine of *new birth*, or, as it was sometimes called, *a wonderful regeneration*.||—What was signified by this, has been the subject of much debate. Some have supposed that these regenerative sacrifices denoted a deep conviction pervading the pagan world, that man had fallen from his original purity; and that they were symbolical of that *new birth*, which alone can us for heaven.¶ Others, however, suppose that they contain no allusion to this, but are merely corrupted copies of an original religious ceremony kept in commemoration of the saving of Noah and his family in the ark

by Robinson, *Archæologia Græca*, B. iii. c. 19, which seems to have been mainly copied from Anarcharsis without credit.

*Compare *Mysteries of Eleusis*, (Anarcharsis and Robinson.) *Pythagoreanism*, (Plut. l. c. 9. Serv. *Æn.* x. 564. Jamb. l. i. c. 31. Bayle, *Hist. Crit. Dic.* in *Pythag.*) *Druid* (Rees' *Encyc. Art. Druid*. Cæsar de Bell. Gall. vi. 13. Hume vol. i. p. 3. Walker's *Irish Bards*.) and *Cabirianism* in general, (Faber, *Myst. Cabiri*.)

†This is emphatically true of Eleusinianism, Arch. Gr. c. lxxviii.

‡Cic. de Nat. Deorum, l. i. c. 11. Lactantius, l. i. c. 5. Jos. Adv. Appion, l. Plut. Vita Numa. Rees' *Encyc. Art. Druid*.

§Virg. *Æn.* vi. 255, and Warb. Div. Leg. B. ii. Sec. 4. Fab. Cab. c. v. p. 232. Tusc. Diss. l. i. cc. 12, 13. Chrys. Orat. 12. Schol. Arist. Plut. Anar. c. lxxviii. and

||Compare the rites of the Tauribolum and Criobolum, in Prudentius, apud Ban. M vol i. p. 274, sometimes called a *baptism of blood*, and an inscription in Jul. Firm. de Prof. Rel. p. 56.

¶Maurice, Ind. Antiq. in Faber, vol. ii. c. viii. p. 351, from which it appears that the doctrine is recognized in various places in the *Institutes of Menu*. There is abundant evidence that the corruption of human nature was admitted by the ancient, as it is by the modern heathen. But there is one source of evidence hitherto overlooked, which is so curious and pertinent, that it must not be omitted. A single specimen in this place must suffice. Anglo-Saxon language, *god* signifies both God and good; that is, God is emphatic good; while on the other hand, *man* denotes both man and sin. Hence, God is good, man is sin.

*Faber, in his *Horæ Mosaicæ*, (vol. ii. p. 107,) adopted the same opinion as Mr. T and many others, but retracted it in his *Dissertation on the Cabiri*, (vol. ii. p. 3.) adopted the one last mentioned, and the *new birth* was, in his opinion, a mythological symbol of the deliverance of Noah from the Ark. The symbol of this was different among nations. Among the Egyptians, it was "an infant sitting upon the lotus." (Jam. d. c. vii. Plut. de Isid.) Similar representations are found in all the ancient rites, as observed in another note.

In my judgment, both are partly right and partly wrong. That the ancient mysteries were copies, in many instances corrupted copies, but still, copies of a highly primitive rite, reaching back nearly to the time of Noah, and celebrating his deliverance in the Ark, has been satisfactorily proved by learned men.* Now we have the testimony of an Apostle, that the Ark of Noah, in which he was saved from the flood, was a symbol of that salvation, which was signified by Christian Baptism.† If, then, the mysteries of the ancients were copies, however corrupted, of such an ancient and primitive rite, then they must also have had reference, *at the beginning*, to that spiritual birth, signified in baptism, of which the salvation of Noah in the Ark, was also a sign and symbol.

I am very far, however, from supposing that this idea was retained in all the mysteries of the ancients. On the contrary, I do not find evidence that it was generally thought of. Upon a review of all the evidence on the subject, I am led to the conclusion, that *every form of religion which does now exist, or ever has existed, was copied from an original divine institution;*‡ and that *every form of the ancient mysteries was copied from some primitive and religious rite.*§ It is true, that the former were very greatly corrupted, and the meaning of the latter, lost sight of; but this does not affect the question of their *origin*. And I must express my most thorough conviction, that there was enough retained in these symbols, even among the most corrupted, to lead the mind of a devout and reflect-

*Reland, *Diss. de Cabiri*. Maurice, *Indian Antiquities*, vol. iv. Cooke, *Inquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religions*. Cudworth, *Intellectual System*. Horsley's *Tracts*, p. 44, Ed. 1789. These authors agree as to the antiquity, though not as to the object, of the ancient rites.

†1 Peter iii. 20, 21. The same view is taken in the Baptismal Office of the Anglican Liturgy, and by the Christian fathers universally.

‡That is, the leading facts, so to speak, upon which all else depends, were so copied.—New such a fact, in the Christian religion, is the *atonement*, made by the death of Christ. And the death, by which this atonement was made, is set forth in the Eucharist, and this death is shown forth, *until his coming again*. And this same death was shadowed forth, by the sacrifices in the Jewish and Patriarchal churches. Now these sacrifices were of divine institution, reaching back to the days of our first parents, and there is not a religion known to exist, among any nation upon earth, in which there is not some sort of sacrifice. And these sacrifices, which constitute so large a share, which are in fact the leading characteristics of all pagan religions, are believed by those who practice them, to be of divine original; for every man supposes his religion to be from heaven. Now all sacrifices were copied, in the first instance, from the sacrifices of the Patriarchal Church, and consequently were of divine institution. See these points clearly and fully proved in Magee, *On the Atonement and Sacrifice*. Disc. ii. and Nos. xl. — xlii. See also Justin Martyr's first Apology, where he attempts to prove, that all the leading facts of the heathen religions were corrupted copies of a divine original.

§The origin of all these seems to have been, a *primitive religious rite, kept in commemoration of the deliverance of Noah from the Ark, variously understood, in subsequent times, and variously modified among different nations*, and upon which various superstitions have been engrafted. This point is curious, and deeply interesting, but we can add only a few of the more obvious and striking coincidences. The principal things symbolized in all the ancient rites, are, *the Ark, with Noah and his family*. These were subsequently symbolized with the heavenly bodies, and finally deified, and under various names, misunderstood and misapprehended when adopted into foreign languages, furnish nearly all the material for the ancient mythology. In many of the ancient rites, an *Ark* was carried in procession, (Fab. Cab. vol. i. p. 215,) and even their temples were often built in form of ships, as in Egypt, (Diod. Sic. Bib. L. i. p. 52,) Ireland, (Vallancey, Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. iii. p. 199, etc., vol. iv. p. 29, etc.,) Scandinavia, (Snorro's Edda, Fab. 21,) and the ancient nations generally, (Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 216, etc.) Noah's *entombment*; in the Ark, so to speak, and his deliverance from it, are also commemorated in most of the rites, (Julius Firm. de Error. Prof. Rel. p. 46. Jamb. de Myst. sec. vi. c. 51. Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 354, etc.) The fabled metempsychosis seems also to have come from this source. (Apoll. Argon. L. i. ver. 641. Fab. Cab. vol. ii. 355.)

ing man, away from their outward meaning, to their original and spiritual signification.*

If, now, we follow down the history of these ancient mysteries, until the religion of the Cross had been proclaimed throughout the world, we shall find them essentially changed in their religious character; no longer professing to convey religious blessings or spiritual privileges; but holding out promises of such advantages and benefits as men can afford to their fellow-men, but still inculcating virtue by the highest and strongest sanctions. We might, would time permit, follow down the history of these associations to the present time, and should thus find, that from the earliest ages to the present day, there have been similar associations, founded upon the same general principles, with similar rites and ceremonies, and with similar objects in view.† Yet the rites and ceremonies have not been the same; for membership in one, would not introduce a person into any other. Such an investigation, also, would show us, that these rites and ceremonies were originally of a religious character, copied in the first instance from a divine institution, and that for ages they were mighty agents in preserving and perpetuating a knowledge of the truth, both as regards God and man. Such, brethren and friends, is a brief statement of facts, in regard to the *history of the principle* on which this Society is based, and out of which it originated.

2. This leads us to consider the *object* of this Institution, which must be familiar to all its members, and perhaps to some others. Yet it is a part of my object and duty, to devote a few moments to a consideration of this point. And here we must notice a striking point of difference between the ancient and modern associations. Persons initiated into the ancient mysteries, were believed to live in a state of greater happiness and security than other men, and to be more immediately under the protection of the *gods*; to enjoy more distinguished places in the Elysian fields; to enjoy a purer light, and live more emphatically in the bosom of the Deity. But nothing of this kind is expected or promised in any of the modern associations. They promise only such things as man can perform. Their *object* is, to do what man can accomplish, for the relief of human misery, suffering, and want. This Society, therefore, is a vast institution, spread far and wide over the habitable globe, the main object of which is, *the relief of human suffering*. I say "the main object," for while it is doing this, it aims also to inculcate the highest and soundest principles of virtue and morality.

A brief account of the origin and progress of the Order in this country, falls appropriately into this place, as illustrating the view I have taken.—The first Associations were organized in this country about twenty-three years ago, from which time the progress of the Institution has been con-

*Does not this view of the subject, afford a clue to the solution of that difficult question, *the Salubrity of the Heathen?*

†"The secret discipline of the Primitive Church," forms the connecting link between the ancient and modern rites. (See. Discp. Ant. Eccl. Hist. 12mo. 1833. See Clem. Alex. Strom. i. pp 320, 324, 327. Oron. ii. p. 434, vii. p. 520. Tert. Apol. co. 3, 7. Origin. Cont. Cels. L. i. § 7. Min. Felix, Sect. ix. p. 90. Cyril Jerns. Cat. vi. § 16. Basil De Spirit. Sanc. tom. ii. p. 352, Epis. 371. Greg. Naz. Orat. 40, 42. Ambros. de Abrah. L. i. c. 5, n. 83. Aug. Serm. i. Neoph. Chryst. Hom. 40. 1 Cor. xv. 29. Hom. xvii. in 2 Cor. See also a Discourse on the History of the Secret Principle, by the present author, Cor. Feb. (1842.)

stant. It has, however, increased more rapidly within a few years, than before. In other words, it has spread the most rapidly, where it is best known. At present, there is scarcely a State or Territory in the country, where there are not many societies and associations of the Order. The number at present, I am unable to give. Something of the extent of its operations may be inferred from the fact, that during the year ending September, 1841, the various associations in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, and Kentucky, paid out over \$18,550, for the relief of the sick, the education of orphan children, and in other charities.—Of the other States, I have not the means of speaking. During the same year, the sums expended for the same objects in England, were over \$1,000,000. It is now three years since the first lodge was organized in Connecticut, and we number about 800 members, of which near 500 are in the city of New Haven.

3. We proceed to consider the *principles* of this Institution. These are the genuine principles of the most expanded benevolence. The lessons inculcated in all the teaching of the Order, are in accordance with the maxims upon which it is based—"Friendship, Love, and Truth." It teaches us that we are all brethren of the same great family,—that we are bone of the same bone, and flesh of the same flesh,—sons of the same father,—children of the same mother,—and travellers through the same world of trouble, and misery, and woe, alike needing the sympathies and aid of our brethren. It reminds us, that the bounties of Providence were not given to be squandered in riotous living, or in idle extravagance, but for the general good of all mankind; that it is inconsistent with humanity, as well as a sin against our fellow-beings, for the more favored to pass the needy, without heeding their cry. It reminds us, too, that man is but the steward of God's bounty, and that for the faithful execution of that stewardship, he must, ere long, render a strict and impartial account.

But the means of the Society are not as universal, as human misery and want are extensive. Hence, in the distribution of its alms, it follows the sound policy of assisting its members and their families first, and then, if their means allow, of granting aid to others. But this requires funds, and these can be collected only of its members. Accordingly, every member is required to pay an annual tax, amounting to less than *forty cents* per month, which goes into the general fund of the Society. This fund is devoted to the sole and exclusive purpose of assisting the sick and afflicted. But, unlike most other institutions of the kind, it is not given as a *mere charity*; nor is the amount dependent upon the opinion, caprice, or favor of any individual. It is determined by the rules of the Order, and is designed to be sufficient to support the individual, and pay the expenses of an ordinary sickness. This sum is generally fixed at four dollars per week, to which every member is entitled, so long as he is unable to pursue his ordinary avocations. Under this aspect, this Society is, in fact, one vast *Mutual Aid Society*, differing from other mutual aid societies, in its universality, in the perfection of its organization, and in the fact, that benevolence is inculcated at every step. It enables a man, by paying a small sum during health, to draw four dollars a week during sickness. It insures him, too, of attention and assistance during his sickness, and watchers when needed, without any trouble on the part of his friends, and it is constantly moving him to deeds of charity, by the lessons it teaches.

It also inculcates morality, by the most impressive lessons, and requires an upright and moral life, as a condition of membership. It banishes, too, from the lodge room, every temptation to evil, allowing nothing but the appropriate duties and business of the lodge to be carried on at any of its meetings. It bands together a large number of the most active and energetic of our citizens, for general benevolence, for mutual aid, assistance, comfort, and consolation.

But it has not, as some suppose, the ability to act on the offensive. It cannot make war upon any other institution, nor upon any of the customs of society. It can exert no political power, nor be brought to bear upon any sect or creed. It is wholly and entirely an organization for the relief of human suffering and want; and every thing which does not tend to promote these objects, is excluded by the constitution of the Society.

4. I need not, after detailing the principles of this Society, occupy much time on the *benefits* to be derived from membership. These are so apparent, that they must be obvious to every one. Still, some may not have reflected upon the subject, and I will, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting some, that now call for more particular notice. The *first* benefit I shall mention, is, the pecuniary aid it furnishes the sick. This point is one that cannot be too well considered, especially by the young man who is just setting out in life, more particularly, if he has a family dependent on him for support, and is obliged to rely upon his labor for his maintenance. To such persons, the tax of four or five dollars a year, when in health, is of no consequence; but to them, an income of four dollars a week, when sick, would be of incalculable benefit. Who of you, my hearers, have not seen the industrious and prudent man, whose labor, in health, yielded no more than a comfortable support to his numerous family—who has not seen such a man droop, fall sick, and for months lie stretched on a bed of languishing? He has lived, and his family have, some how, been provided for. No complaint has been heard in public; but if you could have seen, and some of you no doubt have seen, the internal regulations of such a family, you would have seen that which would have caused your hearts to bleed. Oh! how has that sick man's spirit fainted within him, and how have the hot tears blistered his burning cheek, as he saw his loved ones going half fed, or, perhaps, quite supperless to bed! And how has the term of his sickness been lengthened out, by the anguish of mind, caused by the condition of his family! Now had such a man been a member of this Order, he would have drawn his weekly stipend, during the whole term of his sickness, as regularly as he drew his pay for his labor, when in health. How much this would have alleviated the anguish of his soul, and relieved the wants of his family, you can all easily imagine. To such a family, this Society comes a most welcome blessing. It comes, not with the stinted, uncertain hand of a cold-hearted charity,—nor with the reflection, that the stream may dry up at any moment,—but it comes as a band of brothers, who have treasured up for him the spare pennies of the brotherhood, and who now take pleasure in dispensing to him that which, though it be a charity, is still a right.

Second. It ensures the sick the attention of friends, when needed, without the trouble to which families are often put. And here, too, the young man, just setting out in life, will find a very important aid. He comes to the city, perhaps, to pursue his trade, unknowing and unknown. He falls

sick. But there is no kind father near, no tender mother, or watchful sister, to bend over him in love, to bathe his burning temples, or fan his feverish frame. He is alone, in the solitary chamber of the stranger's sick bed. But if he be a member of this Order, all will be done, that *man* can do, to alleviate his suffering, and supply his wants. Night after night, unbidden and uncalled for, his brethren gather round his bed, and watch over him with a brother's care. Think ye, that this would be a matter of small moment, to such a man? Would he not willingly give the labor of months, instead of the small contribution he is called upon to make, in order to secure it? But suppose the same man to be thus a stranger, with a young family around him. His wife knows not where to seek for aid, and her bosom is ready to burst with anguish for the present, and with dread for the future. With what delight would *she* hail the existence of such an Institution as this,—an Institution that does all man can do, to supply the lack of friends, and the want of means. Such, my friends, is but a brief picture of some of the advantages that may arise from this Society, in this point of view; and I might add others, quite as important, and quite as moving. But these must be amply sufficient to satisfy every reflecting mind.

Third. Another advantage to the young man, is the fact, that the principles of this Society lead him away from many temptations to evil. Man is a social being, and will have society. Now the young are imminently exposed to temptation from this very source. They are ever liable to be led away into scenes where hilarity leads to dissipation, and dissipation to intemperance. But here every avenue to such things is cut off, by the total and entire exclusion of every thing that can intoxicate, from all the lodge rooms, and all their appurtenances, throughout the whole country. In this particular, this Society stands pre-eminent and alone. Although it does not lay down minute rules for the regulation of the conduct of its members away from the lodge room, there all must be *total abstinence* men, and he who should presume to infringe upon this regulation of the Order, would be visited with immediate expulsion.

Fourth. Another benefit to be derived from this Society, and to those who may ever be called to take part in public life, the knowledge of public business which is there acquired, is of no inconsiderable advantage.—There is scarce a man of respectability, that has arrived at middle life, that has not been called upon to address some public body, or preside over some public meeting. And who has not been pained and mortified, at the blunders and mistakes that men make under such circumstances?—Now all the business of the lodge room is conducted strictly upon parliamentary principles, as it is called, and the man who has gone through a regular gradation of offices in this Institution, (and the frequent change of officers enables all to do so,) will be prepared to preside over almost any public body, with honor to himself, and to the satisfaction of those who called him to the post.

Fifth. Another benefit to be derived from this Institution, arises from its *universality*. If a member of this Society were to travel in Europe, as well as in America, or should be reduced to want, or be overtaken by sickness, in London or Paris, or even in the smaller towns of Europe, as well as here at home, he would find the same brotherhood, bound by the same ties, ready to administer to his wants, to attend him in his distress, and, if

need were, to bear his expenses home to his family. And not a few, yea, perhaps some who hear me, have experienced the beneficial results of such an institution.

Sixth. There is still another benefit which results to the family, rather than to the individual himself; I mean the allowance made to the widow, and the provision for her fatherless children. From the very nature of the case, this must depend upon the circumstances of the family, and consequently no determinate sum can be fixed upon. But there is, beside an allowance of thirty dollars at the time of the decease, a fund created especially for the relief of the indigent widow, and her dependent children. And many, many are the voices, throughout this wide domain, that are now sending forth notes of gratitude, for being thus rescued from suffering, and want, and the alms-house, and placed in situations where they may become a comfort to themselves and friends, and an honor to their country.

Thus, my friends, have I detailed to you, as briefly as I could, some of the benefits of this Institution, and some of the claims it has upon, or rather, I should say, some of the advantages it offers to our citizens, and especially the younger portion of them. And here I might leave my task. But my duty would be but partly discharged, did I not allude to a few of the objections made to the Society, and thus endeavor to remove some of the unfounded prejudices that may exist in the minds of some who are not members of the Order.

1. The *first* objection to which I shall allude, is, that *it is a secret Society*. This is true in one sense of the word, but not in the proper sense of the term. The *existence of the Society* is certainly not a secret, as its attendance here this day, and its operations from time to time, must show.—Nor are *the times and places of its meetings* secret, as these are settled by the By-Laws, which all can have access to that desire, and are also frequently advertised in the papers. Nor are *the objects of the Society* secret, as these are detailed in the Constitution and By-Laws, and in hundreds of Discourses and Addresses in every part of the country. Nor are the *names of the members*, nor the *names of the officers*, secret, as the former appear frequently before you, wearing the badge of their membership, and the latter are annually published in the doings of the Society. What, then, is the extent of secrecy attaching to this Society? The existence and objects of the Society are known, its Constitution and By-Laws are public, the times and places of its meetings, and the names of its officers and members, are known. The only things, therefore, which are not known, are *the mode of initiation, and the signs and tokens by which members recognize each other*. And these are kept secret, simply because the security of the Order requires it. It must have some safeguard against imposition and fraud, and no other arrangement would answer the end so effectually, as this. The objections, therefore, against this Institution, *as a secret Society* are without foundation.

2. But, *second*, this objection often presents itself under a different form, and while it is granted that the view we have taken of the subject, is sustained by the testimony of all its members, still, it is claimed, that as they are members, and therefore interested, their testimony must be received with great allowance. To this *principle* no objection is made, but to the *mode* of its application we demur. The members all confess their interest

in this matter, and tell you just how, and how far, they are interested, and are quite willing you should make all due allowance. But the ground of complaint is, that men claiming to be candid and judicious, should, because the members are interested to a certain extent, pretend to believe, not, that they are incompetent witnesses, but that they are false witnesses; and that, although they have the assurance of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society, and the unanimous declarations of multitudes of men of unimpeachable veracity, that it is most strictly a moral and benevolent Institution—men, I say, who pretend to believe, in direct contradiction of all this, that it is the reverse of what is pretended. Such persons we must regard as unreasonable in their opinions, as they are frequently abusive in their denunciations. They sin against the light and knowledge they have, or might have, and do their friends and neighbors the most cruel injustice. They deal with us precisely as the pagans of antiquity dealt with the primitive Christians.

3. A *third* objection that is sometimes made, is, that this Institution withdraws money from other benevolent objects, of a more general character, or having a more beneficial influence. To this we only reply,—the objection assumes that to be a fact, which *we* do not believe is true; one that never has been, and never can be proved. Besides, the duty of benevolence being constantly inculcated here at every step, the general principle must of necessity be benefitted.

4. Another objection is, that the funds of the Society are distributed only to its members. This is true in part, though not universally. But even when true, it results from our necessities, not our will. But is this a valid objection? Do not all mutual-aid associations do the same? Do men deposit money in a bank, unless they expect to receive it in return themselves? Now one may make a deposit of money in a bank, or he may join a mutual-aid society, that confines its operations to a single neighborhood or town; or he may get his life insured, or purchase an annuity thereon, and no one finds fault. Nay, men applaud his prudence. Why, then, may we not join a mutual-aid association, that is universal in its operations, and which inculcates brotherly love, and general benevolence along with it? If there are any preferences, they are in favor of the Order, whose claims we are now considering.

5. Another, and the last objection to which I shall allude, is, that it employs a large amount of time that ought to be devoted to something else. This objection may be true in some instances, though it is not so necessarily in any case. Indeed, there is no necessity that it ever should be true. But even were it true, to some extent, do not the benefits that may be derived, more than counterbalance the expenditure of time? Where can any good be obtained in this world, without expenditure? Who ever became rich without labor, or wise without study? Go visit the counting-room of the merchant, or the library of the student, and see whether *they* do not spend *time*, to gain their ends. Go the rounds of life; visit the clergyman's study, the lawyer's office, and follow the physician in his routine of duty, and see if any where in this world good can be procured without effort. If every thing else, then, costs time and money, can this Society be an exception? And is it reasonable to suppose that all the benefits we have enumerated, can be procured without labor and without cost?

But it is said that it withdraws men from the bosoms of their families,

and alienates the confidence of friends. That it takes the husband and the father from home occasionally, is true. But it never should do so, when he is needed there. It is one of the points upon which the members are charged at their initiation, that they are never to neglect their families or their business for the lodge room. If, therefore, any one does this, it is in violation of his duty as a member of this Society, as well as that of a husband or a father. Indeed, so well is the organization of this Society contrived, that it can never bring duty into conflict with duty.

So, also, if it ever alienates the confidence of friends, or sows the seeds of discord in families, it is because one is unreasonable, or another imprudent. This, I am aware, is a delicate, perhaps a difficult point. It is natural and proper that the wife should be the participant of all the husband's joys and sorrows, and the confidant of the husband's secrets; yet there are many things it is not proper for him to tell, even to his wife. That lawyer who should communicate the secrets of his clients, even to his wife, would violate the oath of his office. Or that physician, who should detail all the particulars of every case of all his patients, even to her, would be deemed unworthy the confidence of the public. And even there may be confessions made to the ear of a clergyman, by those who wish religious direction, or spiritual comfort and consolation, that it would be highly improper for him to mention to any one. So, too, it would be a violation of trust, for an agent or clerk to reveal to any one, under ordinary circumstances, the situation or condition of his employer's affairs.—If, then, there are so many situations in life, where the wife does not expect to be made the confidant of facts within her husband's knowledge, because sound policy forbids it, may not sound policy also require of the husband, in this particular, that he shall not reveal to any one, not even to his wife, those things which the successful operation of the Society require should not be revealed? And is it not unreasonable to require that, in this instance, which would be yielded as a matter of course in a great variety of other cases? The wife knows, or may know, the object and principles of the Institution, the time, and object, and place of its meetings. Indeed, she may know all the husband knows, but the mode of initiation, and the tokens by which stranger members recognize each other—things which could be of no possible benefit to honest men, but which might enable rogues to practice fraud and imposition upon the Society.

The Society, be it remembered, is quite as much for the benefit of the wife and family, as for the husband himself. It is as much for her comfort, that her sick and suffering husband, and her darling little ones, should be provided for, as it is for his comfort to be attended to. And it is for her fatherless children, when the husband is cold in the grave, that the benefit and aid of the Institution are especially timely. It is then, that the voice of benevolence cheers her heart, and lightens her toil, and thus adds new sweetness and charms to the hum of voices about her.

But I will pause. Already I must have wearied your patience, and trespassed upon your good nature. But my apology must be my subject. It is no labored eulogy I have aimed to give you, but a plain, straight forward statement of facts and reasons, and I only ask that these may be candidly weighed, and impartially judged. The origin of this Society you know—its objects and principles have been proclaimed—its members are before you, known and seen of all who wish, and their acts in the face of the

world. Try these objects and principles by the most rigid rules of right, and by the highest and purest principles of benevolence, and if they stand the test, will you not say, as I may now say, *ESTO PERPETUA*.

But I have a word of exhortation to the members of the Institution.—And first, it becomes you to take heed to your ways, for you are watched. The fact that there is something not known to the public, causes many to watch you. Besides, the name of the Society is not calculated to commend it to popular favor. Men dread to be accounted odd; and many a man has fallen a victim to sin, rather than incur the suspicion of singularity. You are put, therefore, by your very name, upon your good behavior. See to it, then, that your life and conduct is in conformity with the principles you profess; so shall the world see, that your singularity consists in your “Friendship, Love, and Truth.”

You owe it, too, to the Society of which you are a member, to do this.—The principles you have been taught in its halls and lodge rooms, are those of the most inflexible virtue and the most expanded benevolence. It becomes you, then, as faithful members, to carry out those principles in your daily walk and conversation. Though you are bound more closely to the brethren than before, your duty to the rest of mankind is in no degree lessened. You owe them the same duties now as before, and are bound to them by the same ties as formerly. The tightening of one bond may not be permitted to loosen another. Nay, rather, it should bind us more closely to all. And what is done as a matter of right to one, should be done as a duty to all.

But, *second*, you owe it to God to do this. The principles upon which this Society are based, whether they have come down to us through a long line of unbroken tradition, or were copied immediately from His holy book, came originally from the same divine Being, and their obligation rests upon His Almighty word. We owe it, therefore, to Him, to carry out the principles of the Association. By these, the fall and sinfulness of man are set forth,—the punishment of sin and the rewards of virtue are presented, and men are reminded that their salvation comes alone from God. And your presence in this consecrated temple to-day, to offer the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving unto his Divine Majesty,—to confess your sins unto Him, and to pray for pardon and forgiveness, are evidence of your acknowledgment of the truth of these principles. Remember, then, that you are under an obligation higher, and holier, and weightier, than any bonds and ties that man can create, to obey the divine command. It was God that created and sustains us—it was He that so framed all around us, that every thing should contribute to the happiness of a virtuous race of mortals. And it was He, too, when man had fallen from his high estate, that sent his Son to die, that we might live. And it was He, too, when sin had made this world a lazar-house for man—a charnel-house of all his hopes—that raised, as it were, a portion of that veil which hides eternity from our view, and revealed to us the dreadful consequences of sin, and the glorious rewards of virtue. It was His word that enabled us to catch a glimpse of that gulf, which yawns in the pathway of our being,—that disclosed the fearful, rolling, fiery surges that lave the base of the precipice, over which we are every moment liable to plunge,—and it was that, too, that informed us of a celestial world, beyond and above, where gloom shall be exchanged for light, sorrow for joy, pain for happiness, hope for certain fruition, and

death itself for a life in the world to come. And though we are unable to do more than here and there to catch a glimpse, as from some distant mountain's top, and see here and there an opening glade, through the thick mists and murky clouds that hang around this lower world, these are sufficient to disclose to us a kingdom of most transcendent glories, and a world of indescribable beauty and grandeur.

Let me remind you, too, that these blessings must be secured here in this world of probation,—that now is the accepted time, that now is the day of salvation. And surely I need not remind you how important it is, that it be done without delay. Though you may be now in the glory of your strength, though health may mantle on your brow, and vigor beat in every pulse, all before you is uncertain. Soon 't will be, that flash of fire, or wave of flood, or gripe of sword, or flight of dart, or ills of age, shall, in the twinkling of an eye, darken and destroy you. Then shall you lie down in the cold grave, silent and alone. Then no earthly brother's help can aught avail you. Then none but Him who made us sons of God, and who himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree, can act a brother's part, or soothe a brother's woe. But if we put our trust in Him, even in that hour of conflict and dismay, we shall not want for a brother's aid.—Though death may clasp the body, and conquer our clay, JESUS will bear our souls above, forever to dwell in the presence of Him, whose character is, and ever shall be, "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH."

From the Northern Budget.

THE LADY'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

"Look, Harriet," said Charles Percy to his sister, as he entered the room where she sat sewing, "see what a prize I have found."

"A lady's slipper. How odd to think of a lady losing her shoe."

"Only see how small it is, and of what perfect shape."

"Yes, quite perfect. It was doubtless made by a great pains-taking shoemaker."

"That is nothing—don't you see it has been worn enough to become perfectly adapted to the foot?"

"So it has. Well, the owner must be a second Cinderella."

"I wish," said he "that I could get a sight of her face, that I might know if it is comparable with her foot."

"And what then?"

"Why, I believe I should fall in love with her."

"I don't know how your wish can be gratified, unless you advertise the slipper."

"That won't do. In the first place it is not worth advertising, and if it were, there is no lady who would choose to come forward to claim a lost shoe."

"It was purchased, it seems, at No. —, Washington street."

"Yes but hundreds of ladies purchase their shoes there."

"Few of the hundreds, however, could wear one so small as this. As you are well acquainted with the owner of the establishment, I would, were I in your place, ask him about it. If she be a customer, he will be able to inform you who she is at once."

"I believe I will take your advice," he replied, and the next minute he was on his way to Washington street.

"I am glad to find you alone, Mr. —," said he, as he entered the store. "I have found a lady's slipper, which is so beautiful, that I have a great curiosity to ascertain the owner. Can you tell me?"

"I am not certain, but I believe it belongs to Miss Cheston."

"No, no, that cannot be—she is old and ugly."

"But she has a pretty foot."

At this moment a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of pampered, jet black horses, drew up before the door. A black servant alighted, and approaching the carriage window, received some orders which were given in a low, musical voice. He then entered the store, and asked Mr. — if he would let the lady in the carriage look at some black kid slippers.

"What number?"

"No. 1."

"The exact size," said he, with a significant look at Percy, as he handed the servant the slippers.

A small hand, to which a fashionable-colored glove was exactly fitted, was reached forth to receive them. Percy endeavored to obtain a glimpse of her face, but a thick veil baffled his curiosity. A pair was soon selected, for which the servant having paid, the carriage rolled lazily away.

"The lady of the slipper," said Percy.

"Without doubt, but I am entirely ignorant of her name."

"I think she is not a resident of the city," said Percy.

"I think not, and if she has ever called here before, I could not have been present."

Percy now left the store, determining within himself to keep the carriage in his eye, till it arrived at its final place of destination. For this purpose he struck into a brisk walk, making his speed nearly equal to that of the lazy horses. In a minute or two the carriage stopped before a stationer's shop, which enabled him to come up with it. As he walked slowly past it, he obtained another glimpse of the thick veil, but whether it contained a face handsome or ugly, remained still a profound mystery. With a little dexterous manœuvring he was able to keep sight of the carriage without his object becoming apparent, till it drew up before an elegant mansion in Summer street. Here the lady alighted, though without throwing back her veil.—Her figure was very fine, but her dress was so long that he could not come to any satisfactory conclusion about the slipper. It subsequently happened that he frequently had occasion to pass through Summer street. One morning as he was strolling leisurely along by the house, which, to him, constituted the chief point of attraction, he was overtaken by a young man of his acquaintance.

"You seem to be taken with the elegance of this mansion," said he, "are you going to build on the same plan?"

"I was looking at those beautiful plants," replied Percy, stammering and changing color.

"They are indeed beautiful." The lady or the ladies of the family must have a fine taste for cultivating flowers."

Another gentleman by the name of Hanson joined them in season to hear the last remark.

"You are admiring Miss Floyd's flowers, I find," said he.

"Floyd," repeated Percy, eagerly, "is Floyd the name of the lady who resides here?"

"So I have been informed."

"Have you never seen her?"

"No, but I have seen her brother."

"Well what of him? How old is he—how does he look?"

"As it is impossible to answer three questions at once, I will take them in the order you put them. He is, I understand, a native of one of the Northern States, which he left at a youthful age for New Orleans, where he entered into business, and, in the course of a twenty-five years' residence, amassed a splendid fortune, which he intends to enjoy in our own good city. He is, as near as I can judge, about forty-five, and is what may be called, if not handsome, remarkably good looking."

"Sister to a man of forty-five, thought Percy.—"She may possibly, though not probably, be of the youthful age of thirty, or thirty-five, and I have been keeping her slipper in a rose-wood box, and have every night, contemplated it with as much devotion as a Pagan would one of his little deities, besides which, I have managed to get several peeps at it during the day."

Just as he had finished this mental soliloquy, Mr. Floyd and a lady appeared at the door of the mansion. He gave her his arm, and they descended the steps. As she now wore no veil, Percy obtained a full view of her face, which appeared as if it had been visited by the airs of fifty instead of fifteen summers, which he had fixed in his own mind as the probable age of one who could wear so small and symmetrical a slipper.

"I forgot to mind her foot," said he rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, at the sight of the antiquated damsel on whom he had lavished so many thoughts in vain.

"You have deprived yourself of no great pleasure, I imagine," said Hanson, laughing at the serious air of Percy, "in forgetting to look at a woman's foot who is fifty or sixty years old—but I promised to meet my friend Frazier at eleven, and it lacks only five minutes of the hour."

The three now separated, and Percy directing his steps to Washington street, fell in with Mr. —.

"Since I last saw you Percy," said he, "I have ascertained that the name of the lady in the carriage, which stopped at my store the other day when you were present, is Floyd, and that she is the —"

At this moment, a boy whom he had sent to the post office, met him, and presented him with several letters. Glancing his eye at the post mark of one of them, "Ah," said he, "here is the very letter I was wishing for. Had it failed to come, it would have been a hundred dollars damage to me," and forgetting the Floyds, he bowed to Percy, and hastened to his store in order to peruse his letter.

"I will give you the beautiful slipper," said Percy to his sister, when he returned home, "for I have had a sight of the owner, and she looks old enough to be our grandmother, and is so ugly—Aunt Peg the herb-woman, is a beauty to her."

"Thank you for your generosity," replied Harriet laughing.

"I have heard you tell a great deal about beauty, of late, Charles," said his mother, "and in such a manner as if you thought personal attractions of the first consideration. I hope when you come to choose a wife, it will not be solely for her beauty."

"I cannot say, mother, that I should like to marry a woman who was not beautiful."

"Yet I trust you will not let beauty blind you to faults of temper and defective education, for let me assure you, that after marriage your preceptions will likely to undergo a change. You will gradually become clear-sighted to the faults of your wife, while you will every day think less and less of her beauty."

"You speak as if you thought a good tempered well educated girl was rarely to be found. Now it appears to me that I can name a dozen, to one who is really beautiful."

"Let me hear what you consider a good education."

"Why such an one as every female, who has the means, can obtain at our best schools—such an one, for instance, as Margaret Boyle has, who possesses, it is said, thorough knowledge of solid, as well as the showy branches."

"You seem to overlook the domestic part of a girl's education, which must be acquired at home, in the room of our best schools, yet I dare say that you would rather sit down to a good breakfast on a keen morning in January, than watch your wife while solving a problem in Euclid, or listen to her while playing the most ravishing air on the harp or piano-forte."

"Undoubtedly, but I should not expect the labor or preparing my breakfast to devolve on my wife."

"No, but it might sometimes so happen as to make it necessary for her to superintend its preparation, which she could not do without some practical knowledge of the culinary art."

"According to your idea, mother, I know of but just one girl in the world, who has a good education, and that is my pretty sister here: I therefore see nothing for me, but to remain a bachelor."

"Harriet, who had silently listened to the foregoing conversation, now took the opportunity to inform her brother that during his absence, Mrs. Leavitt had sent an invitation for them all to attend a select party that evening, and that her mother and she had concluded to accept, if he would go with them.

"Oh I shall go, of course," he replied, "for the Leavitts are great favorites of mine."

When Mrs. Percy and her son and daughter arrived at Mrs. Leavitt's most of the company had already assembled. They had been there only a few minutes, when Mr. and Miss Floyd were announced.

"Look here, Mr. Percy," said Margaret Boyle, "and see what you think of Grace Floyd, the lady from New Orleans."

"Oh, I have seen her already, and she looked more like a Fury than a Grace," added he, mentally, at the same moment turning to answer some question of another lady.

"Mr. Percy, who can those strangers be?" said the lady who had just claimed his attention.

He followed the direction of her eyes, and beheld Mr. Floyd, with a young and exceedingly lovely girl leaning on his arm.

Her dark, lustrous eyes, with their long, drooping lashes, would of themselves almost atone for the absence of all other beauty, but her complexion was of that clear and delicate kind which frequently accompanies dark eyes, and very dark hair, and her small rosy mouth was full of the sweetest expression. Her form, which was slight and perfectly symmetrical, was attired in an elegant and simple dress, and the hem of her robe rested on the instep of the smallest and most beautiful foot in the world. Percy was so absorbed in the contemplation of the lovely vision so unexpectedly presented to his view, that he forgot to answer his fair interrogator, till she repeated her question. He sought an early opportunity to be introduced to her, and before the evening was half spent, was completely enthralled by the fair enchantress. Mrs. Percy, too, was so won by her amiable and unassuming manners, that she could not help secretly fearing that even her cool judgment might be imperceptively biassed, especially when she took into view the unequalled loveliness of her person. As for Harriet, her admiration of her was only second to her brother.

From that evening Percy and Grace Floyd frequently met, and he soon had the felicity of feeling assured that he was the most favored of the votaries that knelt at her shrine. Mr. Percy watched the progress of the affair with considerable anxiety, as no gifts or attainments could, in her mind, atone for the absence of that domestic knowledge, which, although not apparent to every age, must be the fountain-head whence emanate those streams of comfort which make home the one green spot in the desert of life. It was the most probable, that, deprived of her mother in her infancy, nurtured in an enervating climate, and surrounded by every luxury which whim could suggest, or money procure, that should any caprice of fortune deprive her of wealth, she would be utterly helpless and miserable. She did not conceal these reflections from her son, but when did a young man of twenty-five, deeply enamored with a beautiful and fascinating woman, permit the caution of maturer years to weigh against the vivid and glowing picture of happiness painted by his own imagination? In six weeks from the evening he first saw her, he was the accepted lover of Grace Floyd, and in a few weeks more they were wedded.

Never did a young couple enter upon this most serious and important era of life under happier auspices. Percy inherited an ample fortune, independent of his mother and his lovely bride, who received from her father as a marriage dower, fifty thousand dollars, and would, if she survived him be the sole heiress of his immense wealth, he having already secured to his sister, Miss Persis Floyd, an annuity of one thousand dollars a year.

As Percy had recently engaged in extensive, and what were deemed very profitable speculations, Grace wished him to increase his capital by the addition of her dower, but this, though sanguine of success, he positively refused, and by the advice of Mr. Floyd, who had, after his return from New Orleans, disposed of the greater part of his property in the same manner, it was invested in bank stock.

It was not long before Percy found that what he had mistaken for gold and precious gems, were only bubbles. They burst, and he was left penniless. He had, a short time before his marriage, purchased one of the most elegant houses in the city, which was finished throughout in a style

of unrivalled magnificence. They had been fortunate in their choice of servants, and every thing moved on with the regularity of clock-work. When Percy became assured the last dollar of his property had floated away on the dreamy sea of speculation, he shut himself up in his counting-room, and brooded over his situation in bitterness of spirit. It was true that his wife's fifty thousand dollars remained untouched, but it would be necessary for them to curtail their expenses in every respect. The house must be sold, a great part of the costly furniture sacrificed, and Grace, whose personal and mental charms had rendered her the brightest star in the very highest circle of fashion, must descend from her sphere. In the midst of these reflections and their attendant train of bitter fancies, some one rapped at the door. He unlocked it, and Mr. Floyd, his father-in-law, stood before him. Percy started back, for he was so pale as to appear almost ghastly. Mr. Floyd spoke first.

"I am," said he, "a ruined man. The bank where I had placed my own and my daughter's property, has failed."

"Then, my dear sir, we can shake hands together," and he briefly explained what had happened to himself. "But the worst of all," said he in conclusion, "is to come yet. Poor Grace, she will be overwhelmed with affliction."

"I should not wonder," said Mr. Floyd, "if she does not bear it better than either of us. Like the rock smitten by the rod of the prophet, the wealth of many a woman's heart gushes forth most freely beneath the stroke of adversity. Believe me, Charles, Grace has many sterling qualities, which, as yet, you have dreamed not of."

While his thoughts thus fondly and proudly turned to his daughter, the color came back to his cheeks, and his eyes were lit up with animation.

"The sooner she knows what has happened, the better, I suppose," said Percy, taking his hat.

"Will you go with me, sir?"

They proceeded to the house together. They paused at the threshold, for harp notes, which were yielded to a light and skilful touch, mingled with a rich liquid voice, stole from an inner apartment.

Tears started to Percy's eyes, as he said in a low whisper, "How can I turn her song of joy into mourning?"

"It will not do for us to linger here," said Mr. Floyd, and taking him by the arm, he drew him towards the room.

Grace rose at their entrance, her face beaming with one of her own bright smiles. Percy grasped her hand convulsively, and the blood forsook his lips.

"You are ill, Charles," said she, turning pale herself. "Do tell me what the matter is?"

"I cannot—do you"—and he looked imploringly towards Mr. Floyd.

A few words sufficed to make his daughter comprehend what had happened.

"I am glad it is nothing worse," said she calmly.

"I feared—I can hardly tell what I feared—but your appearance, Charles, greatly shocked me.

"But you have not one tear to give to our fallen fortunes?" said Percy, with a brightened countenance.

"Not now," she replied, "I know not why, but all this does not make me

feel half as miserable as I should imagine it would, or, perhaps, as it ought."

"Thank heaven," said Percy, fervently, "the load is removed that was bearing down my energies and crushing me to the dust. And now sing us one of your favorite airs, and we will leave, for I find that you not only need no comforter yourself, but that you are fully equal to the task of comforting others."

It was apparent to her, that their mode of life must be thoroughly and immediately changed, and when they were about to withdraw, she was on the point of observing to her husband, that with his concurrence, she would dismiss the female servants that very afternoon, but upon second thought, as she felt almost sure that he would insist on her retaining a part, she thought it best to make no allusion to the subject. Fortunately, the last dividend received from the bank, remained untouched. Having requested their attendance in the parlor, she explained to them the necessity of the parting with them, paid their wages, and gave each a recommendation, which was well merited. As good servants are scarce, all in the course of the ensuing day, had provided themselves with places, except one. This was a girl of fourteen, and when after tea, the others dispersed to their different situations, that they might be ready to enter upon their new duties in the morning, she sought her mistress.

"Margaret," said Grace, "why are you not away with the rest?"

"I had rather remain, if you please," replied the girl.

"Are you unable to find a place that pleases you?"

"I have not tried to find one."

"That is wrong. As I told you yesterday, I have no longer the means of paying you."

"I don't wish for any pay. All I ask, is to be permitted to remain with you, and I will do all that I can to assist you."

This evidence of the girl's attachment touched one of those tender chords, which had refused to thrill beneath the stern touch of misfortune, and when she had withdrawn, a few tears, which had more of joy than grief in them, gushed from her eyes.

Percy retired that night with feelings which were by no means enviable. Thoughts of all his mother had said to him, relative to the domestic education of a wife, obtruded themselves upon his mind. He could not even hope that Grace had any theoretical, much less practical knowledge of the household tasks, on which, in the morning, she would be obliged to attempt to enter. His only comfort was, that she, herself, did not appear to shrink from the prospect before her, but had from the first, maintained a uniform cheerfulness of spirit. It was long before he fell asleep, and when he did, the discomforts of an ill-arranged table, of muddy coffee, heavy, half-baked bread, with other articles to compare, formed the staple of his dreams. When he rose, instead of remaining in the house, as was his custom, to read the morning papers while breakfast was preparing, he hastened to his mother's to see if Harriet would come and assist his wife.

"Why, she left town day before yesterday," replied his mother, in answer to his question. "She has gone to spend a few days with her friend, Lucy Wayland. Hepsy, too, has taken the opportunity of her absence, to visit her mother, so that I have no one except Kathleen, the Irish girl, who, as yet, knows nothing about cookery."

Percy felt very miserable as he bent his steps homeward. Not that he

cared, for once, to sit down to an ill-cooked meal, but he knew Grace was ambitious and sensitive, and dreaded to witness her mortification.

"I have been just looking out, to see if you were coming," said she, with a smile. "It is seven o'clock, and breakfast is ready."

"Why, who learnt you to make coffee?" said he with surprise, as he received a cup of the clear, fragrant beverage, from her hand.

"Aunt Persis," she quietly replied.

"And did she learn you to make biscuit too?" he inquired, breaking one open. "Why, this is not only as white, but as light as a handful of snow-flakes."

"Yes, I am indebted to aunt Persis for the art of making coffee, bread, cooking a steak, together with several other important matters, appertaining to house-keeping. But the credit of preparing this breakfast does not all belong to me. I found Margaret an able and willing assistant."

It was one of the proudest moments of Percy's life, when hearing footsteps, he looked round and beheld his mother.

"Grace is worthy to be your daughter," said he, directing her attention to the breakfast-table, "and we shall be most happy to share with you the meal which, I doubt not, you came with the benevolent intention to help to prepare."

Mrs. Percy made no reply, but before seating herself at the table, she took her daughter-in-law's hand with a look that was sufficiently expressive. In a little more than a week, Percy having disposed of his house in the city, hired a neat cottage a few miles distant. A plot of ground in front, which was enclosed by a simple paling, was clothed with a thick, soft verdure, amid which nestled violets and other wild flowers, that some former occupant, with a just taste, had transplanted from their native solitudes. A sweet briar, which reached quite to the eaves, shaded one of the parlor windows, and a veteran lilac-bush, which lent its support to a honeysuckle, formed a leafy curtain for another.

As Grace and Harriet were arranging the simple furniture of a small apartment, which the former had named her boudoir, Percy entered, and placed upon the table a rose-wood box.

"What a pretty box," said Grace. "I don't remember of ever seeing it before."

"Lift the lid," said Percy.

She obeyed, and beheld a little black slipper.

"Why, this looks like the very one I once lost," said she.

"It is undoubtedly the same," he replied, "and I found it some weeks before I found you."

"Do tell me, Grace," said Harriet, "how you came to meet with so odd an accident as to lose your shoe."

"Why, there happened to be a sudden shower one day, when I was absent from home, and Aunt Persis sent the carriage and a pair of thick shoes. The slipper, which, with its mate, I rolled in a handkerchief, happened to slip out during its passage from my friend's house to the carriage."

"And Charles, who was destined to be its finder," said Harriet, "was so taken with its beauty, slightly altering the old-fashioned game of 'hunt the slipper,' his chief amusement was to hunt the lady of the slipper till his efforts were successful."

"I hope he will never have cause to regret his success," replied Grace, "for I am sure I shall not."

"Do you not regret the exchange you have been obliged to make?" said Percy.

"Not in the least. I already like our country cottage better than I did our city palace."

"There is one thing I wish you could have retained," said Harriet.

"And what is that?"

"Your harp."

The words had only escaped from her lips, when the voice of Aunt Persis was heard.

"Wait a minute," she was heard to say, "and I will see where the mistress of the house will like to have it placed."

Grace ran to welcome her.

"I was determined on one thing," said her aunt, "and that was, that you should have your harp to cheer you in your solitude, so I privately employed Mr. Robinson to bid it off for me."

"How very generous and considerate," said Grace. "Now I have all I want. The music of the harp indeed will be delightful these still summer evenings."

Percy soon recommenced business with a good prospect of success. His being obliged, on account of the distance, to dine in the city, makes the time spent at home doubly delightful. The evenings, particularly, which are usually passed in his wife's boudoir, often listening to one of her songs, and sometimes singing with her a favorite duett, with the moonbeams looking lovingly through the luxuriant foliage of a vine which drapes the window, are so full of quiet happiness, that neither of them would willingly exchange them for those they were formerly in the habit of spending amid the brilliant circles of fashionable life.

Mr. Floyd, whose health and mind are still as vigorous as when he commenced life without a dollar, although his sister Persis thinks her annuity amply sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of both, has now a fair pretence for again engaging in business. He is, he says, altogether happier than when he had invested his money in bank stock, he had nothing to do, for, like Charles Lamb, he found *no work* worse than *over work*.

A D D R E S S .

BY DR. R. H. WORTHINGTON.*

Brethren of Washington Lodge, No. 3:—

ABOUT to retire from the chair to which your kindness elected me, I rise to tender to the members of this lodge my grateful thanks for the indulgence and kindness I have received whilst endeavoring to discharge its duties.

Called to preside over the deliberations of this lodge, while yet in its infancy—scarcely understanding its principles—without any knowledge or

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experience to guide or direct in the manner of doing its business—I was not vain enough to suppose that under my administration, its operations would be conducted in that uniform and lucid manner which might have been expected under one better acquainted. It is, however, a consolation to know, that my errors have been those of the head rather than the heart; and that your deportment toward me, as Noble Grand, has been marked with much forbearance and kindness. Here, perhaps, I ought to stop; but the time and occasion prompt me to ask your indulgence a few moments longer.

We have been, my brethren, the first pioneers in clearing the way for the erection of a moral edifice in this place, whose healing influences may be felt for ages yet to come, in ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity, if we foster and cherish those heaven-born principles it inculcates.

Man, in all his might and power of conception and action, is but a creature of weakness, and it is impossible for him to attain a perfection in what he may accomplish. We see, therefore, in the mutations of time, human institutions springing into existence—flourishing in all the strength of popular distinction and favor, finally declining to their fall, and at last mouldering away, and are perhaps forgotten.

We do not pretend to claim an exemption from the general lot for our beloved institution, but we assert, and we challenge the denial, that its principles are coeval with man's earliest existence. Resting on the broad base of Benevolence and Truth,—

“ Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

Resting, I say, as it does, on the broad platform of Benevolence and Truth, its members bound together by the triple cords of Friendship, Love and Truth, may we not cherish the thought, that its existence as an institution, will be perpetuated for ages and ages yet to come.

Here in our temple of Love, men assemble together as brothers, the lodge constituting their family. Here are inculcated those principles and doctrines which enables the brother to discard all invidious distinctions, and feel that all mankind are the offspring of one common Parent. Here is inculcated that principle of fidelity and constancy, which ennobles our nature, and disposes us to do unto others, as we would they should do unto us.

Like some fair tree whose widely extended branches shelter the weary traveller from the noon-day sun, and whose fruit cools and imparts fresh vigor to his enervated system, so Odd-Fellowship infuses new strength and joy into the bosom of the poor and friendless, and buoys up the fainting spirit of the disconsolate and heart-broken.

Should we, however, lose sight of the principles we profess—should we fail to cultivate a spirit of harmony and love among ourselves, blighting indeed will be the influence and bitter—bitter as the Bohun Upas, the fruits which will be gathered to our labors.

Is there no necessity for an institution such as ours? Are nations no more arrayed against nations, or kingdoms against kingdoms? Does man no longer arm himself against his brother, the creature of his Maker?—Has the strong and powerful ceased to oppress the weak and feeble? Or is sin and death chained captive for a thousand years? Man is the creature of circumstances. However bright and cheering his anticipations

seem to-day, they may be shrouded in darkness and gloom ere the morrow. "Death is inevitable. All that is born must die. The decree has gone forth—Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." How many receive the summons far, far from home or kindred! where there is none to sympathize or minister to their comfort. Discord, strife and contention, with their attendant spirits, stalk with giant-strides throughout the world, and, like the deadly simoon, blast in their fell course the noble and the fair, uprooting and destroying those feelings which should unite and bind man to his brother.

And are there not beauties—many beauties growing out of our labors of love? Though storms may rage without—though all around is turmoil and strife—the Odd-Fellow comes here, and the storm is hushed. Here he enjoys a calm and sunshine in the sweet converse and communion which he holds with his brother in Friendship, Love and Truth. From these communions go out heralds of glad tidings to many an aching heart. From these halls emanates an influence which sheds a halo of comfort and cheerfulness around scenes where before reigned want, despair and misery. From these halls is reflected a light which guides and cheers the lonely traveller through lands distant and strange. A light which though he be stretched upon the bed of suffering, and though relatives may have forsaken his pestiferous chamber, yet enables him to see the Odd-Fellow watching beside his silent couch, and ministering to his wants. I might go on describing its beauties, for the theme is inexhaustible—but I forbear lest I tax your patience too far.

Recollect, we are but yet in our infancy—that the institution here is an experiment, which must result for weal or woe, and that dissensions, or a lack of that spirit which I trust we all feel, would give a blow to our glorious fraternity, from which it could not recover. Based as it is, Odd-Fellowship must stand or fall by the integrity of its members. Let me then warn you against suffering evil passions or unkind feelings to enter within these sacred walls. Let me exhort you in the spirit of affectionate entreaty to cultivate, to appreciate those principles and feelings which are here inculcated, and which are so congenial to happiness. If a brother should err or stray from what we might suppose the strict line of duty, let us invite his return by a remonstrance given in the spirit of kindness. Let each and all be ready to throw the mantle of charity over a brother's weakness—so shall we live in peace and quiet—harmonizing in all our actions, and our lodge triumph and sustain itself against every opposition. And may He who presides over the celestial lodge, protect and sustain the principles we profess from innovation or self-immolation—aid and bless our efforts to do good, and finally, grant us that prospect which will entitle us to membership in the eternal lodge above.

From the Cleveland Gatherer.

I. O. OF ODD-FELLOWS.

THE VIEWS OF THE ASSOCIATION, ORIGIN, PRESENT VIEWS, &c.

ANY thing that has for its object the advancement of human happiness or human intellect, any thing that tends to the amelioration of the condition of mankind, or to lessen the ills and miseries incident on human life; any thing that draws closer the ties of mutual sympathy, and strengthens

the bonds of brotherhood between man and man, is not only worthy of approbation, but of the warmest support and admiration. That such are the objects of Odd-Fellowship, none who have taken the trouble to investigate its principles and operations, will attempt to deny. When the Almighty Architect of the universe spake, and this sphere which we inhabit burst into light and loveliness, every fundamental principle on which our Order is based, was stamped with the signet of Omnipotence upon her young and unstained being, here to remain in legible and enduring characters, as constituent elements of her perpetuity and existence. FRIENDSHIP then wove her silken bonds; LOVE breathed forth her strains of mutual sympathy and confiding tenderness; while TRUTH—above—around—beneath—shed forth her blaze of living light, as pure and unsullied as the rays that emanate from the throne of the eternal God. Upon these three pillars rests the structure of our Order—around them cluster our brightest hopes and fondest anticipations. Here the venerated patriarchs of our ancient and honorable institution, in by-gone days, have worshipped; and, with unstained hands, have transmitted down through the lapse of time, the sublime mysteries, the sacred rights, the solemn and eternal truths unfolded to those who enter within the arcana of our Temple, and bow as sincere suppliants to the inner veil of our altars.

We shall endeavor to prove that Odd-Fellowship is calculated for the most extensive moral good. It is evident, that in order to collect an assemblage of persons, and continue and increase them as a body, there must be two powerful motives of action: first, curiosity to collect; secondly, pleasure and some useful end in view to continue them. The singularity of the title of "Odd-Fellow," is better adapted to excite curiosity than any other: it fills the mind with a desire to know what is meant by it, and such desire is seldom appeased until the mystery is unravelled by becoming a Brother. As it is an *odd* name without the lodge, so the manners are perfectly *odd* when introduced within the awful stillness of the *odd*, instructive ceremony, when judiciously conducted; the *odd* appearance of the lodge when its officers are seated in their respective stations; the *odd* silence and decorum which prevails; the *odd* mode of honor and respect paid to the Chair; and the three powerful *odd* links which bind us together—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH—all combine to fill the mind of every new member with satisfaction and surprise, far exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

Some useful end in view to continue them. The principles of Odd-Fellowship are those of humanity and religion; its object is to promote the general good of mankind, and spread abroad the lights of morality and knowledge; it not only benefits the common cause of philanthropy, but ensures to its members, in the hour of adversity and tribulation, a source of safety and comfort, that none, save the arm of Omnipotence, can destroy.

A parent's affection may change; the friendship of the world may turn to hatred, and even love may be transformed to loathing and disgust. The ties that bind us together are never sundered; our claims of brotherhood are only dissolved by death—no, not even death can rend them—they descend to the widow and orphan. The language of our Order is more potent than any strain of eloquence that ever fell upon the human ear. A stranger, penniless and friendless, in a foreign land, breathes its tones, and his necessities are relieved. Sickness comes and lays its paralyzing hand

upon him, and though no friends or relatives are near, a brother of the "mystic tie" administers to his wants and soothes his distresses. The sick amongst our own brethren are not left to the cold hand of public charity; they are visited, and their wants are provided for out of the funds they themselves have contributed to raise, and which, in times of need, they can honorably claim, without the humiliation of suing for parochial or individual relief—from which the free-born mind recoils with disdain, until overwhelmed in insufferable want and misery. We are obligated, if need be, to perform the last solemn offices to the remains of a departed brother, and see them consigned with respectful decency, to the bosom of our mother earth. To the living, our fraternal solicitude is no less exercised. It is our enjoined duty to watch over the conduct of our brethren, even in their common intercourse with men, as well as one with another; and to remonstrate with those who wander from the paths of rectitude, or trespass on the rules of morality. In all ages and in all countries, our Order has stood forth the champion of liberty and religion; wherever she has erected an altar for her worshippers, she has also dedicated a temple to science and refinement. It is not necessary to go back and trace the progress of our Order, from its establishment down to the present period, or point out, in minutiae, its deeds and history. Suffice it to say, that thousands of years ago, the Egyptian astrologer found in our temple the secrets of astronomy; and the Chaldean shepherd, at his watch at night, as he gazed upward to the starry heavens, drew from our oracles the sublime truth, that there were worlds unknown, incalculable and immense, and that over all presided an unknown and mysterious, yet Omnipotent power. Since that time, during succeeding centuries, we behold the Eastern Magi—the devout Jew—the intellectual and versatile Greek—the proud and haughty Roman—bending at its shrine, and burning incense upon its altars. Emerging from the gloom of the middle ages, we see it the animating spirit in the revolution that succeeded, and rolling onward with the tides of science and civilization—from nation to nation, from country to country—it has crossed the Atlantic, and found on freedom's soil, a fostering hand and genial home. True it is, that storms have howled around; and, at times, we behold it glittering like the pale star of morn, "betwixt light and darkness, on the horizon's verge;" yet the storm has passed away, and again it has burst forth in renewed strength and beauty. Protected by the shield of Omnipotence, it has set at defiance the power of despotism, the machinations of bigotry, and the wily intrigues of the fawning hypocrite.

Objections have been urged against our institution, some of which demand attention.

It has been said that our's is a secret Order, and that secrecy is dissonant with innocence. True it is, that we are, in part, a secret society—but is secrecy a crime? The world itself, the universe, the God of eternal truth, are surrounded with an impenetrable veil that no mortal eye ever pierced, and shall it be denied that these exist, because their arcana are not revealed at our bidding? Shall we pronounce them evil, because their operations are hidden from our view, and above our comprehension? Again: who can define the mind? who unfold its constituent elements and hidden springs? The lightning that plays in bright, yet fearful beauty, amid the storm, has been traced home to the bosom of the cloud from which it leapt, and its minutest principles developed and investigated. The

earthquake—at whose shock nations tremble, and countries become desolate—has been accounted for, and its most secret particles revealed and analyzed. But who has traced to its home the lightning of the mind? Who analyzed those mental earthquakes, that have shaken the moral world to its very centre, and diffused light and knowledge amid the abodes of ignorance and superstition? And shall the emanations of genius; the music of the poet's lyre; the conceptions of the gifted intellect; the tones of spirit-stirring eloquence, be rejected, because the source whence they emanated are hidden from our view, and beyond the reach of our intellect? So far from secrecy being an objection to our Order, we claim it as a recommendation. It is the mystic tie that binds us together in indissoluble brotherhood; prompting us to deeds of virtue and benevolence; it comes and entwines itself around our fraternity, like the refreshing, yet invisible breeze, that, at summer noontide, fans our burning forehead, invigorating the system with its coolness, and gladdening our hearts with freshness and purity. In this respect we have the sanction of ages. We challenge any one to point out a single nation or people, whose career is sketched on the page of history, among whom there did not exist secret institutions. To go farther, there is not an enlightened government now existing on the globe, that does not permit its legislative councils to resolve themselves into a secret conclave. Even in our own country, under our own constitution, Congress can close its doors, and sit for days—for weeks—for months—concocting measures of vital importance to seventeen millions of freemen; and should any member of that body dare to reveal its operations, he would subject himself to the severest censure, if not to expulsion.

To be initiated as a member of our Order is not, as many suppose, “to take a leap in the dark.” The fundamental principles of the Order are before the world; its deeds are not concealed from public scrutiny; while the constitution and by-laws of the society are within reach of all who wish to examine them. But there are mysteries, within the *inner* veil of our altars, that none, except members of the fraternity, are permitted to behold. Solemn and sublime truths are there inculcated, that have never reached the ear of any, save those who have proved themselves worthy of the sacred trust. They have remained there for ages, hallowed archives in the sanctuary of our temple—and have never crossed its portals; and there we hope and pray they ever will remain, unsullied, inviolate, and untarnished.

Our Order is the handmaid of virtue and religion, and it must flourish; it calls into life and action the best and holiest feelings of our nature, and success must crown our efforts. Conquerors have had their trophies; orators have reared eternal monuments to their names; poets have bount their brows with wreaths of immortality. These have often been done, however, at the expense of human happiness, and of morals and religion. But the trophies that lay at our feet are the deeds of charity and the proud achievements of lives spent in the cause of benevolence and virtue. They are unsullied by crime, and unstained by a tear, unless it be the tear of gratitude and joy. Our course is onward, and we may look forward with confidence to a day not far distant, when our society shall find an abiding place in every village and hamlet of our land; and the smoke of our altars shall go up from thousand hills. God grant it may be so!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR.—The commencement of the New Year is all the world over, we mean the civilized world, the era of kind feelings and moralizing, fun and festivity, good sayings and good things of all sorts, and it may be expected that we, like others, should offer something on the occasion peculiarly agreeable to the tastes of our readers. We are not vain enough to suppose that, whilst the whole host of scribblers great and small, from the composer of epicks to the *doer* of carriers' addresses are doing their best to please the literary public, we can present any thing superior in matter or manner, but as in duty bound, we shall make the effort, assuming to ourselves the right to be just as desultory as we please.

There are two points of view in which New Year's day may be regarded. If we look on one side of it we find in it the forerunner of a thousand plans and projects all gilded by the halo of Hope and nearly all destined to end in disappointment and chagrin. Should we take a peep at the other side however, we shall be forced to regard it as a sort of partition cutting us off from the past, that store house of experience from the lessons of which the truly wise man draws knowledge whereby to govern himself hereafter. If the years that are gone have been years of pleasantness, so much the better, as it will only be necessary to do as we have done, to ensure a continuance of the happiness with which we have been blessed. On the other hand if the days that are departed have been marked by suffering, originating in the faults of ourselves or others, it is the part of prudence to trace our annoyances to their true sources and, so far as may be practicable, to avoid in future a recurrence of the evils of which we have a real or supposed right to complain. We say "a real or supposed right to complain" because we believe most firmly that of the griefs about which there is so much talk, nine-tenths are the results of our own folly and therefore furnish no fair ground of fault-finding on our part. Look at the thousand ills to which flesh is heir and tell us in candour whether in a vast majority of cases man has not himself to thank for them. Here, we see a poor wretch suffering under the agonies of disease, or pinched by the cravings of hunger—ten-to-one he has been the author of his own misery, either by self-exposure or spendthrift habits, when young. We hear a great deal said about worth in rags and genius in a garret, and appeals are made to our sympathies in the form of long *tirades* and fine speeches, against the hardness of the fate which has doomed the one or

the other to such a lot. This may be good food for sentiment and serve very well as material for novels whereby the heads of collegians and boarding-school misses may be crammed with nonsense, but, after all, can it be believed that, if the worth here spoken of had been coupled with industry or the genius with common sense, the same results would not have attended their honest efforts that has crowned the exertions of those who, with fewer advantages have had the energy to acquire the means of living and the wisdom to take reasonable care of their earnings. Speaking of genius in a garret, poets are said to have been particularly partial to attic apartments, in all ages and countries, and why?—simply because the votaries of the muses would rather lounge about all day surrounded by an *imaginary* world of their own creation, than provide for the wants of the *real* world, in which their Maker has thought proper to place them for an appointed season. Our readers must not suppose, from what we have here said, that we underrate poets or have a contempt for the nine, for to tell the truth we have adecided partiality for the rhyming trade, but experience has taught us that *hard work* is a better provider against poverty than *writing ballads, odes or sonnets*, and that he who wishes to excel in the latter must be contented to forego the solid comforts promised by the former. Something whispers into our ear “poets have not always been poor and their works have contributed much to refine and improve the heart.” Very true, Mr. Whisperer, but we will venture to say that where one poet has managed to lay up a few dollars, thousands of blacksmiths have grown rich at their trade and, as for the refining process, it is all very excellent, but happens to afford more gratification to others than profit to those who practice it.

To return to the point whence we started, the commencement of the year and its accompaniments. Is it not truly delightful to look around among our friends and acquaintances and behold the merry faces that tell of light hearts and quiet consciences? At this season, the young and the old forgather and seem to make a compromise between the frivolities of childhood and the gravity of advanced age. Whilst the past and the future shake hands over the festive board, every eye sparkles with merriment and every heart throbs with the impulses of generous feeling. The school-boy tells of his pranks, as an earnest of what he will do when he becomes a man and the hoary headed sire, just ready to pass off from the stage of life casts a joyous backward glance at the scenes in which he mingled “long, long ago,” when “the light of other days” shone around his path, and care and disappointment had cast no shadows over the bright promises of the future. Here the two extremes of human existence meet and Time, for an instant, leans upon his scythe, to gaze on the merry circle where present happiness has thrown its silvery veil over the ravages which he in his all-subduing march has made. Happy indeed would this season be if the scenes which it presents were all of so pleasant a character, but, unfortunately, these bright spots in human life are not unmingled with others of a darker hue. It too often happens that, even where mirth and jollity prevail, painful remembrances will intrude, to mar the festivity. The chair that is now empty, reminds us of some cherished friend who but a few days or months since was a partaker in our revelries and joined in the jocund laugh, with as much heartfelt glee, as those who now drop a tear of regret over broken ties of amity never again to be renewed. The eye

that, a few years since, was radiant with the beams of intelligence, is now closed forever and the heart that once vibrated to every touch of affectionate feeling is chilled beneath the icy grasp of death.

When we remember all—the friends so linked together,
We've seen around us fall, like leaves in wintry weather,

We pause to reflect, that we too may be called hence, ere another year shall have mingled itself with the past. Should such be the case, what then? why, let us take care that the summons shall find us in the discharge of our duties and ready to render an account of the talents be they great or small committed to our charge.

A word to the patrons of the "Covenant" before we close these rambling remarks. A year has now rolled by, since we commenced our publication and we should like to know whether our labors have given satisfaction or not. We have had to contend with difficulties almost without number and if we have in some degree failed an apology will we trust be found for us, in the novelty of our situation. We feel assured that, with some, the circumstances in which we have been placed will have their weight, but should there be any for whom the excuse is not sufficient, we must just put up with the mortification and try to make the coming year's labors more acceptable than those of its predecessor. To those who have been pleased with us we offer our thanks, whilst for the malcontents we have nothing but regrets that they have not been better pleased. To all we wish a happy and prosperous New Year.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Maryland—Extract of a letter from brother G. F. P. Schwartz, dated Hagerstown, December 14, 1842.

I will proceed to the object in view in so doing, i. e. to give you in detail a few ideas which struck me very forcibly after a careful perusal and re-perusal of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F., as published in the November number of the Covenant, &c. &c.—also wishing information relative to Odd-Fellowship, (which I am fully aware you are capable of imparting to any desirous of such information,) which I greatly stand in need of, being a young member of the Order, comparatively speaking.

I noticed a report and resolution made by Rep. Moore from the committee on the Work of the Order, relative to the entire abolishment of the Proxy system of Representation in the G. L. of U. S.—also restricting the right of suffrage to its Representatives alone, thereby depriving P. G. Sires of that privilege, (as, if I mistake not, the G. L. of U. S. is composed of its Elective Officers, Representatives and P. G. SIRES,) now I think the first consideration a very desirable one and easily accomplished, (the fears of the committee to the contrary notwithstanding,) as I will attempt to prove in a plan, which I consider quite feasible, concocted in my leisure moments, after perusal and subsequent meditation upon the subject which gives rise to this paragraph, it is as follows, viz:—each subordinate lodge under the jurisdiction of State Grand Lodges, to contribute one dollar yearly, the same to be transmitted to their respective G. Lodges with their annual report to said bodies, who in their turn will transmit the amount thus accruing to the Cor. & Rec. Sec'y with their annual report to the G. L. of U. S. The fund thus accruing from said contributions I would term the 'Representative Fund'—(the object of which is to refund to Representatives and Officers their travelling expenses and five dollars each for boarding, &c. during the session of G. L. of U. S.) I would have the subordinate encampments under the jurisdiction of *Represented G. Encampments* to do likewise and the same to put in the Representative Fund—I would then, that every G. Lodge and Encampment contribute for every Representative sent \$3 each,

the same to be put in the Representative Fund.—I would also, that every subordinate lodge and encampment under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of U. S. also contribute one dollar each to said Representative Fund,—the whole would yield a fund of at least \$500, amply sufficient to reimburse all the Representatives their travelling expenses, as also boarding and lodging during the session of G. L. of U. S.—and I have not the least doubt but what the arrangement could be effected, particularly if G. L. of U. S. would every other year meet in the different States according to seniority in Odd-Fellowship—for instance, in 1843 at Baltimore—1844 at Boston, Mass.—1845 at Baltimore—1846 at New York—1847 at Baltimore—1848 at Pennsylvania—and so on until she had met in every State, when the same routine could be constantly gone through with, until time no more existed—when *Odd-Fellowship* would also I presume—But I am sure it will not be before. If the G. L. of U. S. would pursue the above plan I'd vouch for the *vile Proxy system of Representation* being consigned to utter oblivion, without so much as a struggle for its further continuance. It would give you additional trouble, inasmuch as you would have to keep a separate book, to notice the reception of contributions and the disbursement of the same, but that would be truly a secondary consideration, to the incalculable benefit the same would be to the G. L. of U. S. in accomplishing an individual Representation for ever. But to disfranchise P. G. Sires who may think proper to attend the sessions of the G. L. of U. S. I conceive would be highly improper, 1st. because these are, generally speaking, brothers who are well acquainted and versed in Odd-Fellowship, therefore rendering them great acquisitions in that body—and secondly, it would be showing disrespect to them and the office they filled so creditably to themselves and the Order they represented. More could be said upon the subject, but time nor paper will admit of noticing them at present.

Again—On examining the report relative to “the Covenant and Official Magazine,” I was perfectly astonished to perceive that only 2037 Odd-Fellows subscribed for so valuable an acquisition to the Order—whereas, I supposed the number to be at the lowest calculation 5000; how greatly I was mistaken—but it was also gratifying to me in perceiving at the same time, that even with so few subscribers, comparatively speaking, it has been a source of profit to the G. L. of U. S. It caused me to reflect upon a plan of further extending the circulation of said work, and thereby necessarily extending its usefulness, also increasing its revenue to the G. L. of U. S.—a very desirable object methinks in her present embarrassed circumstances. Its circulation should at least be equal to one-third the number of Odd-Fellows in the United States, which would be about 7000 or more,—but with 5000 subscribers it would bring an amply sufficient revenue for the G. L. of U. S. independent of her per centage of G. L. &c.—however, the greater the revenue the better, as there are various avenues leading from *Benevolence*, (*at whose shrine we gladly worship*,) to be attended to, that have been heretofore neglected, in consequence of an insufficiency of funds. I do not approve of the plan pursuing in entrusting the circulation of said work to sub-agents, or local agents,—they are not remunerated for so doing, and therefore they only devote such time as they can spare from their daily occupations, which time most frequently is very inappropriate for the purpose, and not feeling that lively interest which should be manifested in such a cause, from the fact, that though ever so willing, they are not able to devote the requisite time to said object—as time with them is money, agreeable to Doct. Franklin's maxim. I should think by entrusting the circulation of C. and O. M. of G. L. of U. S. to a stationary General Agent, (as is now the case, with this addition, that he ought to reside in Baltimore,) and a General Travelling Agent, whose province it would be to visit every G. L. and E.—every sub. L. and E. once a year soliciting subscriptions from them and their members—such plan might increase the expense a trifle, but the increase of subscription would more than ten-fold balance the same, independent of many other benefits to be derived from such an arrangement—for instance, he could from time to time furnish the G. Cor. & Rec. Sec'y with interesting information relative to the lodges he would visit, how conducted, prosperity, &c. &c. Again, he would deliver charters, open subordinate lodges and encampments, &c. &c. As to his salary, the S. G. A. to have 10 per ct. and the G. T. A. 20 per ct., but the latter to pay therefor all his travelling expenses, &c.—but such arrangement could not be entered into until on and after the next meeting of G. L. of U. S. in 1843. However, a trial could be made between this and the next meeting of G. L. of U. S. to show its feasibility. I heard several brothers complain of the October and November numbers of C. and O. M. on account of their being taken up entirely with the proceedings of G. L. of U. S. to the utter exclusion, as they say, of all other interesting matter. As respects myself, I consider the two Nos. just mentioned the most desirable of the eleven received. By-the-by, what detains the December No., the ladies, (God bless them!) are anxiously awaiting its welcome arrival.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from Rev. Albert Case, D. D. G. Sire, dated Charleston, Dec. 11, 1842.

Annexed you have the official account of the institution of an Encampment at Columbia in S. C.

Dec. 8th. Carolina Hall, Columbia, S. C. Present—Albert Case, D. D. G. Sire—S. A. Hurlbut, C. P.—Taylor, H. P.—Chas. Clapp, Hunting—Alex. McDonald, R. W. Seymour, Devaux, (of Charleston,) James H. Adams, R. W. Gibbs, and E. W. Marshall, (of Columbia,) members of Palmetto Encampment, No. 1.

The dispensation directing the D. D. G. Sire to confer the Encampment degrees on Brethren was then read, and the Encampment opened in the R. P. Degree. The following brothers of the Scarlet Degree, members of Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, in good standing, were then introduced and the several degrees of the Encampment branch of the Order was conferred on them, viz:—John McKenzie, Wm. Cunningham, J. T. Mickle, R. H. Goodwyn, J. L. Clark, J. D. Tradewell, R. Adams, A. Taylor.

The accompanying application was then received—the officers elected and duly installed. The warrant, (dated 8th Dec.) &c. was delivered, and the Encampment constituted in due form, and proclaimed as "*Eutaw Encampment, No. 2,*" of Columbia, in the State aforesaid.

The following is a list of the officers of Eutaw Encampment.

Gen. JAMES H. ADAMS,	C. P.
ROBERT W. GIBBS, M. D.	H. P.
R. H. GOODWYN,	S. W.
E. W. MARSHALL,	I. W.
J. T. MICKLE,	Treasurer.
J. L. CLARKE,	Scribe.
A. TAYLOR,	Guardian.

The members from Charleston are deserving of much credit for their necessary assistance rendered on this occasion,—they are ever ready to serve the Order, and in this instance have rendered it a very important service.

The Encampment at Columbia cannot fail to prosper and be respected. The members are gentlemen of high standing and would be sought out by any good association as profitable for membership.

Palmetto Lodge having prepared and furnished a large and splendid Hall, selected Friday the 9th for its dedication. A procession was formed at Carolina Hall, at 10 A. M. consisting of Palmetto Lodge—visiting brethren of the lodges from Charleston—members of Palmetto Encampment, and the M. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina, and proceeded through the principal streets to the Methodist Church—where after prayer by brother Strober, Chaplain—and the singing of original odes an address replete with instruction and admonition was delivered by brother James H. Adams, a benediction was pronounced by P. G. M. John H. Honour, Grand Chaplain—and the procession was re-formed—passing the State House, where the Legislature was convened (out of doors) it reached Odd-Fellows' Hall. The services here consisted of a consecrating prayer by the Chaplain of the lodge, an address by brother J. D. Tradewell, N. G., and the singing of two original odes written for the occasion. The Grand Chaplain then pronounced the benediction and the services closed. The Methodist Church was crowded with attentive listeners, and the Hall was pressed full of ladies to witness the consecrating service.

The procession was large, the regalia of the lodge was rich and elegant, the Encampment members from Charleston dressed in their regalia and the Grand Lodge in its appropriate regalia, altogether presented such a sight as we ne'er had seen in that town. The banner of Palmetto Lodge cost \$175—brother Mayer, painted it. There can be no longer any objections to Odd-Fellowship in Columbia—brother Adams in his address converted all the ladies, and their approbation will give success to the Order whose motto is Friendship, Love and Truth.

The lodge met at evening, and the M. W. Grand Lodge visited it in ample form—after examining the books, work, &c. the Grand Master expressed the high degree of satisfaction enjoyed by the Grand Lodge on its first visitation to Palmetto, and congratulated the lodge on its previous and unparalleled success, its present happy condition and future prospects. He addressed the lodge at some length explaining the duties of Odd-Fellows, and admonished them to cherish and practice the duties enjoined, and maintain for the Order the high and honored station to which it has there been elevated.

The lodge numbers more than 200, thirty or forty have been elected, and 20 propos-

ed on the 9th, at which time 8 were initiated—and yet the lodge has been in existence but six months.

Many gentlemen from the different upper districts have become members, and the chain of F. L. & T. extends from the Atlantic through the valleys to the mountains.

The Legislature was in session, and it is expected that that intelligent body will apply for admission in 'Committee of the Whole'; save and excepting those who are now members, and they are not a few. The Ex-Governor and the present Governor Hammond, are Odd-Fellows—sure enough!

The introduction of the Order into this State will be honored by an anniversary celebration on the 2d January. Oration by A. G. Magrath, Esq.

Dedication of the Odd-Fellows' Hall in Columbia, South Carolina.

The ceremony of dedicating the Odd-Fellows' Hall in Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina, took place on Friday the 9th of December, 1842. The members of Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, met at 9 o'clock, A. M. at Carolina Hall, and were joined by a deputation from the Grand Lodge of S. C., Palmetto Encampment, and members of the different lodges in Charleston to the number of about forty. A procession was then formed and proceeded through several of the principal streets, accompanied by a band of music, to the Methodist Church, where a fervent prayer was offered up to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. P. A. Strobel, Chaplain of the lodge, and an address delivered by Genl. James H. Adams, which fully sustained the reputation of the distinguished orator, and realized the expectations of the brethren. It was a bold, firm, and manly defence of the principles of the Order, couched in beautiful and chaste language, which went to the hearts of the crowded auditory, who for the first time listened to a public exposition of the objects of Odd-Fellowship. His appeal to the ladies was particularly fine, and doubtless carried conviction to the hearts of "God's last, best gift to man," that "Odd-Fellows made the most ardent lovers, and the most devoted husbands." We hope to see the address in print. Several original odes set to appropriate music, were sung by a select choir, and the procession was re-formed, and proceeded to the new Hall. When the brethren were about starting, the ladies entered their carriages, and without any previous concert, formed a line parallel with the procession, and proceeded with them to the Hall, their beautiful faces radiant with smiles and loveliness. This was something unique, and produced a most exhilarating effect. On reaching the Hall, the procession halted, the ladies descended from their carriages, and entered the lodge room, followed by the members of the Order. After an original ode had been sung by the choir, a dedicatory address was delivered by brother J. D. Tradewell, N. G. of Palmetto Lodge, another ode was sung, and the public services ended. The day was remarkably fine, and every thing conspired to render the occasion one of peculiar pleasure and gratification to the brethren. It was the first public display that had ever taken place in Columbia, and the effect produced on the public mind was of the most favourable character.—The fact that grave Senators, and members of the House of Representatives of the Legislature, then in session, were to be seen walking in the procession, adorned with the regalia and emblems of the Order, gave an assurance, that nothing contrary to the principles of the government need to be feared as being connected with the secrets of the Order, while the presence of several clergymen of different religious denominations was a sure guarantee that no immorality was suffered to exist. Odd-Fellowship has found a secure resting place in Columbia. Palmetto Lodge, though the youngest of her sisters, is behind none of them in zeal and devotion to the Order. Though but six months old, she numbers over two hundred members, and is composed of gentlemen of the highest standing in the community, of all classes and professions. His Excellency Governor Hammond, recently inducted into the Gubernatorial chair is a member.

The lodge assembled in the evening for the transaction of business, and were officially visited by the officers of the R. W. Grand Lodge, who inspected their books and proceedings: after which the Grand Master delivered an appropriate charge, congratulating the members upon their unparalleled success, commending their zeal, and giving them some good advice for their future government. Five candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the Order, and some twenty propositions received.

A motion was made to make a donation of one hundred dollars to the Female Orphan Asylum recently established by the ladies of Columbia. This would have been a most glorious termination of the ceremonies of the day, and given an incontrovertible evidence that our professions of charity are not "in word and tongue only, but in deed

and truth," but some of the brethren having expressed some constitutional scruples on the subject of appropriating the funds to any purpose not immediately connected with the Order, the motion was laid on the table, and it was determined to take up a subscription among the members to be applied to that object in the name of the Odd-Fellows. This will be done, and will doubtless exceed in amount the sum proposed to be appropriated from the funds.

The new lodge room is very spacious, and elegantly decorated, situated in a central part of the town, and such as would do honor to any city in the Union. Indeed it is questionable if there is a handsomer, or more richly furnished lodge room in the United States. It is to be hoped that the brethren in Charleston will be excited to emulate, and if possible, to surpass the Columbians, by the erection of an edifice in the city which will do honor to the Order, and be an ornament to the great Southern Emporium. This is in contemplation, incipient arrangements having been made for its accomplishment.

JOHN H. HONOUR.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from Grand Master Charles Thomas, dated Cincinnati, December 5th, 1842.

Since my return home, in company with D. G. Master Sherlock and others from this city, I have had the pleasure of opening another lodge, under the name of "Hope Lodge, No. 16," at Middletown, Butler County. It is a good point for a lodge—it must do well.

In this State, much interest is manifested at the opening of a new lodge. There were a number of brethren present on this last occasion, that rendered much assistance, there being several initiated the same evening.

Indiana—Extract of a letter from G. M. James W. Hinds, dated Madison, Nov. 7th, 1842.

In reading over the last number of the Covenant, I discovered in the Grand Secretary's report in regard to the State of the Order in Indiana, that you were not in possession of any information in regard to the progress of the Order since the removal of the Grand Lodge of Indiana from New Albany to Madison; for your information and the encouragement of the Order in general, I can inform you that since that time the increase of the Order has been onward, and we have fair prospects of the Order spreading all over the bounds of our little State, we have at this time eleven Subordinate Lodges, and as far as my knowledge extends they are in a prosperous condition, and I have just received a petition for constituting another lodge at Logansport, in one of the extreme corners of the State, if it was not for the scarcity of money I have no doubt that in less than five years the Order would double itself in our State.

On the 21st November last, a lodge of I. O. O. F. was opened in the Masonic Hall of this place.

The character of those concerned gives a pledge to the public that works of Friendship, Truth and Love will abound in our community.—*Wabash Gazette.*

We have the pleasure to acknowledge from the Grand Secretary of New York the further subscription on account of the English Mission from the following lodges of that State:—

National Lodge, No. 30,.....	\$10
Olive Branch, No. 31,.....	10
Also from Grand Secretary Guild, from Merrimac Lodge of Mass.	
the sum of.....	10
	\$30

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

No. 2.

ADDRESS.

BY BROTHER JOHN W. DWINELLE.*

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN—

IN presenting myself before you at this time to discharge the duties which have been assigned to me as a portion of these exercises, I might justly refer to my own inability, as well as to the interruption of severe and sudden illness, for the diffidence which I feel, and a want of proper preparation. But as these apologies have become so common as to have lost all credit for sincerity, and as the part assigned to me is merely the exposition of plain unvarnished truth, without argument or vindication, I deem my present duty one of less difficulty than it might otherwise seem.

I do not deem it necessary at this time to enter into any statistical detail of facts connected with the rise, advancement and present condition of Odd-Fellowship. The general history of our Order, in connection with that of other benevolent institutions, has become largely interwoven with the history of the age, and has so often been presented in common with other topics of general information, that it is familiar to all. From these sources you have learned that, from an humble beginning, it has steadily advanced, to become, in point of numbers, character and influence, one of the first benevolent institutions of the age; and that although in its present form it originated in an association of a few mechanics for purposes of benevolence and good-fellowship, it now numbers its members by hundreds of thousands, and is known and honored throughout the civilized world. You are by these means fully assured that our Order is prosperous and firmly established: it is for me, by an exposition of its theory and principles, to show that it is worthy of its eminent prosperity. Even this

*Delivered before Genesee Lodge, No. 51, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, at Rochester, N. Y., on the dedication of its New Hall, June 2, 1842.

would be entirely unnecessary, had the Institution of Odd-Fellows been established in this portion of the State for any length of time: for experience has always shewn that our Order is best known by its fruits, and needs no other advocate than those results which flow from the actual practice of the precepts which its obligations enjoin. But in this section of the country, where every thing that is new is supposed to be tainted with the wildness of visionary speculation, and where there are peculiar reasons why some important features of our institution should incur the scrutiny of jealousy and suspicion, it is deemed proper to make a professed exposition of our principles to the public, leaving the world to decide how far our practice conforms to that standard. To this end, passing over any speculation upon the somewhat fanciful epithet applied to and adopted by our Order, and whose probable origin is amply indicated by that of the names of many religious and political sects of the day, and premising that our Order is an independent one, and has no connection with any other institution which may be supposed to be similar to or identical with it, I invite your attention to a few brief and desultory sketches of the history of Odd-Fellowship, the duties which it assumes, and the obligations which it requires.

We do not profess to go back to a dark and remote antiquity to deduce the origin of our Order, or gather scattered fragments of its history. The genius of the ancient world was not one of benevolence or charity, for the old forms of paganism were none of them imbued with the spirit of love and truth. In the early ages of the world, and even within the range of authentic history, the wails of the old, left by their children to perish on the mountains, in accordance with the customs of society, were mingled with the cries of new-born babes, whose parents, with the same sanction, had exposed them to be devoured by wild beasts in the wilderness. In later periods, when filial and paternal love had secured a stronger empire in the hearts of men, whole hecatombs of prisoners of war still poured out their blood at the tombs of savage heroes, while the temples of idolatry were damp with the steams of human sacrifice. And later still, even when the arms of the Roman empire had reflected their success upon science and the arts, and a polished and classical literature had shed its refining influences upon a condition of society which has been called civilized, the population of the imperial capital with savage pleasure thronged the murderous sports of the Roman Amphitheatre, shouting their brutal cheers over the agonies of the dying gladiator, and drowning with demoniac exultation the last prayer of the christian martyr. Such was the benevolence of the old world of paganism, which presented no asylum for misery, no hospital for disease; and amidst whose history and ruins we search in vain for the vestiges of any institution of charity or benevolence! It is only under the Jewish theocracy that we recognize in history the origin of the benevolent principles of our Order, among the first revelations of infinite wisdom to man. Yet even under that dispensation, which was one of promise rather than of realized hope, these principles were far from being generally observed in social and domestic life; and while no general attention was paid to the wants of the sick and starving poor, the maniac was often abandoned by his own family, and the leper driven forth into the wilderness to die.

It is to other times, and other auspices, that we owe the institution of

our society in its present form. It was when the blessed religion of the Cross, steadily advancing in practical spirituality, and purifying itself from those taints of heathenism with which it was encumbered by some of its early votaries, had dispelled the selfish errors which corroded the heart of the social world, and taught man that his happiness, as well as duty, lay in the exercise of love towards his fellow-man—it was in an age abounding in moral and philanthropic enterprizes, when the passive theories of benevolence, awakening from the slumber of ages, were transfusing themselves into energetic action, and men began to appreciate that power of voluntary association whose triumph it is to ameliorate the condition of every class of society, and whose aim is to christianize the world, and in the present century of moral and intellectual grandeur, under a government of free and enlightened principles, and on the soil of ENGLAND, rich with the triumphs of benevolent impulses, that our Order perfected its organization and received its name.

The past and present history of the world indicate three grand eras of social advancement, through which the condition of mankind seems destined to progress to perfection. The first of these, in which no political right is as yet acknowledged, except that based on the superiority of brutal strength, in the very results which flow from the extended empires and wealthy dynasties to which it finally gives birth, paves the way to the dominion of mind, which succeeds in the intellectual age of the world. Following this latter, and so rapidly as to be blended with it, approaches the moral age, in which the far-reaching conclusions of the intellect have resolved themselves into convincing and practical precepts of benevolence, and man, regaining those natural rights of which false theories of society have too often deprived him, resumes his individuality, and is recognized as entitled to the honorable wages of honest labor when in health, and to succor and offices of kindness when overwhelmed with sickness and distress. Such is the theory of society which is dawning upon the conviction of the present age, and in reference to this, and under such conditions as we have already detailed, were witnessed the birth and present social organization of our Order.

The theory and precepts of our institution, recognizing the Deity as the source of all power and goodness, have adopted, for the regulation of its members in their intercourse with each other and with the world at large, the severe and beautiful system of morality and benevolence inculcated in the Christian Gospels. These the professors of christianity reverence, as expressing the revealed will of the Almighty, and containing an important and unfailing guide for action and belief. There are others, who, believing that God has not in any age of the world left men without some witness of his truth, but has from time to time progressively revealed himself to man, and regarding whatever is true as a revelation from the source of all wisdom, without conceding that the Scriptures contain a special and exclusive revelation, still recognize them as containing a system of morality and benevolence which is TRUE, and therefore of an obligation upon man which cannot be violated without consequences of evil. Contenting itself with this recognition, our Institution goes no farther in erecting a standard of religious faith; it enjoins no sectarian mode of belief, nor does it ever permit such topics to be discussed within the walls of the lodge; and by adopting so simple and comprehensive a rule

on this subject, the Order is able to embrace among its members worthy men of almost infinite varieties of religious belief, as well as to avoid the imputation of adopting an unsound and illiberal principle of exclusiveness. As those, therefore, who are admitted to membership, all recognize the same moral code, and its ultimately divine origin and authority, and differ only as to the mode in which it was transmitted to man, they are all equally willing and prepared, on their initiation, to take upon themselves the obligation which the laws of the Order require, to conform their lives and actions to the unerring standard contained in Holy Writ. And it is from the rich treasures of the Scriptures that our Order has drawn its most impressive lessons of admonition, its purest precepts of counsel, and its most graphic illustration of the beauty of benevolence and brotherly love.

Such, then, being the basis of our Order, and such the principles whose binding force and truth the candidate for membership is required to recognize, he is, on his initiation, instructed in the specific duties of all worthy Odd-Fellows, nor is he admitted as one of the brotherhood until he has solemnly and openly pledged himself fully to perform them. Among the chief of these duties, the first is to God, in refraining from all irreverence in the use of his Holy Name; in obeying those precepts of truth which have been revealed to us from the source of unerring wisdom, and by so ordering our lives, with a consciousness that his eye is ever upon us, that we may feel assured of his approbation and blessing. To ourselves, in avoiding all intemperance in the use of the blessings of this life; in preserving unimpaired those physical and mental energies with which heaven has endowed us; deriving our chief enjoyment from the exercise of good-will and active benevolence towards mankind; and practising that equal and exact justice which is honorable during life, and a source of happy remembrance and hope in the hour of death. To the Order, by conforming in all things to its precepts; by defending it when unjustly assailed, disabusing its principles of misrepresentation, and guarding its interests with jealous care; and by so ordering our lives and conduct, that we shall not bring reproach upon the principles of Odd-Fellowship, nor incur the censure of our brethren. To our fellow-members, by warning them when exposed to danger, guarding their reputation from the assaults of envy and detraction, counselling them in the hour of temptation, and staying their feet from the paths of dissipation and excess; by relieving the pressure of calamity, and dealing faithfully with them even in the infliction of admonition and reproof. To the world at large, by extending to all mankind, so far as in our power, the practice of those same principles of love and charity which we have pledged to maintain towards each other; by administering to the wants of the sick and distressed, relieving the widow and the orphan, pouring a portion of our own abundance into the lap of poverty, and cheering with the presence of hope and kindness the death-bed of the aged and the stranger. And above all, by giving in our own lives and good actions an exemplar of quiet and well ordered charity, and thereby shedding an influence on society, imperishable in its effects and incalculable in its results.

But the relations which a brother assumes in joining our Order, are not of such a nature that he is required to discharge a series of duties on his part, without receiving an adequate return. Odd-Fellowship offers to its worthy members social privileges of a high order. At the weekly meet-

ings of the lodge, every member is accustomed to meet his brethren, men of good character, selected from all ranks and conditions of life, on terms of social intimacy; and in the conversation and debate which the business of the Order naturally calls out, to interchange his views and sentiments with them freely. At the same time his attention is called to the principles of the Institution, which on every meeting are referred to in such a manner, as, by constant repetition, to make an indelible impression on the mind, and thus are continually forced upon him, not only his general duties to the Order, but that he has bound himself to receive and recognize every brother on terms of perfect equality.

The lodge in its collective capacity, as well as every individual belonging to it, is required to watch over the character and interests of every brother, shielding the former from aspersion and the latter from being betrayed. It relieves him, when necessary, in sickness and distress, and in such emergencies, instead of being thrown back for relief upon the uncertain aid to be derived from casual benevolence, his situation is known to his fellow-members from the very commencement and the munificent hand of brotherly love anticipates his wants, by furnishing that assistance which might be demanded as a stipulated right, in case it were negligently afforded. And in order to avoid any appearance of dictation or intrusiveness in providing for the supposed wants of a sick brother, he is furnished with relief in money, the amount of which in this section of the State is fixed at five dollars per week; a sum amply sufficient for ordinary emergencies, while the lodge holds itself ready to provide for any further contingencies that may occur. Should his sickness terminate fatally, the kindly hands of his brethren are beside him to smooth the pillow of death, and close his eyes after the agony of the last struggle. His funeral expenses are paid by the lodge, and his brothers of the Order follow him to the grave, and bury him with honor and solemnity. Nor do their duties to their deceased brother end here, for his brethren constitute themselves guardians of his wife and children, protecting the helplessness of the one and guarding the tender age of the other; and affording to both such aid as circumstances may require and permit.

Should a brother in good standing, by any exigencies, be thrown among strangers, he will find in every brother of the Order a friend pledged to his interest, and eager to advance it; and should sickness or any other helplessness there overtake him, he is still surrounded by brothers of the same family, whose kindly offices and substance are at his command. And when those afflictive instances occur in which the fraternity are called upon to witness the sad spectacle of a brother sinking into habits of dissipation or vice, they feel it a sacred duty to which they stand pledged by every obligation of honor and brotherly feeling, to use every effort to reclaim him. The ancient rules of the Order, contemplating the weakness of human nature, and the infirmity of man's purposes and resolutions, have provided for such cases a course of discipline strikingly similar to that enjoined by the precepts of the Christian Gospel. The offending brother is at first privately visited by his fellow-members, who approach him merely as brothers, not clothed with any delegated powers, which might be repulsive by their authority, or chilling by their formality. By them he is counselled of the danger which impends over him; of the disgrace which he will entail upon himself, his family, and incidentally upon

the Order; every means and inducement for reformation are sedulously placed before him, and every appeal which affection can dictate pressed upon him. If these means fail, he is then suspended from participating in the active privileges of the Order, and a committee of the lodge is appointed to use the same measures in an official manner. Finally, when all efforts have failed, when Hope is herself without hope, and patience and forgiveness have become a reproach, the connection of the offending brother with the Order is cut off; and even then his disgrace is regarded by every member as a personal calamity. If, on the other hand, guided by affectionate counsel, and cheered by those in whom he places full confidence, the wayward brother pauses in his career of folly, retraces his steps, regains the esteem of his brethren, and renews his self-respect, he is restored at once to his forfeited privileges, his past derelictions are forgotten, and the members of the Order feel that, in "gaining their brother," they have achieved a moral triumph worthy of their professed principles, and excelling in real grandeur the proudest victories of the battle-field.

The system adopted by the Institution of Odd-Fellows has not only been so contrived as to ensure unity in the whole extent of the Order, and uniformity in its customs and practices, but also so as to guard against any deviation from its principles on the part of any individual lodge. In the United States, the jurisdiction of each State is confided to a body termed the Grand Lodge of the State. By this lodge the charters of the subordinate lodges are granted; over them it exercises a constant and close supervision, requiring frequent and detailed reports of their acts and condition, remonstrating with them when going astray, suspending them when refractory, and withdrawing their charters when contumacious. To the State Lodge may be made appeals from any of the acts or decisions of a subordinate lodge, by any brother who may feel aggrieved thereby; and the acts and decisions of the Grand Lodge of the State are liable in the same manner to be reviewed by the Grand Lodge of the United States, a body possessing full and final authority and jurisdiction over all the State and subordinate lodges in the United States. At the annual session of this body, the general interests of the Order are brought into full and free discussion, and its deliberations have ever been such as conduce to the unity, extension and respectability of Odd-Fellowship, and to its permanent and well-founded ascendancy.

In order to meet the demands upon the Order which are often made by the necessities which it stands pledged to relieve, as well as to defray its current expenses, its treasury is supplied from the proceeds of a quarterly tax collected of its members in the form of dues, which, with the fees of initiation, are amply sufficient for ordinary exigencies. The Order has also provided for the bestowal of a greater or lesser share of its privileges upon its members, according as their merit and advancement in Odd-Fellowship are approved by the lodge to which they belong, by its direct vote, and confirmed by the voice of those on whom such higher privileges have already been conferred; and the slight fees paid on receiving these further degrees of standing in the Order, add a considerable supply to its funds. And so constant and appreciable are the ordinary casualties of life, that the pecuniary demands of the Order are capable of almost exact calculation, and any further assessment of monies upon the members of the Order to defray its expenses or discharge its duties, is hardly to be

anticipated, unless on the occurrence of some general public calamity. In such extraordinary emergencies, each member stands bound by his obligation to the Order, to contribute such sums as its exigencies may require, by the payment of the amount whose assessment upon him the Laws of the Institution have provided for and regulated.

Yet bound together as we are by those ties of more than ordinary obligation, and extending to each other advantages which are not shared to the same extent by those out of the Order, still our Institution bears upon its front no badge of exclusiveness—no emblem of aristocracy. Such as we have detailed are the principles of the Order, the objects which it professes to accomplish, and the means which it has adopted for that purpose. These are neither kept secret from the world, nor exposed in the garb of a fanciful mysticism; but they are open to scrutiny and invite the examination of all candid men. While the spirit of our Institution excludes the necessity, as it shuns the dangers of proselytism, it yet offers the advantages of membership to all that possess that rank and condition in society, which a good character always ensures. And in considering applications for membership coming from such sources, no improper influences are allowed to operate, nor does any absurd pride of profession, or clanishness of business, bear any sway, but the Order is open to men of all classes, conditions and occupations of life, who meet within our walls on terms of perfect and well cemented equality.

The causes of objection to the admission of a proposed candidate are few and simple, and confined to those whose weight is allowed in every civilized society. If the candidate be impaired in health, so that he cannot take upon himself the obligations of Odd-Fellowship with a reasonable prospect of being able to perform them, he certainly cannot expect to be admitted to a position where he can claim as a right, those privileges of membership which are based on reciprocity. If he be loose in principle or stained with dishonesty or vice, he cannot ask to be adopted in fellowship with those who have bound themselves faithfully to fulfil the requirements of a code of severe and exemplary morality. If he be harsh in temper, and unsocial in disposition, he can claim no association with those who esteem a well ordered and equable mind as the basis on which to found the cultivation of those social and domestic virtues which we profess to practice. If he have shown himself disposed to the diffusion of slander, or have proved treacherous in private friendship, or regardless of the claims of truth and candor, his very application for admission into our Order would be an insult which could not fail of being properly resented. And in order to afford the brethren of the Order an ample opportunity of ascertaining the qualifications of a candidate, it is required by positive rule that he shall not be voted for until after the expiration of a week from the time he is proposed, nor until a committee, specially appointed for that purpose, shall have reported upon his application, and every brother has been called upon openly to state any reasons why the candidate should be excluded; and even then, the secrecy of the ballot affords an effective mode of expressing his opinion, to any brother who has causes of objection, on which decency or an implied obligation of honor may impose silence.

Such is a brief outline of the duties which Odd-Fellowship assumes and enjoins; and certainly the enforcement of these and their kindred virtues, and the easy terms on which the privileges of the Order are offered to all

respectable men, cannot be presented in any light as good causes of detraction. But the objection most frequently and earnestly urged against our Institution is, that it is a **SECRET SOCIETY**. That any association should in this enlightened age be thought worthy of utter condemnation, merely because it professes to have secrets, which are not imparted to the world at large, only shows that communities are like individuals in this, that they do not readily out-grow the childish superstitions of the nursery, and as the mature man will sometimes startle at his own shadow, so a civilized community will bristle with horror at the mention of a catch-word which recalls the memory of some imaginary chimera that brooded over its infancy. The instance so often and so readily adduced from history, of secret associations whose influences were inimical to liberty and knowledge, are of those whose purposes were not only unhallowed, but which mingled the bane of exclusiveness in their very origin and aims; and it was for this reason, rather than because they were secret, that they were formidable to the interests of society. Such were the religious mysteries of old Paganism, and such those frequent conspiracies in despotic countries, where secret plans of usurpation and revenge have in their consummation only shifted power from one oligarchy to another, thereby only more deeply aggravating the oppression of the people, by substituting the rapacity of new tyrants for the satiety of the old. On the other hand, all history is full of instances of secret associations, open to all kindred spirits, whose aim has been the advancement and liberation of mankind, and whose success has been equal to their noble purposes. By far the greatest portion of the past ages of the world have been those of darkness and oppression. In such ages the individual man can do nothing, and even a multitude of men, united in a good purpose, could accomplish nothing against the power of tyranny, were not the very existence of their association a secret, which should be proclaimed in triumph by their success, or expire with them on the scaffold. In such associations have originated the most glorious social impulses which are now advancing the destinies of mankind; and such has been the birth of moral forces whose increasing momentum will continue to rush onward, producing accumulating results of good as lasting as eternity. Of such instances, the moral, religious and political history of the world is so full, that it would be almost invidious to select illustrations from any particular age or nation.

But our Order is not liable even to the fanciful objection of being a secret society, properly considered. The objects which Odd-Fellowship proposes to attain, are proclaimed to the world, as well as the means which it uses to accomplish those ends. The Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order of the several lodges are printed and circulated in public, like any other of the useful treatises of the day. Catalogues containing concise histories of the several lodges, with the names of members and their number, are readily to be found; while the public reports of the annual conventions of the Order contain exact accounts of the moneys raised, and where and for what purpose expended. There is then in effect nothing kept secret from the world, except the business transactions of the lodge, and the initiation of its members, comprising the signs and tokens by which brethren of the Order who are strangers may recognize each other. In regard to the former of these, the Institution of Odd-Fellows is no more liable to the imputation of affecting an improper secrecy in con-

cealing the details of its private business, than many of the other benevolent institutions of the age, or than most well regulated private families. Who could demand, or hope that good would result from the exposure of the painful secrets of pecuniary and other embarrassment, which are so often canvassed in the committee rooms of the Bible and Missionary Societies? Or what good purpose could be attained by opening to the public eye the discipline of a Christian Church towards its members, or by unveiling to the eager gaze of the multitude the social indulgences, the trials and the charities of a private family? And in like manner, what motive but the gratification of an idle and most unmanly curiosity, would seek to pry into the private business of our Order, to ascertain whose applications for membership were rejected, to learn on whom fell the censure or discipline of the lodge, and to whose necessities were extended the hand of kindness and relief?

Of the details of initiation it becomes me not now to speak, any farther than to say that their main object is to enforce upon the candidate the great moral to be taught from the circumstances and experience of human life, to impress upon him the value of the real and the true, and to direct thought and action to their proper sphere, in view of the uncertainty of life, and the nearness of eternity. To teach him to transfuse into actual practice the precepts of that holy religion whose comprehensive benevolence embraces all classes and conditions of mankind; and in view of the abiding presence and scrutiny of that Almighty Being whose existence and attributes are recognized as the source of all goodness and the bond of all union, to take upon himself those obligations which the laws of the Order require; obligations, not cemented with horrid oaths, nor rendered impressive by fantastic rites, but relying for their virtue upon the simplest pledge, revered alike in the rudest and most civilized ages of the world. And the signs and tokens by which brethren of the Order may recognize each other, and the possession of which by any brother is a sure certificate that he has been tried by the fraternity and approved as a worthy Odd-Fellow, and is therefore entitled to respect and confidence, are designed for such a purpose as would be entirely defeated by their publicity, and the exposure of them could be claimed with no more propriety than a stranger could ask that a letter of introduction and recommendation, won by the confidence and esteem conceded to long and tried probity, should be written in such a manner as to be perverted to the use of any individual into whose hands it might fall.

Nor are the exercises of the lodge room tainted with any rude indulgence, but the social and moral recreations which are included in the purposes of the Order, are free from the imputation of boisterous gaiety or excessive mirth, while every thing that can minister to the indulgence of physical appetite, with the single exception of pure cold water, is carefully excluded from the lodge and the adjoining rooms. And that these facts in relation to the business, initiations and social amusements of the Order are true, is well attested in the instance of thousands of Odd-Fellows, the purity and gravity of whose lives forbid the indulgence of a contrary supposition.

Such, then, is Odd-Fellowship, and such the principles to which its members stand pledged: principles, whose essence is embodied in the motto of our Order. "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH." FRIENDSHIP

—that shields from reproach—averts impending danger—counsels against evil—relieves from distress—defends from aspersion—assails the assailer, and whose very wounds are faithful: LOVE—whose gentle nature adds fortitude to courage—whose calm endurance presses eagerly forward where even friendship falters—who is ready to be sacrificed where she cannot save, and to perish by the blow that she cannot avert from others—and whose self-devoting heroism reaches the sublime of all that imagination has conceived of affection and beauty: TRUTH—whose severe symmetry and stainless perfection, joined to the graces of her sister virtues—and without whom they could not exist even in a poet's fancy—blend them into one, and harmonize with them in the realization and embodiment of one, "the greatest of them all," the christian grace of CHARITY.

And on this occasion, the first anniversary of GENESEE LODGE, we are assembled to dedicate this Hall to these principles, and to the Institution of Odd-Fellows—to these principles of which those golden links are a fitting emblem, and their unbroken unity a symbol of that bond of Charity which binds us together in one great brotherhood of love, and in maintaining which, we shall best serve and honor that beneficent Being whose very essence is Love, and who has himself pronounced that charity embodies the excellent and concentration of all human virtue. Long may these hallowed walls remain sacred to these principles. Long may the fires on these altars of charity burn brightly under the vestal guardianship of Friendship, Love and Truth. May the spirit of brotherhood still sit like a household-god on this hearth-stone of our wide extended family, and the genius of active benevolence still go forth to do and to suffer in the cause of afflicted humanity. May those bright links never startle the peaceful echoes of these walls with the sharp clank of discord, nor this dome reverberate with the angry voice of contention and dissent. But may the principles of our Order here maintain their ascendancy and continued triumph, long after we, their humble votaries, shall have passed away forever, and others, more worthy, shall stand in our places; and our Institution exist as a monument of peace and charity in this our wide valley of the Genesee, as long as the torrents of our bright river leap and rush from their birth-place on the mountain ridge, to the broad bosom of Ontario, where their tumult is hushed to slumber and their waters lulled to rest!

L I N E S ,

Sung on the occasion of laying the Foundation Stone of the first Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Scarborough 1830. By Bro. P. S. Tison of the Rutland Lodge, expressly for the occasion.

WHEN FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH combine

To act a noble part,

Who would not join the grand design

With ready hand and heart?

While we of this ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

The first foundation lay,—

We long to see the rising wall,

And the completion day.

Then will our hearts in concord beat
And joy inspire us all,
When we in peace can freely meet
In our ODD-FELLOWS' HALL!
Then, by Divine assistance, we
Will act a Brother's part,
To ease each Brother's woes we see,
And cheer the drooping heart.

We'll dry the tears from Widows' eyes,
And guide the Orphan youth,
And spread abroad the gentle ties
Of Friendship, Love and Truth,
Meanwhile on our kind friends we still
For some small help must call,
And pray that the ALMIGHTY will
Bless THIS ODD-FELLOWS' HALL!

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

If men were what they might be, what they ought to be, and what they most certainly were destined by their Creator to be—benevolent and charitable, in fact, regarding one another as brothers of one and the same great family; if they were Christians in fact, and not merely by an outward show, external pomp and matter of forms, then the true Paradise Lost would be found again on earth, and abundance, happiness and virtue would be the lot of each and every member of the human family: where poverty, misery and crime now degrade mankind, and fill the pages of its history with horrors and atrocities.

Benevolence, charity, friendship, &c., are found in every dictionary—but not in the hearts of all men; therefore good and wise men are compelled to enter into a separate covenant with the noble view to maintain the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, at least among themselves; and to practice benevolence and charity towards mankind in general, but more particularly towards all those, who would become members of their associations, and most solemnly promise to be true and faithful in the performance and fulfilment of all the aforesaid heavenly principles and duties, and to do unto their brethren as they would wish their brethren to do to them.

Thus, many centuries ago, the *Masonic fraternity* and that of *Odd-Fellows*, were called into existence by the aforesaid stubborn facts, viz:—a general want of benevolence, charity, friendship, love and truth in the human family at large; and I greatly err if both Orders have not done more real good to mankind, than most people are aware of and may be willing to acknowledge; and I am confident that no *worthy* member of either fraternity, was ever *found* and *left* in distress. I have seen men of different nations, languages and creeds, members of the aforesaid frater-

nities; which proves, conclusively, that they are not only free of and unbiased by national pride and *clan* prejudices, but also free and independent of religious fanaticism and proscription—regarding men as one grand family, whose members are equally entitled to as great a share of the comfort and happiness of this world as their intelligence and moral virtues will enable them to enjoy. The existence of such societies and the creation of similar new ones, although under different forms and denominations, proves beyond a shadow of doubt the utility of the former and the necessity of the latter; because benevolence and charity—friendship, love and truth, are not to be found in every individual of the human family; and they will most probably disappear entirely from the face of the globe, if those few men, in whose hearts these heavenly virtues are yet enshrined and revered, do not enter into a solemn compact to erect new temples to them, in which the true principles of benevolence and charity are not only *taught*, but also *practiced* in reality.

If it be a fact that men in general are wanting in benevolence and charity towards one another, and, that the formation of societies to uphold and exercise these noble virtues, at least, among their own members, has become a direful necessity, then it most undoubtedly is the duty of all good and well-disposed men to join either one of the above-mentioned associations of old standing, known to, and established among all the civilized nations on the globe, or to join new ones, to be established on similar principles and with similar objects in view. The most simple and shortest way to obtain these objects, would be, according to my humble view on the subject, to join one or the other of the aforesaid fraternities, and in particular for every individual of such a fluctuating population as our's now is, and will be for years to come, not only because they are already permanently established all over the globe, but also because their age and long standing proves evidently that they have answered hitherto and will also answer in future, the objects for which they have been instituted.

But if those, who are better pleased with something new and untried, have a different view on the subject, let them form as many new societies as they please, but for heaven's sake, let them be established on the broad basis of true benevolence and charity; accessible to *all*, and do not name them after a certain *clod* of earth on which a certain *clan* or *tribe* of men chanced to be born. Such narrow-hearted and *clanish* names are in direct opposition not only to true philanthropy, morality and republican equality, but also to the very institutions themselves.

Receive every good and worthy individual of the human family as a member in such associations, without regard to *where* he drew his first breath. The true philanthropist regrets to see the people of these United States already too much divided and subdivided in Yankees and Southerners, in Middle States and Western men, in Democrats and Whigs, in Abolitionists and Slaveholders, and God only knows in how many different religious creeds, tenets and denominations, besides political and local subdivisions. We live, thank God, as yet in a republic under the most philanthropic form of government. We are republicans and ought to act as such. We must be but *one people*, if we love our free and happy institutions and desire them to be permanent, and a legacy to our descendants. We must be but *one people*, among whom the question—*What countryman are you?* ought to be entirely out of the question. We are

all Americans, one and all without distinction—some by birth others by adoption, the native by nativity, the foreigner by predilection and adoption. As citizens of a republic we ought to know, acknowledge and aspire to no other distinctions but those acquired by and due to merit alone. We ought to respect ourselves as republicans too high, to designate either ourselves, our fellow-citizens or any of our institutions or associations, by the name of *clan*, *party*, *religion* or *part* of the globe; we ought to be but *one people* in all our efforts, sympathies and aspirations; neither English nor Irish, neither German nor French—nothing but Americans.

St. Louis, Mo.

W. S. S.

THE PASTOR:

A TALE OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER, OF NEW YORK.

IN Orleans, an inland city of France interesting from its historical reminiscences, once lived a venerable clergyman by the name of St. Aubyn. He had grown old in the service of his people, to whom he was strongly attached, and who in return loved him and looked up to him as to a tender and affectionate father. Unselfish in his character to a remarkable degree, it had been the daily business of his life faithfully to perform the duties of his sacred office, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted and, as far as lay in his power, relieving the necessities of the poor and destitute. His salary though by no means large was yet sufficient not only for his own wants, but to enable him also, by judicious management, to perform an amount of good that was almost incredible.

He was a protestant in his faith, but without family, for although in his youth he had married a young and lovely wife, yet the union was not destined to be of long continuance. In the space of one short year after its consummation, his gentle Louise, together with her infant of a day, had died leaving him widowed and childless. It is not my purpose to delineate the long agony endured by St. Aubyn at this sorrowful and unexpected bereavement—it would be but a thrice told tale! Suffice it that his grief was deep and poignant; but time, the softener of every sorrow, at length alleviated his, and although he could never again feel the wish to renew the marriage tie, he was not long without channels into which to pour the strong and full tide of his affections. Pity, the handmaid of love, was his constant and abiding guest, and hand in hand with her, we went forth comforting, consoling, and relieving, wherever the children of misfortune were to be found. When his own means were insufficient for the exigencies of the case, he by his simple and touching eloquence so moved the hearts of the rich, that there was not a family in his whole parish who needed aid and received it not. The sick were faithfully nursed, the maimed were fed and clothed, and the widowed and orphaned so kindly

cared for, that they forgot their sorrows and bereavements, and grew cheerful beneath the sunshine of renewed hope and prosperity. So the pastor's life went on in one long scene of peace and contentment. Years stole over him as gently as summer shadows steal over the waving grass, and the sun of his life promised to go down in unclouded beauty.

But to the good man—he who has a feeling heart beating in his bosom, life cannot be all sunshine; there must, in the ordinary course of events, of necessity come many sorrowful days. So it was with St. Aubyn; and a change was about to pass over the placid calm of his lot, which required all the fortitude and resignation which can animate the christian's heart to support him under the trial. A frightful and contagious disease broke out in Orleans and raged with uncontrollable fury in every quarter of the city. Bidding defiance to all medical skill, it attacked every class of the community, sweeping alike unsparingly over the high and the low, the rich and the poor. Fear crept into the hearts of the strongest and the bravest, until like the veriest cowards, they shrunk trembling from the contact of their nearest friends, and in the secrecy of their chambers vainly sought to escape the grasp of the destroyer; for, as in the days when the last dread plague passed over the land of Egypt, so in those days of terror, there was scarce a house where there was not one dead. Most of those whose means enabled them to do so, fled from their houses and endeavoured to save their lives by seeking the fresh, pure air of some mountain solitude, or dwelling remote from the poisonous breath of the crowded and unclean city. But for the poor and destitute there was no such resource: money was imperiously necessary for such a removal—money which they had no means of procuring, and naught was left for them but to remain and die.

Among the parishioners of St. Aubyn, as was then the case with most protestant societies of France, the rich were far less numerous than the poor; most of them earning their daily bread by their daily toil, and few having any means reserved for a season of emergency. Those who had, profited by their good-fortune and fled; those who had not, sat sullenly down to await the visitation of the destroyer, and on these the plague fell with the most frightful violence.

Then it was that the virtues of the good pastor shone out in all their native brilliancy. With none to assist him in his arduous labors, with none to cheer him in his hours of fearful trial,—hours when his heart was well-nigh fainting with despair, alone, unaided and unencouraged, he devoted himself to a mission of mercy, from which the boldest shrunk aghast. No toils or watches however great or protracted could weary him, no terrors of the pestilence could daunt him, but with his eyes fixed steadfastly on his one great object, he passed continually from house to house, now administering the cooling draught, now smoothing the weary pillow, and now offering up the last prayer at the couch of the parting soul!—every where when most needed, and every where comforting, consoling and relieving. No means within his power were left unemployed by which he could hope to alleviate the agonies, and soften the horrors of the fearful scene. Business, save that of the pawn-broker, the coffin-maker and the grave-digger, had totally ceased; money, now that the rich were gone, was a thing almost unknown, and want soon added its stings to the terrors of the plague. Wherever he went, St. Aubyn carried with him food and

medicine, and even clothing, while his kindness soothed and his courage strengthened the last hours of the miserable sufferer.

So days and weeks went by—the means of the pastor were fast fading away, and still the pestilence abated not. He sold all his valuables, he sacrificed his books, he parted with every household utensil which he could possibly spare, and distributed the proceeds among the wretched victims around him, until all was at last gone, and he felt that the sorest need was yet to come. Gaunt famine now stalked hand in hand with disease, and the good shepherd beheld his flock falling around him, like leaves that had been nipped by an untimely frost. He heard the cries of those who had no helper, and despair for a time took hold of him. But he called on that God whose ear is ever open to the voice of supplication, and he was not unanswered. Peace like a dove once more descended upon his fainting spirit, and a new dawn of hope seemed suddenly opened before him.

He remembered having recently heard of a retired seaman who resided not far from his own dwelling, and who was reputed to be immensely wealthy. He had been for years commander of his own vessel, and had made many prosperous voyages to every quarter of the globe, until finally having amassed a fortune that would satisfy the most boundless ambition, he withdrew from the dangers and fatigues of the sea and settled down in Orleans with the intention of spending there the remainder of his days. But many as were the attractions of his wealth, he was a man with whom few of the virtuous and respectable dared to associate. Violent and reckless in his temper, dissolute in his habits, and vulgar and profane in his language, he was insolent and repulsive to all and conciliating with none. Rumor had of late also more than whispered that he was a successful gamester, and that his nights were generally spent in the unholy orgies of the gambling house and the brothel. Why he fled not from the city when others did so, it might be hard to tell; but there were not wanting those who asserted that in no other place could he have found such opportunities for indulging in his profligate and infamous habits as there. Certain it is that whatever might have been his motives for remaining where death was stalking abroad in his most hideous forms, his lawless and debasing life furnished ample grounds for the worst suspicions.

Unpromising as this source might appear, it had no sooner occurred to St. Aubyn than he determined, although a total stranger, to avail himself of it and appeal to him. He was no believer in the doctrine of total depravity, for, vile and corrupt as the world may be, he still had faith that there is no heart so utterly hardened and encased in sin, as to have no point by which it may be reached and melted. Accordingly he proceeded early in the morning to the dwelling of Morière,—for by this name was the nabob known—and, announcing himself to the servant in attendance as a clergyman who wished to speak with Monsieur Morière, on a subject of great importance, awaited at the door his answer. The servant carried in his message, but instantly returned with the refusal of his master to receive him. But St. Aubyn was not to be thus rebuffed. He forced his way into the hall and utterly refused to leave the house without having first fulfilled the object of his visit. The servant, equally respecting the sanctity of the surplice, and fearing the wrath of his licentious master knew not what to do, but finally after long contention, and much running

too and fro, he succeeded in wringing an ungracious permission from Morière to admit the clergyman to his presence.

As St. Aubyn entered the dressing-room of the nabob, he found him in his morning-gown and lying at length upon a luxuriant couch. He had but just returned from a night of dissipation in one of his nocturnal haunts, and appeared morose and surly. His eyes were blood-shot, his face inflamed, and his whole appearance indicated that he was suffering under the morning horrors following a night of debauch. Instead of inviting his visitor to be seated, he lay insolently staring him in the face, seemingly determined, since obliged to admit him against his will, that the interview should be as embarrassing and uncomfortable to him as possible. But the heart of the good minister was too full of his subject, to be daunted by any coldness or personal disrespect, and without waiting or even caring for an invitation he at once opened the object of his visit. He delineated in glowing language the frightful ravages of the plague, he described the touching scenes of distress which he daily and hourly witnessed, he told of all the fearful miseries in which so many unfortunate beings were involved, and besought him with folded hands and streaming eyes, to yield them that relief which they so much needed, and which he was so well able to afford. But he was addressing a man whose sensibilities had been too long blunted by licentiousness to be easily awakened by any appeal, and his tears and prayers were met by only scorn and invective, until drawing a small coin from his purse, Morière angrily threw it towards him, and, without respect either for his gray hairs, the sacredness of his office, or the holy and disinterested purpose of his visit, fiercely execrated the impertinence which had led him to intrude upon him at so unseasonable an hour. Stung with the bitterness of disappointment St. Aubyn felt for a moment that his hopes had been utterly in vain, and his heart well-nigh gave way; but the prayers, the groans, the despairing cries of his starving flock were still ringing in his ears, and feeling that for their sakes he could endure every thing but failure, he returned once more to the attempt. He used every weapon which can reach the human heart; he caressed, he flattered, he implored, but so far from yielding to the almost frantic appeals of the benevolent minister, the obdurate and hard-hearted gamester became furious. He sprang from his couch and, suddenly raising his arm, his clenched fist fell on the cheek of the gray-haired old man with a force which sent him reeling to the other side of the room.

Stunned and dizzy at the shameful blow, the insulted pastor was for a moment nearly insensible; but quickly recovering, with all the calmness and gentleness of a minister of peace he again approached the ruthless insulter. "That was for me!" said he with a smile that might have become an angel, "now what have you to give to my poor!"

This was too much—the mingled simplicity, magnanimity and greatness of this reply, touched a chord in the breast of the profligate gamester that for years had forgotten to vibrate! For a moment he gazed like one stupified into the face of St. Aubyn, when all the pride and sternness of his heart gave way; and suddenly seizing his hand, he knelt at his feet and implored his forgiveness for the outrage of which he had been guilty. As may be easily imagined, he who could for the sake of others bear so much would not be slow to forgive, and as St. Aubyn freely pronounced

a pardon upon him, Morière, the hardened profligate, the gamester and the debauchee, wept like the weakest child. He arose to his feet and opening a casket which stood near, he intreated the minister to take all—all his ill-gotten gains and do with them as God directed!

What a moment of mingled joy, triumph and gratitude for the devoted pastor! Joy that the means of saving his flock from starvation were providentially placed in his hands—triumph that the heart of the obdurate and hardened sinner was at length melted, and gratitude at the unexpected munificence of the gift.

The casket contained a sum of not less than twenty thousand francs, and with this the good pastor was enabled to scatter comfort and plenty throughout his whole flock. A blessing seemed to follow it. A sudden frost appeared and the pestilence was stayed. The inhabitants returned once more to the city, but many of them to find the last remnant of their property destroyed. Then it was that St. Aubyn became convinced that the change in the character of Morière was radical and complete. He returned no more to the gaming-table or the house of debauch, but following in the footsteps of the minister of love, he devoted his whole income to purposes of benevolence. He re-established the ruined tradesmen in business; he gave employment to the artizan and laborer; he administered relief to the widow, and supported and educated the orphan, and was now as famed for his benevolence and virtue as he had formerly been for his profligacy and vice.

Of the subsequent life of either St. Aubyn or Morière little is positively known; but tradition speaks of a man by the name of Morière, who, immediately after the plague of Orleans, founded a society in that city, of which he was many years the principal leader, and which he during his life-time, as well as at his death, richly endowed. It is to be regretted that the accounts of this institution which have been preserved, are so vague and indefinite. They merely state that after its commencement it rapidly increased, until it embraced an immense number within its borders. That its members were generally a harmless people, remarkable for their benevolence towards each other and towards the widows and orphans of all those who died within its pale; but that it was looked upon with a jealous eye, and followed with a most unrelenting persecution by a portion of the nobility of Orleans, and with ridicule by others. As a mark of their contempt for its principles and patrons, this latter class of the nobility bestowed upon the society the appellation of "*Les Compagnous-Cizarre*." This name at first given as a badge of disgrace, was soon adopted by the society as its proper appellation, and by this was it ever afterwards known.

Since the period in which the foregoing incidents took place, nearly two centuries have gone by, and whether any remnant of the society "*Les Compagnous-Cizarre*" still exists, or whether it is to be numbered only among the things that were, it is impossible to say; yet it would be an interesting inquiry, and from the peculiarity of its name, a pertinent one, whether this society was not the original foundation of *Odd-Fellowship* in Europe. This inquiry could, however, at present be guided only by mere surmises; the subject is therefore left in all the obscurity in which it was found.

THE WHITE STEED OF THE PRAIRIE."

BY CORNELIA, OF BALTIMORE COUNTY.

List, list, to the tramp of the prairie's "white steed,"
As with phantom-like fleetness he baffles the speed
Of huntsman and trapper, who toil, but in vain,
To cross his wild path, as he scours the plain.

No Mexican rider the "lasso" has thrown
O'er his proudly arch'd neck, as he courses *alone* ;
No curb from his lip the white foam hath e'er cast,
But free as the eagle, he bounds o'er the waste.

On the prairie's broad bosom no barriers rise ;
Now heaving like ocean, now placid it lies :
O'er its green waves he shoots like the star of the night—
For a moment it gleams, then is lost to the sight.

Swift, swift, the bold huntsman and race-horse so fleet,
Pursue with an ardour which knows not defeat ;
But vain are their efforts to gain the fair meed
Of laurels thus won from the prairie's "white steed."

The wild barb of the desert on Araby's plain,
Subdued, yields his neck, and submits to the rein :
He follows his leader, and lovingly bends,
To meet his caress, the most faithful of friends.

But no hand shall controul the proud steed of the West ;
In nature's own freedom he springs from his rest—
With wide-spreading nostril, and sinewy frame,
Which knows not oppression—which art cannot tame.

Long, long, shalt thou traverse the far-stretching plain,
No hand shall lay grasp on thy silvery mane ;
Still, still, shalt thou range, unincumbered and free,
No bondage, white steed of the prairie, for thee !

ASSOCIATION.

THE necessities and weaknesses of man, if not the very instincts of his nature, have led him in every age to seek the aid of his fellows, in order to overcome by a combined effort difficulties insurmountable to a single

arm. This necessity and weakness originated the principle of association, or at least gave opportunity for the development of the natural instinct in which it has its foundation. By them it has been sustained, perpetuated and enlarged in the sphere of its operation until it has become the "lever that moves the world." If we might be allowed a supposition, it would be, that associations commenced on the voluntary principle. Individuals found themselves involved in difficulties or beset with dangers, which single and alone they could not resist or overcome, and they were thus led to form alliances with others for interest or defence. Having found it easy by a united effort to overcome an enemy or to meet and obviate a difficulty, they naturally enough sought to extend their power by extending the circle of their associated action. As in all associations some must lead and others follow, so, the directing power began to concentrate, and ambition and avarice would turn the principle to their own personal aggrandizement. Thus thrones were built and nations established, and thus what originated in man's weakness came to be his greatest power, in fact the *source* of all human glory. The greatest nation, the most mighty empire the world ever saw, is but an association of individuals, and associated too, because of their own individual weakness. So of the greatest monarch that ever lived; he is in himself feeble as the humblest of his subjects, and he owes all his power to the single fact, that chance, accident, fortune, or the energies of his own mind, have placed him in a position where he could associate his fellow-creatures, and give direction to their united efforts. We look back and gaze at an Alexander, who strode in the might of his power over the oriental hemisphere, and caused an abject world to bow down and do him reverence. We talk of his mighty deeds, and his glorious victories, as if he was a god sent down to shake the earth with his single hand. But it is not so. He was but one man, and of himself feeble as others. He was the mere centre around which gathered the power of others, rendered great only by association. By fortune, or if you please by his own talents he became the leader of others, and was able to combine, associate and direct their action, and hence all his greatness. The mighty deeds attributed to him were done for him by the united and associated action of others. It was not Alexander alone that conquered the world. But it was Alexander associated with his fellow-men.

So of Napoleon, upon whom the world looks as a huge Colossus, towering far above the stature of men, and to whom crowns were toys, and kings but humble subjects. We gaze at his deeds and call him great. And so he was, but not of himself alone. Quite likely there were a thousand soldiers in his camp any one of whom would have been an overmatch for him in single combat. But he acquired (no matter how) the ability to combine and direct the united action of others, and to this he owes his greatness. The real power by which his victories were won, and his name made a terror to the dominions of the earth, was in the stout hearts and strong arms of the men of France. It was scattered all abroad over her vine-clad hills and through her sunny vales. Napoleon could call out that power, give it form and body by association, and direct its movements. He could do no more. Behold him in the height of his glory, the idol of his country and the wonder of the age. The young men of France with light hearts and sinewy arms rush to his standard, and ten thousand swords

leap from their scabbards and flash together in sunlight at his word. All Europe trembles at the nodding of his plume or the neighing of his war-steed. But look at him again, and he is pining in solitude and in silence on the lonely rocks of "sea-girt Helena." He is the same Napoleon still. His intellect is as capacious, his arm as strong, and in himself all that he ever was. But he can no longer command the associated action of others, and like Sampson shorn of his locks, he is helpless as a little child and none so poor as to do him reverence. *This* is Napoleon alone. *That* was Napoleon associated with his fellow-man.

So of our own beloved Washington. We sing his praises, and laud his name, who in comparative poverty and weakness, met and conquered the most mighty nation of the earth. We would not pluck one laurel from his brow, nor take one star from that crown of honor, that an admiring world has so justly awarded him. But we love his name because it is associated with our country, and truth bids us remember that the real power, by which the victory of our freedom was won, was in the indomitable spirits and iron nerves of those dauntless men, who hung their sickles upon the wall, and left their ploughs in the furrow at the call of their country; associated for its defence, made Washington their leader, and with one heart and with one mind fought by his side, or died together in the breach. It was the principle of associated action, devoted to a glorious cause, and its fruits we are this day reaping. By this all human progress and improvement have been effected. The barbarian, wandering in nature's wilds, plucking the fruits as they grow, or destroying the game for his meat, and quenching his thirst with the waters of the gurgling rill, may furnish the poet with a theme for a pean to the Goddess of Natural Liberty; but he will be a barbarian still, and his children after him, will roam over the same uncultivated wastes, and sleep in the same caves and dens, until they learn to associate with others and combine their efforts for mutual good. Then, and not till then, will the march of improvement commence. Then, and not before, will green fields smile where the dense forest stood, and cheerful, glad voices be heard where now the wild beast howls and seeks his prey. Rome in her glory, seated upon the throne of nations, was but one vast association, and robber as she was, she derived all her glory from the circumstance that she could concentrate the power of her millions in strong and resolute action to a given end. So of all the nations of antiquity and their works. Stupendous as those works must have been, they owe their existence to the weakness of man alone, and his power when organized and associated with others. Wonderful and almost incredible to an individual are these works.

A solitary traveller, as he stands upon some pyramid of old, whose top like the brow of a huge mountain is reared high towards heaven, and whose giant form sits amid solitude and ruin, may well wonder how human power could raise that mighty pile, which seems like an attempt to rival the eternal hills moulded in the hand of the Almighty himself. But let him go back through the dusk of ages past, and he shall see that solitude thronged with active life. The hum of busy workmen, the click of ten thousand hammers, and the creaking of ponderous engines shall break upon the ear and the principle of Association shall reveal a power which laughs at impossibilities, and is fully adequate to rear that massive structure, which has stood through long ages the wonder of the world. Though

the name of the builder has perished with the marble on which it was sculptured, yet, the work remains; and grand, solemn and silent it sits there, a memento of the past, like the skeleton of a worn and wasted monument, at an unknown grave, to herald the glory though it cannot tell the name of him that sleeps at its base. It was built by the power of associated action, perhaps by the weakest of all action of this kind, that which is compulsory. Such is the power of the principle.

It may be hailed as one of the most auspicious signs of the times that whereas mad ambition, pride and avarice have hitherto wielded most successfully the power of this principle, benevolence has at length commenced the manifestations of its power, and is gathering her forces and mustering her armies for a mighty effort for the melioration of the condition of oppressed, down-trodden, and suffering humanity. The tempest of war is not now the signal for men to associate, that they may go out with a stronger hand—to win laurels in the tented field, to strew the ground with the bones of the slain, and fill the earth with widows and orphans. But the wail of suffering man is borne upon the air of heaven; it strikes upon the listening ear, it thrills through every artery, and vibrates upon every nerve of the great soul of humanity, and brings out the earnest question, what can be done to afford relief? Happily the world is beginning to find an answer in the great principle of associated action—a principle akin to omnipotence itself, but hitherto too often employed to extend the empire of tyranny and oppression. On this principle our Order is founded, in its power it has done much. Let the bonds of union be strengthened, and their lines extended, and we shall go on to new and more glorious conquests.

I. D. W.

PRINCIPLES, END AND AIM OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY BRO. D. S. GANS, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.*

BROTHER ODD-FELLOWS:

By a resolution of this lodge the N. G. is requested to deliver a lecture upon the principles of Odd-Fellowship. Being deeply impressed with the benevolent and humane motives of our beloved Order, I have cheerfully undertaken the task; although fully aware of my own incapability to do that justice to the subject which its great importance demands. I am, therefore, far from the presumption that in this effort I shall convey information to you, and farther yet, from reminding you of your duties as Odd-Fellows. Allow me to give you only my ideas and sentiments concerning the *fundamental principles* and *primitive aim* of our Order. Feeling my inefficiency to do this properly I console myself with the hope, that you will indulge me herein, and that my want of skill will be balanced by the good-will and high regard which warms my breast for the Order.

Like all wise men of former ages, the founders of our beloved institu-

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tion have laid great meaning in a few words, and by choosing "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH" as our cardinal motto, have indicated plainly and distinctly in what the principles and aims of our Order consist. At the first glance of these three words it will be perceived, that they are those of the most general meaning, and therefore are liable to be variously understood; but by reflecting upon the peculiar combination of this motto, and considering each of the three terms separately, I am led to believe, that they point out the very special principles and aims of Odd-Fellowship, besides inculcating all those principles which we, like all virtuous men, ought to cherish.

* FRIENDSHIP, as the first term of the trio, must be the first link in the duties of Odd-Fellows. As such we must be bound together by that sentiment, that feeling, which arises out of a common sympathy and congruity of character, prompting us to act towards each other without interest, and making sacrifices of every description. Friendship, at the head of our motto, does not mean that superficial friendship as generally seen and practised among men of the common world, meaning nothing more than being acquainted with and avoiding the pain of giving offence to the befriended object. No! the friendship here meant is of a nobler growth; it aims at the assistance and improvement of the befriended object in every respect; faults seen it strives to correct for the purpose of rendering the object more worthy of esteem and regard, as without these, friendship cannot exist in the true sense of the word. This is what is synonymous with brotherly love. Such a one rejoices in prosperity and cheers, consoles and assists in adversity. For few are the pleasures that we can sincerely and honorably enjoy without the participation of others. But as friendship is produced by a feeling of regard and esteem, hence the duty of Odd-Fellows so to act as to draw forth and merit the regard and esteem of the brethren of the Order. This once obtained friendship soon follows, and time which weakens almost all other powers and qualities, has a contrary effect upon this—the longer it lasts the stronger it grows. But in another respect is it necessary that such should be the friendship found in the hearts of Odd-Fellows. Very correctly has this term been placed at the head of our motto—*Friendship, Love and Truth*—indicating, that if we will at all succeed in carrying out the other principles of the Order, we at first must arrive at and practice those principles which, finding application amongst ourselves, bind us together by an inseparable bond of reciprocal feeling, forming a union which will withstand the rudest blasts, and not be changed by the severest shocks of adversity. For the heart that is not warmed by *love* and true *friendship* is not capable of expanding to very great and exalted sentiments; it cannot feel the generous glow of *affection, benevolence* and *charity*.

Without this kind of friendship—without fraternal affection, it is not possible to find a helping hand and cheering heart, particularly away from home, to which every Odd-Fellow is entitled and which he also claims. Cold and chilling comes that assistance, that help which is tendered merely in consequence of certain laws, and not arising out of brotherly love. Without true friendship it is not possible that we will meet and feel, out of the lodge, that warm and much meaning grip which is so animating to every feeling, giving assurance that the reliance placed in a BROTHER ODD-FELLOW, in cases of emergency and need, will not be in vain.—

There is another point essentially necessary to form true and lasting friendship; and cultivate the much desired harmony, namely: we must, like in all other matters, not expect to find perfection in one another; we must show tolerance of opinion in our intercourse, and practice the greatest charity towards each other in the discussions arising out of our business transactions of the lodge, as in these are easily laid the seed of disunion, and running gradually to the opposition of friendship—hatred.—Let us bear in mind that it is the intention of our brotherhood, for a great and philanthropic object, to form a union “*consisting of men of the most discordant opinions.*”

Our feelings and sentiments towards each other being based upon such a noble foundation, *peace* and *harmony* will prevail in our halls. Strife and altercation will be banished from our lodges. For as already said, as friendship is called forth by a sense of regard and esteem for one another, so will harmony in all our sentiments and actions be the production of friendship; and it is my firm belief, that just in proportion as true friendship is wanting amongst the brethren, so will be the harmony and peace found in their halls, and the more numerous will be the obstacles to the progress of the Order; and if the time should ever arrive, as I sincerely hope it may, when the brethren of our association could justly demand the respect and esteem of one another, then would harmony and peace be perfect there, and all and every one could, with the help of Him on high, who findeth pleasure in peace and harmony, carry out easily all those principles and arrive at those objects at which Odd-Fellowship aims.

In this way it is only possible for our beloved Order to stand firm and advance continually to that prosperity which its principles merit. Shall the work succeed? united we must stand! Shall *benevolence* prevail? united we must stand! The qualities and powers of the one associate themselves then with those of the other. Various has God divided the gifts. Combine these various gifts and it will become a beautiful combination. Combine these together and we can easily carry out all the manifold principles of Odd-Fellowship.

Love, as the second and middle link in our motto, is also the next link in Odd-Fellowship; and although many may think, that this term has reference to that brotherly love of which I have spoken before, still I am of the opinion that it refers to some other principle of the Order. For the term *friendship*, at the head of our motto, denotes already all that under brotherly love could possibly be understood, and that the wise founders of our Order should have placed two synonymous words in a motto containing only three, one by which they surely intended to convey the fundamental principles and aims of the Order, I at least cannot conceive.

After we have paid the last honors to a deceased brother; after having carried out the first principle of Odd-Fellowship in having felt and feeling yet towards him as a true brother, there is a bond still between us and him; and although he has departed from amongst us, there remains generally of the same flesh and blood, to which we must naturally feel bound by the same ties of friendship, which we have felt for him. There is his disconsolate *widow* and *fatherless children*, and although I well know, that the word “love” in our motto, is generally considered as meaning brotherly love, I am inclined to think, that it more likely has reference to those individuals who, by consanguinity, form parts of the great family of Odd-

Fellows. The word "love" being usually applied to the other sex and also to children, leads us to conclude that the founders of our benevolent institution intended to make charity towards the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of our departed brethren one of the special principles of Odd-Fellowship. And how can it be otherwise? Is it possible, that having felt for our brother true friendship, we could look upon those he has left behind with coldness—without any feeling of affection? Is it not more natural that we feel towards her as a brother and towards them as a father? Look around you and see how those widows and orphans stand, who have not the advantages of that union which binds us and our families so intimately together. The world in general is towards them very liberal in words but very sparing in deeds. There is no misfortune in life greater and none more deplorable than that of the loss of a husband and father. By such an event the affairs of a family are turned to the very reverse which nature intended it should be. Having lost him who was by her intended to be the provider and supporter of his family, and being very frequently left without ample means, the widow is under the necessity of leaving partly those duties which are commissioned to her by nature, for the purpose of combining in herself the duties of mother and father; or in other words, of finding means enough for raising her family as she wishes—honestly—and the first being very seldom possible, nothing is left for her but to send her children as soon as they are grown enough to some place or establishment where they may work for a pittance, for the purpose of assisting her in her task; in the mean time, and owing to the same cause, will she be prevented from giving them that education by which alone they can become dutiful children and good citizens. In regard to orphans there seems to exist a strange fatality in their lives. The world, although feeling towards them with pity and commiseration, combines still with it a feeling which does not tend to make them more happy, and which appeared always to me rather calculated to bring their helpless situation continually in a stronger light before their eyes. It is true, that orphans are occasionally taken into families and even by them adopted, but besides that these cases are very few in number, there are a great many who are entirely overlooked, as though it were by some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which they have become familiar no one very tenderly pities, and thus the widow, reconciling herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of her lot, becomes poor in spirit and in estate, and vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, and all her days leads the life not so much of a servant as of a slave.

When we have run our course of life and the angel of death calls us from the last embrace of our friends to be admitted into the celestial lodge above, and if we besides have not been peculiar favorites of Dame Fortune how consoling, how cheering, how happy the consciousness, that those who were most dear to us will not be cast upon a cold and unfeeling world, but that the protecting arm of the Order will be placed around them; that they will find every protection in the guardian care of the brethren of their maternal father. The hand of friendship and love will be extended towards those he left behind, forming thus the medium through which we hold communion with the souls of our departed and beloved brethren in heaven!

We now come to the consideration of the third link in our motto—**TRUTH**. Being bound together by the bond of true **FRIENDSHIP**, and feeling our hearts swell with full *charity* towards the *widow* and orphan, we have laid the foundation, and made the first and most essential step towards the high and sublime aim of the Order in investigating, cultivating and propagating that *moral TRUTH* which centres in itself all the better and higher qualities of man. It is that which being rightly understood and practised, brings us nearer to perfection, and by this to that happiness at which all men aim. It seems to be the chief object of our Order to have **ALL** men, without distinction, arrive at that state of moral perfection which leads the possessor of it to spiritual happiness. To accomplish this, she laid it down as a paramount law that “men of the most discordant opinions” shall be admitted into her halls, where the brethren shall congregate together for the purpose of cultivating all the nobler faculties of men; to tear themselves occasionally away from the demoralizing effects of the common world, and lift their souls on high to be impressed with that virtuous mind, that moral strength, which will enable them to carry every moral sentiment received there into practice in their intercourse with the world. For this purpose we meet here to listen occasionally to lectures laid down by the founders of Odd-Fellowship, inculcating moral principles; giving us opportunity of interchanging our ideas, and cultivating our minds for that state from which alone flows *virtue* and *happiness*. It is too obvious that this is the principal and primitive aim of our Order to need more explanation.

The founders of our beloved institution surely knew the world with her weak creatures called—*Men*. They knew that they were disposed to be divided by differences of opinion; that they even were prone to prejudices, passions and vices, by which they would be deterred from investigating truth, and thus arriving at a state of moral perfection; preventing their natural destiny, the highest state of good—happiness. For this reason, and for this reason alone is it conceivable have they laid down the law, that “men of the most discordant opinions” should be admitted, but that those subjects forming these differences, as religion and politics, should be excluded from the discussions. I have said that the fathers of Odd-Fellowship, knowing the world, how difficult it is to arrive there at *truth* and *virtue* by the only proper and efficient means—interchange of ideas and sentiments—founded an institution where men could do this without being continually disturbed by contrariety of opinion, but where they may, being bound together by a feeling of true *friendship* and brotherly love, strive to arrive at the conception of that *moral truth*, and the cultivation of that virtue and perfection which assures us of that holy sanctuary where the storms of the world cannot enter.

As Odd-Fellows we are not sensual beings, but have to be considered members of a moral world—our minds must be busy in that respect—it is on account of our moral nature. As sensual beings we are only dependant and limited ones, but as moral beings we are free, standing far above physical nature. We can persuade ourselves to action and fix our own sentiments, how we will entertain and execute them. But our will must be regular, our minds cultivated; we must act with having something in view, and because we are free with the intention for the best. The love of truth brings us to this understanding of our duty—this is what

calls to us: *Thou shalt*, and we feel that we are *able*. We submit to our moral nature, bound to be moral minded, and to act by this sentiment thus, that our determining reason may be the determining reason to all actions of moral beings. If we deserve the name of Odd-Fellows in reality it is because our principle is, not to be governed by our physical nature, but by our moral one particularly.

Our lodges are therefore to be looked upon as the school where we assemble, principally for the purpose of withdrawing ourselves from the turmoils of the world; from its demoralizing tendency to occupy our minds with nobler objects than the common occupations of life; in a word, where we have undisturbed opportunity to think and to cultivate our minds.—For the further progress of mankind in intelligence is intimately connected with the interchange of thought; for however diversified the many shades of opinion which prevail, the truth itself remains always the same, and it is only to be obtained by freeing the mind as much as possible from all preconceptions, and however slowly it may be evolved from the mist of error, yet, where this interchange takes place, freed from all restraint, truth will ultimately be traced to its hiding place and a portion of its rays will finally brighten every subject—one error and one fault after another will disappear. And here allow me to express my opinion, that for these reasons I consider the rule adopted in many subordinate lodges of having a lecture delivered at each quarter, a very laudable and useful regulation. For if it is true that we assemble here for the purpose of investigating truth, and for the promulgation of virtue and morality, it has not only a direct moral effect by listening occasionally to moral subjects, varying but in form from the lectures laid down by the Order, but professing to be thinking men it leads us all (lecturer as well as listener) to think and reflect for ourselves about subjects closely connected with Odd-Fellowship, and to study our own mind and our own nature.

A true Odd-Fellow seeks for his guidance a more perfect rule than the common class of mankind, who are led by public opinion; he derives it from a higher source, in the immutable laws of an absolute nature which his own moral feeling will suggest. The moral force by which he is governed resides within his own breast. In the investigation of moral as well as divine truth he will use and cultivate his own mind. For mind is the only principle which distinguishes man from the brute; it is this which guides him into the hidden mysteries of nature; leads him to comprehend the beauty and the harmony of God's creation, or guides him through the boundless regions of space to the contemplation of the attributes of that Almighty Creator who fashioned the human soul and stamped it with his own image. In the mind lay the springs and motives of action; there are the powers which can act from those motives. If this fountain-head is not known and purified, the streams that run from it will be muddy to the end. This is not all; the mind of man is immortal, and it is upon its discipline and proper direction in this world that his happiness in a future state of existence is to depend. Besides, the mind will be always active, and it must be eternally progressing either in good or evil. It is therefore necessary to bring as often as possible moral subjects before it, to banish prejudices, passions and vices from it; for each act of virtue tends to make it more virtuous, and each act of vice gives new strength to an in-

fluence within which will surely render it more and more vicious. The aspirations of every one's heart should be

Father of light and life ! thou good supreme !
O ! teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity and vice ;
From every low pursuit.

For the same reasons I should delight to see the different lodges of this Queen City erect an Odd-Fellows' library. If men would provide for happiness here and hereafter they must cultivate their mind and study and know themselves ; and if it is true that every one may learn more or less without a guide, but with the wisdom and experience of those who have gone before us on the path, we shall surely advance more safely and expeditiously.

But not for our own sake, for our own future happiness are we as Odd-Fellows bound to practice morality. No! we are demanded by cultivating and practising virtue and morality amongst ourselves, to exert in various ways such a beneficial and moral influence over the conduct of men in society, that we will in some way become the instruments to their moral perfection—to their future state of happiness. Thus our lodges are the source whence flows benevolence and philanthropy in its fullest extent. In this way it is possible for Odd-Fellows to form that which is called public opinion. For this does not derive its origin and efficacy from the noise of the multitude, it emanates from the enlightened portion of the community—the few, comparatively speaking, who study the harmonies of nature, and acting as the benefactors of mankind guide and direct the destinies of the many.

This I take to be the **PRIMITIVE AIM** of the Order. Thus the world cannot ascribe to her selfish motives, on the contrary it aims thus at the virtue and happiness of all.

How beautiful, how benevolent, how sublime the aim! For if virtue were to obtain the ascendancy over the world, how much smaller would be the degree of misery? How many wounds that are now open would be healed? Homes which are now the scenes of disorder and madness, would be blessed with the tranquillity of true love! Eyes that have long been filled with tears would no longer weep, and voices that have long been mournful would be turned to joy. The want of virtue is the most fruitful source of unhappiness. It is this that plants thorns in our way and renders life so frequently uncomfortable.

Could holy principles be established on the throne of every mind—could all men be induced to respect and love one another—could every tongue and every hand be governed by righteousness, how different would be the aspect of the human race! Where we now meet with ignorance and woe, we should meet with intelligence and bliss. Where there is now a destructive miasma, there would be a healthy and invigorating atmosphere. Instead of witnessing strife and animosity, our visions would be gratified with the sight of individuals living in the bond of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Thus it is good and lovely to dwell together. United in the bond of *Friendship, Love and Truth* we can rob misfortune of its stings and poison—bound in *Friendship, Love and Truth* we can set a limit to misery, and ultimately banish it from our homes. Living truly in the bond of

Friendship, Love and Truth we form a society which will have no wanderer lost—a family in heaven. Only combined in *Friendship, Love and Truth* we form a holy circle, in which each one can proportion to his ability, and from every point act beneficially; a union of virtue and humanity, and the circless centre—philanthropy; and philanthropy's centre—God!

God is Truth—and he who, soaring above the clouds of prejudice and error which rest upon the world, comes to the clearest perception of this glorious union of every attribute of the Deity, will drink deepest into the fountain of true happiness, and bring his soul to the nearest resemblance of his Father in heaven.

Thus, my dear brethren, thus and in this manner a better spirit, greater happiness, true friendship and true piety will and must dwell in the Order. On eagle's wings she will lift herself to higher wisdom, to greater virtue and firmer piety. Peace and harmony will dwell in her halls, and Odd-Fellowship will serve to unite all hearts, banish passions and vices, and establish virtue and happiness amongst the children of God!

SONG.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
 Among a band of BROTHERS,
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,
 Each shares the bliss of others:
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
 Along this vale of sorrow;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
 Shall bloom again to-morrow:
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

On Halcyon wings our moments pass,
 Life's cruel cares beguiling;
 Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
 In gay good humour smiling:
 With ermine beard and forelock grey,
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
 Night soften'd into Morning!
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

From the Universalist.

A TALE OF THE BLIND.

THE advantages of Travelling have often been discoursed upon, and the theme is by no means exhausted. But among those who are best able to discourse with enthusiasm upon it—strange as it may seem—are some of those over whose visual organs the Almighty has been pleased to draw a veil—I mean the Blind. I feel the truth of this, not only from what I have read, but more especially from conversation with one who has seen much of the world notwithstanding his blindness. I have never been more interested in any human book than in him, and take my pen to sketch what he has put in my mind to write, collected in his own by journeyings. Among the many intensely interesting 'incidents of travel' to which I have listened, is one with which is connected a somewhat remarkable history. But as 'the ower true tale' which is to be penned, needs no embellishment by fictitious ornament, I shall give it as near as possible in the narrator's own language. Let him* be considered as the writer.

In the Institution of which I was a member and from which I derived all the knowledge I possess, the most trivial incident was sufficient to change the monotony of common school life, and the ordinary incidents of every day, which to us, confined as we were to a very limited round, were sufficient to awaken great interest, and are as fresh to my memory as the transactions of yesterday. I well remember, though many years have since passed, when Maria Bordon became an inmate of our school. The fact of her having arrived was whispered around among the pupils; and when the hour arrived for the introduction of a new comer—the time when we were accustomed to meet for the practice of music, the most delightful of all employments to the Blind,—to every pupil in the school was known her name, the place from whence she came, and the time she would probably remain with us. These facts had been grudgingly obtained from our good-natured Director, who was by no means willing to tell us at once all that he knew, as his principle in dealing with the Blind was, that they should gain knowledge gradually that they might value it the more.

It is now necessary that I should introduce Maria to the reader, but as I have never looked on a human face, or beheld a human form, it will not be expected that I shall occupy much space in describing her exterior appearance. Maria *was* beautiful, if we may judge of the caresses of those who judge of beauty only by the symmetry of form and contour of person; but to the Blind she was beautiful, as she possessed a most sweet and musical voice, which to those who knew the existence of those around them only by hearing and feeling, is the very *sine qua non*. The unusual sweetness and the superior qualities of her voice, were themes of conversation among the pupils for many a day, and one on which they delighted to expatiate. Maria, like most persons when first admitted, was sad; but this we attributed to the regret she felt in having left home and the beloved scenes of childhood, or, perhaps I should say—associations, which to the Blind are as powerful as is any thing beheld by the seeing, and of which they delight to speak as constituting ‘the charms of home.’ But when day after day, for many months, Maria, still continued sad, we were surprised, and none of us were able to divine the cause of such habitual melancholy. She was one of the most gentle and amiable of the females, and every one, without a single exception, admired the traits of her character as they gradually unfolded themselves. No adverse circumstances, no petty annoyances which constitute so great a part of every-day life, could annoy her. She seemed to be placed above being affected by those things which severely try common tempers. Her intellect was of no common order, and having enjoyed the blessing of sight for the first ten years of her life, she had acquired many things which those born blind are obliged to obtain after they enter the Institution. But of the advantage which she thus possessed over her companions she did not seem conscious, and to it she never alluded. In short, in the ordinary language of all men—‘She was Beautiful!’ beautiful, I say, in the highest and best sense of the term. ‘She seemed,’ in the language of Shakspeare, ‘to be on the very top of admiration, made of every creature’s best.’ During the whole time which Maria spent in the Institution, there was only one perceptible change of the aspect she wore—only once did the sadness which rested upon her like the shadow of a cloud depart and leave her an altered being. It was then that we first perceived what she might have been in her earlier years—a merry, laughing, happy creature,

‘too good
For human nature’s daily food.’

Now that I am about to introduce another character, I would remind the reader that I am not dealing in romance or fiction, but simply portraying what belongs to the real occurrences of that period which was to me the beginning of life, though it was not till after I had somewhat advanced in years.

One day, a little more than a year after Maria came among us, we were officially informed that a young medical gentleman, a veritable disciple of Hippocrates, who had recently been, by accident, deprived of his sight, was about to become an inmate of our home. As he had received a collegiate education, and was withal a great man, having the grave title of ‘M. D.,’ some of the knowing ones among us prophesied that the ‘Doctor’ was destined for an instructor. In this, however, they were mistak-

en, as many a pretended prophet has been. Dr. Rochford, for such we will call him, having been deprived of his sight by one of those accidents to which medical men by their chemical experiments are exposed, and having thus all his bright hopes in life taken from him, was anxious to seclude himself from society, or if that was impossible, to spend his life with those who, like himself, were forever shut out from the light of heaven. He requested of the Trustees a room, and to share in the amusements and occupations of the pupils, on an equal footing with them. The day on which he entered was of course, a marked one in the annals of our school; he was regularly introduced, first to the males, and then to the females; and it was remarked that when he was introduced to Maria he repeated her name with emphasis, and so in like manner did she his. There seemed to be a silent recognition on the part of both, which could only have been perceived by those to whom the human voice is the only index to the human heart. It was remarked on that day that Maria seemed more cheerful than ever, that her laugh was more frequent, and that she was altogether a happier being. The Teachers—the seeing ones, I mean—attributed this to the natural cheerfulness and gayety consequent on the introduction of a new comer, which was in our school a sort of Jubilee; but the most reflective among our number thought of matters much deeper, but said nothing.

In a few days, the Doctor found the way round the Institution, which was always the first lesson to be learned; and it was observed by some of us that the Rotunda, the place where Maria often chose to practice her voice alone, was the place which the soonest became to him familiar. This was, of course, unobserved by the majority. There was between him and Maria a similarity of tastes—they loved the same songs and admired the same poets, there seemed to be a harmony, a unison of feeling, which can easily be accounted for on natural principles, but which some now-a-days would attribute to the influence of Magnetism. Yes, dear reader there was a magnetic something between these two hearts as I shall reveal in the sequel.

I must confess that long before I knew any thing of the real history of our hero and heroine, I could not but suspect that there had existed some relationship between them, but farther than this, I could not penetrate the veil. I never shall forget one occasion when unperceived by them I chanced to stroll into the room where they, as usual, were singing duets together. Although I have many times heard that beautiful Swiss air which so touchingly appeals to the tenderest feelings of the human heart, yet never did I listen with so much pleasure as on that occasion when with their clear and beautifully blended voices they commenced the following melody:

‘Why, ah! why my heart this sadness?
Why ’mid scenes like these decline?
Where although strange is joy and gladness,
O say what wish can yet be thine?’

All that’s dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam,
A stranger’s joy so e’er enchanting,
Can never be to me like home.

Give me those, I ask none other,
Than those who blessed my humble dome,
Where dwells my father and my mother,
O give me back my native home.'

The song so wrought upon my feelings that when they finished, I unconsciously moved my chair; the noise was perceived by them, and the Doctor immediately walked up to see who had been intruding. Before I could succeed in making my escape he caught me by the collar, and made me speak, as this was the only way by which he could know who I was. I expressed some surprise that he should be astonished to find any one in that place, as it was the room where we frequently met to practice music; but he seemed to perceive intuitively that I knew more of his heart's history than he was willing should be known. And so without any hesitation he immediately made me his confidant. He told me very briefly that he had known Maria in happier days. They had both played on the green before the same homes; they had walked in the shade of the same verdant trees, and gazed alike interested into the waters of the beautiful Kennebec. They had looked on the same sunsets, and watched the infinitude of stars with kindred emotions. Nature had been alike eloquent to them, and to them the world was full of enchantment. They had looked on the blossoms of Spring, on the luxuriance of Summer, and the gorgeousness of Autumn, and in all the thousand beauties of the seasons there was always something that knit their hearts still closer together.

The first disappointment which they knew was when Rochford's father left his native village for a new home far away from the scenes of his boyhood. One of the objects of removal was that Rochford might receive greater means of education, as his father had contemplated the fitting of his son for college, and this could not be done in the place where he then resided. Rochford entered the academy, made diligent improvement of the means afforded him, and was subsequently received into Bowdoin College, where he graduated with all the usual honors which crown the career of the persevering and successful student. But amid the new scenes and occupations consequent on this course, it may well be supposed that Rochford forgot the associate of his earlier years; not so with Maria—she remembered him as the friend with whom she had loved to roam in the wood, or sit beside the stream, and listen to the music of waving forests and running waters. She had heard nothing concerning him, save occasionally a word or two from the minister of the parish who kept up a correspondence with Rochford's father. His place was in a measure supplied by a beloved brother; in a few years he fell a victim to that dreadful scourge of New England—consumption, and she was left again alone to wander in paths familiar to her tread and dear as home. The friends of Maria perceived that day by day her appearance betokened that health was departing from her; her step became feeble, and her countenance pale and wan. The physician of the village advised her parents to provide her with a change of scene, or she would soon lie low with her brother in the grave of the early dead. It so happened that about this time the 'Commencement' of Bowdoin College was to take place, and the physician being one of the curators of the medical department, and the minister being invited, it was arranged that Maria with her mother should accompany them to Brunswick, with the hope that the pleasant excite-

ment of that interesting season might dissipate in some degree her gloom and revive her wasting spirits. During the journey the minister remarked to Maria that among the students who were to graduate the next day, was her old school-mate—Francis Rochford. This called up in the mind of Maria thoughts of the past, and induced the reflection whether the proud student would remember at all the poor girl with whom he had so often roamed ‘on the banks of *their* beautiful river.’

On the day of the exercises the church was filled with the *élite* of Maine, and great expectations were excited by the very unusual large number of young gentlemen who were that day to receive the honors of the Institution. When the procession of students entered the church, the position of Maria was such that she could not discern distinctly the individuals composing it, and therefore, did not, of course, recognize her early friend. But as they each took a station upon the stage, she had a full view of them; and with no ordinary interest did she watch for the appearance of a new speaker, in hope of being able to distinguish her Francis; one by one, the speakers left the stage, till but one remained to attract the attention of the audience. All eyes were turned to him who was to deliver the ‘Valedictory Address’—to bid farewell in behalf of himself and his fellows to the friends and the scenes of their college years. As he ascended the stage Maria gazed intently to discern what changes time had wrought, and gladly did she perceive in the man the fuller development of all the graces and charms of the boy. His cheek was indeed pale, and there was a shadow of deep thought upon his countenance, but there he stood to her a noble man—

‘A pure, warm heart and spirit high,
Were written on his lofty brow,
And in his manly eye.’

In his address, Rochford spoke of the social feelings—their power and their charms, and of the ties which would bind him to the scenes of his most studious years. He turned to the Faculty and addressed them in a most feeling and eloquent manner, and took farewell of them and all in behalf of himself and those who like him were to leave the classic halls, so long their home. A simultaneous and enthusiastic burst of applause complimented his noble effort; and as he descended from the stage, it was to Maria like the departure of the sun to him who has no hope of beholding it more. Rochford did not, as may well be imagined, recognize Maria among the vast throng; and the next day she left with a relative to spend a few weeks in Augusta.

This, as will subsequently be seen, was a visit attended with most melancholy circumstances. A remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians had about that time visited Augusta, and all the lads of the place had acquired a great passion for bows and arrows to rival the skill of the savages. One day when Maria was out in the open air, her cousin was at his usual play, and by a most unfortunate accident, the arrow which he discharged from his bow, pointed to resemble a spear, entered her right eye. In consequence of an inflammation which afterwards ensued, the other eye became affected, and—sad to relate—she was at length pronounced by the eminent and skilful Dr. Warren to be totally and incurably blind! Every means was used for her benefit that promised to relieve, and she

passed through a season of suffering most dreadful to endure. At last her friends made the necessary arrangements whereby she entered that noble monument of christian philanthropy—the New England Institution for the Blind.

After leaving college, Rochford spent a few months of recreation with his father, during which time he became acquainted with a young lady, of whom it is necessary that I should attempt a description. Amelia Brownell was a young lady whose principal attraction was a fortune which her father intended at some time to leave her. She had received what is denominated 'a fashionable education,' that is to say, she had spent a few years in a seminary, of course not in her own town, but at a considerable remove from home, where she had been instructed in every thing but that which would have rendered her useful as a wife or companion. At this time she had just returned from the seminary, and had arrived at that precise period in such a young lady's life when she is very desirous of making an impression. She seemed to be conscious of her personal defects, but hoped to make up in flippancy and ostentatious display all other deficiencies. She was very particularly desirous of making a decided impression on our young hero, who was the guest in many a circle, and with whom she frequently met. Rochford did not admire her; nay, he was infrequently vexed with her efforts to conceal her real deficiencies, but in consideration of the fortune in perspective, he overlooked all the want of real excellence of character, and when he left for Boston to pursue his studies as a physician, he was regarded as her accepted suitor.

Rochford's progress was rapid as a successful pupil of the medical school, and was about, at the end of the third year, to receive his degree of 'M. D.' with honor to himself and teachers, when by a sudden explosion of some chemical preparation with which he was experimenting, the fragments of the glass bottle which contained the substance, were thrown into his eyes and he was almost instantly rendered blind! He had expected at the close of the term of his studies in Boston to have returned to his father's and to have fulfilled his matrimonial engagement with Amelia. But on learning his misfortune she positively refused to receive any farther attentions from him, and it is easy to perceive that her affection had no sympathy with the true and holy passion which impels even to the martyrdom for the one beloved.

Dispirited by his misfortune and unable to make any use of his acquirements as a physician, he resolved to enter the Institution of which we have more than once spoken. It was there, as we have seen, that he again met Maria—his mind was carried back to the happiest years of life, and the powerful associations of the past came thronging into the soul, leading him captive to what had once so delighted him. It was natural in meeting with the being he had known in other days, sharing with him a common misfortune, and being in other respects similarly situated—it was natural for him to feel for her a deeper interest than he would be likely to feel for any others with whom he was surrounded. Associating with her day after day, and discovering the many amiable traits of her character, he soon found himself cherishing towards her a deeper affection than he had entertained towards any human being; and in short, gentle reader, he loved her with all the ardor of which his nature was capable. And this was strikingly manifested when by the regulations of the Insti-

tution the male and female departments were made entirely distinct, and of course, the opportunities of their meeting were less frequent. It is singular to see how difficulties will be overcome by the ingenuity of a mind when impelled by that master passion which poets and philosophers have vainly endeavored to describe. This ingenuity was brought speedily into requisition by the separation made by the regulation alluded to; and the contrivance they adopted whereby to correspond with each other was singular indeed. They had a method used in the Institution—that of pricking the letters with a sharp pointed pencil, so that by the touch on the opposite side of the page, the words could be read. The room occupied by Rochford was in the left wing, and that of Maria was in the right wing of the building, and the windows of both opened into the yard. Rochford would tie his letter on the end of a long string or cord, and would then throw it a few times till he succeeded in making it lodge on the window-sill of Maria's apartment, retaining in his hand the other end of the string; she would tie her letter on the string and Rochford would speedily draw it in to himself. This correspondence was of course carried on at night when the darkness favored them, and was continued for some time undetected. Now it chanced that there was a tree in the centre of the yard, and on a certain time when Rochford was endeavoring to draw back the answer to an epistle he had transmitted, the letter caught in the tree, and in endeavoring to extricate it, the string broke, the letter fell, not on the ground, but on a man's hat, and he—the man under the hat—was the last person into whose hands they would have chosen to have had it fall, for he was none other than the chief in authority. He could read it, and the effect of it may be judged of by the following:—Both parties were severely reprimanded for indulging those feelings with which God had endowed them, and the exercise of which constitutes in those who are so fortunate as to cherish them, the purest happiness which this world affords. This long lecture however did not turn them from their purpose, and therefore, the first opportunity of meeting was improved to fashion a *new Alphabet*, by which they were able to correspond in a manner, or with a mystic language, which could not be read by any third person. In this way they did find ways of corresponding for a considerable time, though the windows aforementioned were nailed down. It was deemed proper in consequence of this, and the known ardor of their affection, to make more complete the separation and to stop if possible all means of intercourse between them. Accordingly matters were so arranged that Rochford received a peremptory letter from his father requiring his immediate return home. He was determined not to comply with this requisition till at least he could have one interview with Maria, and be able to leave her with a full understanding of their mutual feelings and purposes. This interview he obtained the eve previous to his leaving the Institution. They met at the place to which I have before referred as the home of music, and both seemed to feel a vague apprehension that it would be long before they should meet again. Rochford told Maria briefly that his father was a firm man and would doubtless object to their union, yet he was determined that although he had never disobeyed his commands, he now should consult his own feelings, and Maria might depend on his unchanging affection. It was arranged on the part of Maria that at the coming vacation, she should return

to her mother's and Rochford should meet her there. But now they must part, and the lovers were agitated beyond expression. As Rochford clasped his Maria to his breast, language was inadequate to express the deep emotions of their souls, and in nature's simple eloquence they but uttered each other's name—O Francis! O Maria! They separated, melancholy proofs that what God intended to constitute our purest bliss is too often made a source of our keenest misery! The next day, Rochford departed.

A few weeks passed and the vacation came. Maria was soon in her own home, full of hope and joyous expectancy. In a few days Rochford joined her, and once more they walked amid the scenes of their early years. It was a beautiful evening in June, at the mellow hour of sunset. The loveliness of the heavens reflected the serenity and beauty of their own souls, and they felt the charms they could not see. But alas! how changed was their condition when contrasted with what they were when last they stood amid those endeared retreats and walked by the glowing waters of the majestic river! They sat by the waters on a prostrated tree, and both, without any understanding save that which was natural to two hearts thus sympathetically tuned in harmony with each other, commenced the following melody:—

‘Foftly the shades of evening fall,
Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears,
And nature's voice to slumber calls,
And silence reigns amid the spheres.’

The last sad notes of their voices died away over the quiet waters, and a silence ensued which was broken by Maria.

‘Francis, it is a beautiful evening! O how often have I wished that the close of my life might be as calm as such an eve fading away in night, when I have wandered amid these scenes with you or alone, and have felt the holy influences of the hour. Did you ever think, Francis, that the time must come when we must part—when one of us should be called to leave this world and no more listen to the voice beloved or the sounds so dear?’

‘That, Maria, is a thought on which I delight not to dwell. When I am with you, my affections are satisfied, I am contented with the present, and ask not to look into the future.’

‘But,’ replied Maria, ‘love must have a future. It is a dread thing to think of love only where death is permitted to exert his power, and my dearest meditations are of that world where reigns immortal youth.’

‘There is poetry in that; but my reasonings have been confined to the present existence. I know indeed that we shall live again, but more than that is not revealed.’

‘No more revealed! For what did Jesus live? for what did Jesus die? for what did Jesus rise? Was not the great object of his advent and mission to reveal God's everlasting love, reaching to all souls and enduring through all ages, here and hereafter? This, Francis, this is a truth which I have learned at Jesus' feet, and it is to me the sweetest solace in every hour of gloom and pain, and which I would not relinquish for the greatest boon which I could possibly receive—no, not even for the gift of sight! Gladly would I look on the scenes of life's earlier days and admire the beauties which once so entranced my vision, but dearer, far dearer is the hope of gazing with an undimming eye on a world of fadeless loveliness.

'O say, Francis,' said the enthusiastic girl, clasping, almost wildly, his hand in hers, 'O say, Francis, do you not believe that we shall meet in that bright and better world?'

The earnestness of the girl astonished Rochford, and he exclaimed—'O God! is this a reality—is the beautiful creature at my side my Maria, or is it all a dream and she an angel!'

'No,' replied she, 'I am no angel, but the weak, erring girl you call your Maria. I am in earnest, for there is something—I know not what—that tells me this is the last time we shall meet on earth.'

'Nay, nay, Maria, there is yet for us many happy years in store. But the hour is late—let us return to the house.'

They arose and directed their steps towards Maria's home. All the cheerfulness and gaiety which Rochford could throw into his conversation as they pursued their way, could not remove the weight of melancholy that pressed on Maria's heart. When they reached the dwelling, Rochford felt that they must part, and he briefly informed her that he was required to set out early on the morrow to meet his father, and must therefore say farewell to her.'

'Ah,' said the poor girl, 'are we then never more to meet!'

'O do not utter such words. We shall meet many times—I have told you there are happy years for us in store,' and imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, he bade her 'Good-night!'

Early the next morning, Maria could have been seen sitting at her chamber window listening intently for the sound of the departing coach that should bear the beloved away. At length the rumbling noise, disturbing the hush of morn, broke on her ear, and she intently listened to the sound till it died away and no echo remained. Then did she feel her doom was sealed, though she could not in the least account for the apprehensions under which she labored.

At evening Rochford arrived at his journey's end. His father immediately called him into a private apartment; and there he frankly informed him that by letters from Boston he had been fully advised of all that had occurred between him and Maria, and that he should not consent, on any account whatever, to any farther intimacy between them. 'You are blind,' said the stern father, 'and can do nothing for yourself! I must therefore provide for you. Now, Mary Ann Neal is a good girl, she has lived with us several years, and I know she will make you a good wife. She has consented to marry you on condition that I will settle upon you a sum the interest of which shall be sufficient to maintain you and her. This, though my property will hardly justify it, I agree to do, if you will decide to be united to her. To-morrow I shall go to Portsmouth, and shall return in a week—that time I give you to decide, with the understanding that if you will still cling to your present wild project, I will discard you forever!'

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of Rochford, but return to Maria. Two days after the departure of Rochford, she was called to the bedside of her dying mother, who, always in feeble health, had received several apoplectic strokes, was now struck down by another and a fatal one. But the religion which had always consoled Maria, did not now fail to afford her the consolation she needed in this the most trying hour of her existence. Her mother had been to her all that maternal love could be in

the soul of a christian, and now that she stood by her side in death, a new and the darkest mystery of life pressed heavily upon her soul. But she remembered God and was comforted.

After the last sad rites were attended to, and Maria began to feel how much had been taken from her, a kind sister, residing at a distance, sent her word that her home should be her's if she would make it so. Maria received this affectionate message with gratitude; and after a few days she visited for the last time the graves of her sainted mother and darling brother, and strewed a few flowers on the place of their repose, as the last offering of her undying love, and then bade farewell forever to the scenes so hallowed by the varied events of the past.

The week apportioned to Rochford had now expired, and after vainly endeavoring to dissuade his father from his cruel purpose, he yielded a reluctant consent and promised to marry a being he did not love. Having taken this step, he dictated to a confidential friend, a letter to Maria, in which he informed her of the situation in which his father's determination had placed him, and that he was compelled to unite his destiny with a woman he did not love; but that though the husband of another, she would always have his affections.

One day, sometime afterward, Maria was sitting listening to the reading of a newspaper by her sister, and among the variety the list of marriages and deaths attracted attention. Her sister, unconscious of reading a name dear to Maria, read the marriage of 'Dr. Francis Rochford to Miss Mary Ann Neal.' The effect of this was electrical, but as soon as she recovered from the first shock, Maria immediately concluded that there were two Dr. Rochfords—she thought the 'Doctor' sounded unnatural, so unwilling was she to believe the fact of the case. But this indecision was of short duration, as soon afterward she received Rochford's letter that had been sent to her former residence, and after a long delay was transmitted to her enclosed in an epistle from the minister of the parish. The awful truth now flashed upon her mind. She was now indeed miserable. This was the last of a long series of misfortunes which had made her life a painful one, but which had revealed to her the power of religion in the soul. The effect of this last, sad and heavy stroke, was not perceptible to the observer, and while a tear trembled in her sightless eyes, she prayed God to bless *her* Francis.

Not long since it was my happiness to visit Maria, and as I conversed with her of the past, she appeared to have lost nothing of that enthusiasm which seemed to be a part of her very nature. 'But once have I seen Francis since he was a man, but oh! that once was sufficient to keep him ever distinct in my soul, the ideal of all perfection. He is compelled to drag out an existence far less happier than mine, united as he is to a being he cannot love, and who has no sympathy with his high endowments of mind.'

I mentioned to her that I should probably visit the East, and might perchance meet Rochford. 'Tell him, then,' said she, 'that from the hour when last we met, I shall ever offer up to heaven a prayer for him.' Then in a more subdued tone, she added, 'Tell him not to forget me.'

Before I parted from her she sang to me, with the same touching sweetness as in other years, Rochford's favorite—The Flower Girl's Song, in the 'Last Days of Pompeii.' As I took my leave of her, I could not but

say half audibly, 'Poor girl! sad victim of a love too deep, too pure, for such a world as this.'

But yet in her soul she has hopes that give her the living waters of immortality, as she rests her spirit in the expectancy of the time when the mighty and loving voice of God shall speak—'*Ephphatha!*' ('that is, Be opened!') and on her vision shall burst the ineffable glories of that world where there are no changes but from glory to glory!

AN ODD-FELLOWS' SONG.

BY BRO. SHERRIF.

'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet
To be where men as brothers meet,
Untouch'd by care of sadness;
For there the heart partakes of joy,
And there unmark'd the moments fly,
Pursu'd by mirth and gladness.

It pleaseth even Heaven to see
Men join in social unity
To sooth the woes of others;
By love and truth in league combin'd—
Such in our little halls we find,
For such are Friendship's brothers.

May joy be their's where'er they're found,
May truth prevail and love abound
In all their courts of meeting;
And Heaven grant me this my prayer,—
Soon may all earth-born mortals share
A true Odd-Fellow's greeting!

Odd-Fellows' Mag.—Manch. Eng.

From the Universalist.

"A TIME FOR ALL THINGS."

BY MRS. S. R. MORRIS.

AMONG the many sayings of him who from ancient time has been proverbial for wisdom, is one to which we give our hearty assent; "There is a time for all things." There is a time for Youth. How bright and sunny its visions,—how rich and varied its hopes, how pure and joyous its pleasures,—how strong and ardent its desires, how fond and glowing its expectations,—how blest its loving and guileless spirit. The earth is clad in richer verdure, the sun imparts a more brilliant light, the rays of the night-queen are sweeter and more silvery than can ever be given to maturer years. There is a charm thrown round youthful scenes, which succeeding years can never obliterate, or corroding cares destroy or efface.

There are hallowed remembrances, gladsome thoughts, and golden dreams, almost bursting the fount of feeling, which can never die; they were born in heaven, and must live and expand, and flourish there. The days of my early youth, how fresh to my vision, ere yet the glad fount of mirth had been broken, or the contents of sorrow's cup been tasted. The cottage by the way side, the garden and surrounding grounds, within whose enclosure was a beautiful reservoir, on whose sloping and grassy bank I have spent many happy hours, catching the shining fishes that played in its pure and limpid waters. On either side was a broad and pleasant pathway, shaded alternately with the majestic oak, and the stately elm. At one extremity, standing on their everlasting bases, apparently unchanged by time, and as yet spared by a more ruthless hand, towered a ledge of granite. A little murmuring rill, which had wound its way quietly along for many miles through woodland and meadow, scarcely disturbed by the tiniest pebble, rushed down this rocky precipice as with youthful ardor and impetuosity, paying to the little pond its never failing tribute of bright and sparkling waters. From the fissures in the rock, where deposited by the passing winds was a scanty supply of earth, sprang up the wild rose and columbine, which I have oft-times climbed to procure for a little brother now in heaven, while his tiny fingers almost convulsed with impatience to grasp the "beau'ful poseys." To me how numerous are heaven's attractions. Four little beings whom I watched over with a sister's affection and almost with a mother's care, with seraph harps are mingling their praises with the redeemed on high! Three darling babes cherished with all the ardor and affection of a youthful mother, around which clustered the fondest hopes, are numbered with the pure spirits who continually worship around the throne. He who loved me in earliest existence, and him to whom I plighted my youthful vows, are also numbered with those whose garments are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. But I digress, pardon me. When the future is

spread before us like a picture in the distance whose gorgeous coloring and gilded surface entrance the vision, covering thereby its shades or imperfections, then is the time for youth.

There is a time for Joy. When the eye is brilliant with smiles, and the heart light with mirth. When hope's enchanting cup is circled with pearl and gems, sparkling in the sunlight of enjoyment, before one string has been broken or one brilliant dimmed by sorrow or disappointment. When the holy light which illumines fancy's paintings is fresh and glowing, when every scene is colored with happy thoughts, when imagination casts her magic spell on passing events, when on her tireless wing we soar, and by her powerful influence discover untold beauties. Before the feelings are seared by distrust, or the thoughts corroded by suspicion; before the heart is made sad by deception, or the mind stamped with unyielding reality, is the time for unsullied joy.

There is a time for Love. When from the well-springs of feeling rise up deep and fervent thoughts, when in the heart are awakened glad sensations, and undefined and varied hopes. Like the glow which gives brilliancy to the sunset cloud, whose light gradually changes to soft and mellow twilight filling the soul with devotion and gratitude, so does pure affection awaken thrilling memories, which give peace and joy in retrospect. But before the treachery of the world is known, or its bitterness felt, is the time for love.

There is a time for Grief. When musing on the buds of promise which fell and withered before us ere the flower was permitted to expand or shed its refreshing fragrance; when busy thought calls up the loves which gladdened our pathway, and brings again voices on every breeze like those which gave melody and sweetness to young existence ere the golden sunlight of joy had been obscured by clouds, or the wave of time became turbulent by the storms of adversity. When each fond remembrance is forever crushed, and the recollection of each departed joy rushes through the very springs of feeling, then is the time for grief.

There is a time for Peace. When nature's unutterable though powerful voice speaks in soft and gentle accents to the sorrowful spirit and with its music-tones brings rejoicing to the bursting heart, and bids it cease to feel its cheerless bitterness. The verdant hills, the cerulean sky, the glittering stars, give peace in contemplation. The little summer bird, whose entrancing melody as he rests on the grassy bank of the quiet stream chanting his evening song, speaks peace in eloquent tones to the listening ear. The very atmosphere speaks peace at the twilight hour, and instills its silent breathings into the thoughtful spirit until grief is utterly banished therefrom, and the eye swims with tears of ecstasy. Prompted by this silent though eloquent voice, whose silvery tones are given to the soul in abundant mercy, the spirit learns to trust in that God, with whom are the issues of life; in the order of whose providence there is a time for all things.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR Order has not been at a stand in the midst of the universal spirit of improvement which marks so distinctly the age in which we live. Originally instituted as a mere beneficial society, its single object was the relief of the sick and the succour of the distressed from a fund provided by the common constituency of each lodge. Its moral influences were in its then position rather incidental than elementary—its susceptibility of great improvement soon became apparent in the course of its progressive advancement, and the peculiar adaptation of its principles for a much more enlarged sphere of usefulness at once enlisted the active efforts of its friends in this country. Although the relief of the sick, the burial of the dead and the protection of the widow were among the noblest of human charities, yet Odd-Fellowship did not find in these offices of benevolence an ample field or sufficient bounds for its energies.

The Education of the orphans of deceased brethren was among the first and most interesting subjects of its enlarged beneficence, and be it said to the eternal honor of our Order, that hundreds of children are now being reared to usefulness and virtue under the auspices and protection of our schools, who but for this beautiful auxiliary to our general efforts of benefaction would perhaps have been trained to vice and idleness. In the States of Maryland, New York and Virginia the fund provided for the education of the orphans of deceased brethren is already ample for the maintenance of large schools, especially in the first named State, where the number of children receiving its benefits exceeds one hundred. We live in an age in which perhaps a greater amount of enlightenment prevails than in many which preceded it, and we may add that the people, we mean the great body of the population of this country, are not surpassed by the citizens or subjects of any other nation in the world in the blessings of a common education. With very limited exceptions every body in the United States can read and write, and a large majority of our people are well informed upon all subjects which affect their various relations and interests, especially such as concern the equal rights, duties and obligations of the citizen, and the appropriate protection extended to all by the constitution and laws under which they live. If in contrast with this just representation of the enlightenment of our people we look abroad at the ignorance and degrading condition of the peasantry and working-classes of many other nations, we cannot fail to be gratified

that so mighty an element for the preservation of our liberties exists so universally among the people of our favoured land. In educating the children of our deceased brethren we are then not only training them to virtue, honor and value as citizens, but we are adding vigour to the great bond which unites us as a people and new strength to the tie which binds us as a brotherhood. Well then have our brethren engrafted upon the fruitful tree of Odd-Fellowship this new scion.

Another and kindred invaluable adjunct has been made to the Order in some of the States, and we trust will be introduced in every part of our jurisdiction—Library associations for the moral and mental improvement of the brotherhood have been formed, and we are pleased to say that in Maryland and New York these institutions are in the highest degree successful. The Grand Lodge of Maryland in the erection of the splendid new hall now building in the city of Baltimore, has provided a spacious suite of rooms for the accommodation of the Library Association of that State free of all charge. The number of volumes belonging to that body is already large and has been accumulated principally by donations from the brotherhood. To these apartments every member in good standing has free access and the privilege of reading any work upon receipting to the Librarian for the same—subject to the penalty of a small fine if not returned within two weeks. Here the brethren assemble in the evening after the toil of the day and amuse or improve their minds, as they may be inclined, by the perusal of good moral and instructive works. To say nothing of the invitation which such an institution holds out to restrain members from passing their evenings in other places, perhaps of doubtful propriety, the spirit of mental culture which it infuses is of incalculable benefit to the brotherhood. The advantage of reading and the consequent improvement of the mind arising from it when properly directed, it is needless in this place to attempt to enforce—all will at once concede its great utility as an adjunct to our beloved Order. Such an institution is well calculated not only to advance the individual character and value of the brethren as citizens, but is eminently adapted to elevate the Order itself in the world's good opinion. We commend these subjects to the earnest attention of the lodges throughout the country.

Odd-Fellows' Hall.—The Grand Lodge of Maryland has set apart the third Monday in September next as the day upon which the dedication of the spacious New Hall, now being erected by that body in the city of Baltimore, will take place. The ceremonies of the occasion will consist of a Grand Procession, Address, and an Oration. The Grand Sire, Grand Officers and Representatives of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which will then be in annual session, and brethren throughout the United States in good standing are by resolution especially invited to be present.

The Hall is fifty-two feet front by eighty feet deep, and has four rooms on the first, two on the second and one on the third floor, exclusive of the

anti-rooms. The front is in the Gothic style of architecture, and when finished will be one of the handsomest and most capacious buildings, for similar purposes, in the United States. A minute description of the whole building with an engraving of the front, will appear in a future number of the Covenant.

The Independent Odd-Fellow.—We cordially reciprocate the fraternal spirit extended to us in this useful periodical. Our worthy brother took fire at the institution of the Covenant, and it seemed to us that not content to war against the act itself of the Grand Lodge in establishing it, he was more disposed to individual assault upon our humble self its senior editor. We could not be drawn from our path to meet these attacks, either for the purpose of self-vindication or explanation—neither did we feel at liberty to use the pages of the Official Magazine to defend ourselves from personal assault; hence the imputations and insinuations directed against us individually have remained unanswered, and aspersions wholly unfounded have gone to the readers of the Independent Odd-Fellow with that implied sanction of their truth which so powerfully arises from silence. Now that the respected editor of that work has discovered the injustice that has been done to us in his publication heretofore, and has voluntarily and magnanimously wished that all that has been printed which referred to us individually had been *unsaid*, we receive in the spirit of Odd-Fellowship his proffered hand of amity, and wish him a generous support from the brotherhood at large. If we know any thing about Odd-Fellowship, this act is in moral and practice of its genuine spirit.

The Rainbow.—This work comes to us in a much improved shape both as regards the “*inner and outer man*.” It is very creditable to its proprietors, and will prove, we feel satisfied, a valuable auxiliary to the Order whose welfare it so zealously advocates. We commend it to the patronage of the brotherhood.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract of a letter from P. G.—M. Purdin, dated Caracas, Aug. 26, 1842.

I am very much obliged to you for the books sent out—I think the Covenant has been much improved, and I suppose with the new addition to the hall, the vast increase in numbers, the library, the temperance and school—all in a high state of prosperity—I suppose if an old reprobate! like myself should come into your sanctum sanctorum, you would scarcely know where such a fellow was *picked up*. Let me tell you, I hope some time to surprise you by a demand for entrance—I wish it were to-night—how much I desire to meet with you again—Go on and build up the waste places—feed the poor widow, clothe the orphan—by the way,

let me offer the following suggestion: create a clothing committee, whose duty it shall be to see to the poor orphans and furnish them with shoes and stockings during the cold season of the year, receive dry-goods for clothing and have the same made up and distributed to the needy. I think the subject would take well in the Order—it would be but a mere trifle from each member, and who would not rejoice to see the little children comfortable. As a motive to start this subject in the Grand Lodge I offer FIFTY DOLLARS, to lay the corner-stone, and promise to contribute my quota every year hereafter. I request you to lay the subject before the Encampments also. To save time I send you an order for the money at once, in case it is wanted.

On the 11th inst. we had an earthquake—the heaviest felt since the great earthquake of 1812. It did not take us long to get into the street I assure you, and while standing there looking at the throng of persons waiting to feel the second shock, you can form no idea of the solemnity of the scene. Only think of 40,000 inhabitants in the street, waiting for the earth to groan and tremble beneath their feet and unable to conjecture the consequence. But thank God! we all escaped—no serious damage was done, except that some persons were very much frightened. I can assure you the sensation is very unpleasant—and what made it still more solemn to me, I had the corpse of a young Indian laying in the house, and the friends of the deceased fled into the yard crying mercy! mercy! and crossing themselves—in the most doleful manner the bells tolling and all standing uncovered, waiting the mercy of God. I hope we shall not soon have such another.

Remember, cold weather will soon be here—the orphans will want clothing—let no time be lost!

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Virginia and North Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire G. M. Bain, dated Portsmouth, Va., January 18, 1843.

Herewith I transmit you the reports of the installation of the Grand Encampment of Virginia—the Encampment at Wilmington, N. C. and the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. Since the installation of the Grand Camp of Virginia such have been my engagements and absence from home that it was not convenient to make report before. Enclosed I send you \$30 for the charter of the Grand Camp of Virginia—\$30 for the charter of Campbell Encampment, No. 1, of North Carolina, and also \$54.45, the dues from Washington Lodge, No. 3, of North Carolina, from her commencement to the installation of the Grand Lodge of that State, as will appear I presume by the reports of that lodge forwarded, as I understand, to you last week by mail.

The Order in North Carolina is in right hands—such as will sustain its moral standing in society. On Saturday, the 7th inst., a procession was formed consisting of Cape Fear Lodge, No. 2, and of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, which marched through the principal streets of the town

to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where an Address was delivered by the Rev. bro. A. J. Battle, of the Baptist Church of that place—after which the procession proceeded to the new and spacious Hall, which had been prepared for their future meetings, and was dedicated to the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and truth, as taught by the I. O. of O. F.

North Carolina—Extract of a letter from G. M. John Campbell, dated Weldon, January 14, 1843.

* * * * * in consequence of the expected institution of a Grand Lodge in the State, I think it best to apprise you that that event was consummated on the 7th instant, and that the following officers were duly installed:—

P. G. JOHN CAMPBELL,	-	-	-	M. W. G. Master.
P. G. R. H. WORTHINGTON,	-	-	-	R. W. D. G. Master.
P. G. WM. S. G. ANDREWS,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Secretary.
P. G. ALEXANDER MACKAL,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Treasurer.
P. G. JOHN MACKAL,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Warden.
P. G. A. PAUL REPETON,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Chaplain.
P. G. D. B. BOYKIN,	-	-	-	W. G. Conductor.
P. G. T. C. WILLIAMS,	-	-	-	W. G. Guardian.

The Annual Communications of the Grand Lodge will be on the second Wednesday of May.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Case, dated Charleston, November 9, 1842.

We are doing finely here—five or six of the great old men are elected, and the lodges are all doing well. Our procession comes off the first Monday in January. Columbia Lodge will have a procession and dedicate their new Hall in December.

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from Patriarch Thomas Reed, dated Natchez, November 5, 1842.

It affords me gratification to inform you, that Odd-Fellowship in this portion of the United States is still increasing, not only in numbers but in the respect and esteem of the community. The germ which was but recently planted is disseminating its benign influence over the whole south-west, and our beloved institution is assuming that rank in public favor to which it is entitled.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Columbia South Carolinian, dated Charleston, January 2, 1843.

Our city has exhibited quite a lively appearance to-day, in consequence of the annual procession of the Odd-Fellows, which took place this morn-

ing with great splendor. The procession, numbering about 400, formed at 10 o'clock at the Masonic Hall, corner of King and Wentworth streets, and, accompanied by a Band of Music, moved through Meeting street to the First Presbyterian Church, where, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. FOREST, an appropriate Oration was delivered by A. G. MAGRATH, Esq., in which, I am told, he surpassed the most sanguine expectations even of those who were well aware of his great powers as an orator. The church was crowded almost to suffocation, and many, very many, that went to hear—among whom was your humble servant—were excluded for the want of room. The galleries of the church, appropriated exclusively to the ladies, were filled with a brilliant array of fashion and beauty. The procession certainly surpassed in splendor and beauty any thing of the kind ever witnessed here before. The regalias worn by the members were generally of the most costly kind, especially those of your townsmen (about 70 in number) which seemed to excite general admiration.

OFFICE COR. & REC. SECRETARY, }
R. W. G. LODGE U. STATES. }

Receipts during the month of January, 1843.

Oglethorpe Lodge, Savannah—dues, - - - -	\$12 00
G. Secretary of Maryland—English Mission, - - - -	20 00
D. D. G. Sire Bain, as follows:—Grand Camp of Virginia charter, \$30—Campbell Camp, No. 1, N. Carolina, charter, \$30	
—Washington Lodge, No. 1, N. C.—dues, \$54..50, -	114 50
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	\$146 50
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The Agents of the Diploma appointed by the Corresponding Secretary, are earnestly requested to make their returns to this office. It is a matter of regret that these officers have been heretofore remiss in this particular. Brother Clarke, at Pittsburgh, is requested to inform us whether he has received from the former agent residing near that city the Diplomas in his hands.

From the Charleston Courier of January 18, 1843.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you allow me a small corner in your paper for a brief notice of an extract from the visitation charge of the Archdeacon of Durham, which I was surprised to find copied into, and so far endorsed by the January number of the *Gospel Messenger*, and which I was not surprised to see also transferred into the columns of the *Charleston Observer*.

The Rev. Prelate, with all that horror for every thing which has not received the sanction and express approval of the particular church of which he happens to be a member, indulges with true sectarian prejudice, in grave and heavy charges, against the funeral ceremonies made use of by the association of Odd-Fellows, calling upon the wardens of the church and others to prevent, as far as in them lies, the performance of what he pleases to denominate "a novelty, savoring more of deism than of christian faith."

Now, sir, while I distinctly disclaim any particular or overweening partiality for the ceremony, which has so unfortunately fallen under the displeasure of the reverend gentleman, I must nevertheless insist, in its defence, that there is nothing in that service which can, by the most tortuous or ingenuous construction, at all justify the attack which has so gratuitously and unnecessarily been made upon it in the visitation charge. I say unnecessarily, for it must be obvious to every one that the performance of the ceremony within the limits of the church's jurisdiction and control, may very well be prevented without calling into question the orthodoxy of its spirit.

The association of Odd-Fellows is one composed of men of every different sect and denomination known to the civilized world, and numbers in its ranks many highly respectable members of the episcopal, as well as every other persuasion.

When a man presents himself for membership, he is not catechized with respect to his religious creed, and the only investigation to which he is subjected regards his moral, not his religious character. If he happens to be a pious and exemplary member of any church, of course it is an additional recommendation, and he receives all the benefits and consideration fairly deducible from the circumstance. This scrutiny into his moral fitness and qualifications being undergone, he is admitted into a brotherhood, banded together for the purposes of benevolence and the amelioration of the great family of man. It is by such an association that the service has been adopted, which has been made the subject of Archdeacon Durham's animadversions. Slight indeed must be his confidence, and slender his faith in the principles of the members of his church, if he supposes that they would unite in a ceremony justly obnoxious to such serious charges, or if he apprehends that their orthodoxy would be endangered by a participation in a ceremony, instituted and designed as a last tribute of respect to a departed brother. It is charitable to suppose, that a misconception has given rise to his declaration; that this service was intended to *supersede* that of the church, usual on such solemn occasions. So far from the truth is this, that a clergyman of the particular church of which the deceased brother was a member, or of which he was an attendant during life, is always expected to officiate, and the funeral services of the O. F. always *follow* those of the attending clergyman.

I have not time, sir, to pursue this subject further at present, and have merely thrown out these few observations in order to disabuse the public mind, and to prevent, if possible, the erroneous impressions and fallacious inferences which such a charge is well calculated to produce.

HOWARD.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1843.

No. 3.

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. A. C. MAGEATH.*

"But Mercy is above the sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself."

IN former days, when the renown of the warrior eclipsed the labor of the philanthropist, gorgeous displays heralded the return of the victor, and costly monuments chronicled his prowess. The rude manners of nations were wont to obtain the gradual refinement of civilization, which like the faint streaks of light herald the advent of day, even from the blood-stained triumphs which emblazoned the car of the conqueror. And the applause and admiration of mankind were lavished upon him who passed with head uncovered beneath the canopy of shouts, and lived the hero who had won his glory in the slaughter of thousands of his fellow-beings. The traveller who passes over the land where colossal grandeur and magnificence live still in the pillar that rears itself proudly to the memory of the warrior prince, finds himself also among the ruins of the palace, that marked its epoch in the destruction of the human family. War was then the game of kings; and the authority which power gives even to the most licentious counsels of the ruler, lent to each community the influence of its evil spirit. Philosophy would sometimes raise her voice, and steal her way amid the hordes of armed men who revelled in the wild license of the camp, yet the noise of strife would often drown her quiet tones. Although her mild spirit was breathed through the grove of the Academy, and would persuade the youth to lay aside for a time the shield and sword, and seek the sage of Tusculum, or him who had left his own clas-

* Delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, before the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, on the 2d day of January, 1843, the anniversary of the introduction of the Order into South Carolina.

sic land to tread the soil of the stranger and barbarian, searching a home, when the fire of the spoiler had driven him from his own birth-place; yet its influence was sparingly felt. The power of knowledge had not then obtained the mastery of the mind, which time in its wondrous course, has made. The pent-up fury of nature would often burst forth into a revolution, when the phrenzy of the savage would predominate over the intellect of the scholar, and the rage of a populace commend with shouts the hemlock to the lips of the philosopher. The hate of a tyrant could only be sated with the blood of the orator, whose intellect had mastered the weakness of a physical structure; and who, in the denunciation of the conspirator, and the tranquil dignity with which he welcomed death, immortalized by his example the virtue he had illustrated by his precept.

Nor are we permitted in our retrospect soon to pass from these dark shadows. Through ages are we doomed to wander in these scarce path-worn forests, where no dawn of day escapes from the thick shadows so fully concealing the light, that after a time was to break upon the view and illuminate the dangerous pathway through which our race had travelled to safety. Although letters were gradually imparting an influence to the social condition of man, its marks were still few and imperfect. True it is, that woman was emerging from the obscurity in which she had been placed, and was rising upon the horizon like the evening star, to soothe into quiet the warring passions of a sterner sex; and though we hail this as the harbinger of a bright hope, in vain do we seek in those days for the bright excellencies which centre now around her—the lesser stars that at once borrow and lend a rich light to the brilliant luminary around which they play. Poetry had indeed commenced to tune the strings of her lyre, and celebrate the virtues of the fairer sex,—yet the hand that struck the chord was unhonored, unless ready to sacrifice the life of another to its idolatrous devotion. And the *gaze* that adorned the breast of beauty, and dropped from the balustrade to the bold knight of the ring, was the *guerdon* to encourage the contest and commemorate the victory of blood. The miracle had not yet been performed, when the soft influence of woman was to be felt alone supreme in the social circle, and the mild teaching of religion would bind nations in the bonds of peace, and sit the blessed halcyon upon the troubled waters of life.

In the dark ages of the world, we seek in vain for even the traces of those virtues in the horizon of life, that span the space between heaven and earth, and in their shadowy links draw them nearer to each other. True it is, that the manly qualities which make up fortitude and courage, were much cherished, and deeds of noble daring were justly celebrated by the bard of the warrior; yet mercy could not raise her meek voice above the loud din of the wassail of the board, and would plead in vain, however dulcet was the plaint, if it was to check the thirst for blood and spoil. Learning had not worked its way, like light through the thick casement: the highest noble could not write his name, and the Book of Light and Life was sealed eternally to his eye. The morning sun lighted him to deeds of rapine and violence, and the shade of evening seemed made but to hide from humanity the excesses in which he would drown the voice of conscience. Religion, now the staff by which, like the pilgrims of other days, we travel the arid and cheerless desert of life,—was struggling for existence. The high devotion of its followers had made

them eminent, because it evinced a spirit which defied death, and hailed it as a consummation of their earthly labors. But the holy fervor which dictated the willing sacrifice in these holy fathers, and the feeling which their devotion excited in the breasts of the powerful Barons of that day, were very different. In no cause that has ever engaged the attention of mankind, can we find the same high purpose—the same disregard of death—the same indifference to temporal praise or censure—the same neglect of ease—that marked the lives of these early martyrs. Disdaining temporal distinction—immuring themselves in the dark and damp vaults of the cloister, that they might be made strong in the spirit of their mission—enduring severe penance, to teach them how to bear the severest ills of life—devoting themselves to no object that could interfere with the cheerfulness of self-immolation,—they went forth with the cowl and staff, and while the storm of life rolled fearfully over them, yet they stood unmoved. All around was filled with darkness and gloom. The high battlement of the Feudal lord frowned upon the poor stranger who knocked at the gate for shelter, and the storm and wind and lightning of heaven sported in the forests he tracked. Yet the elements that rocked the proud tower like a reed, touched not the holy palmer; and the bolt of heaven that cast from its proud seat the turret of the castle, played harmlessly around the uncovered head that was bared to the storm, and bowed in obedience to the will of Him with whom he was forever united. In the full and flushed enjoyment of health, the life to come, was like the spectre that was chronicled as the tenant of some neglected apartment. It gave no concern, commanded no attention. The spirit that lived upon dominion, brooked not the idea of power superior to its own. At times, indeed, the mild influence of religion would find an advocate in the bosom of woman; and to some who shared the honors of these castles, religion owes a debt for the conversion of the most distinguished of their day. When the stalworth frame of the warrior was laid low on his couch of sickness and death, then did the fair form of her who was at once the honored and neglected partner of his fortune, watch over the pain and disease that were consuming life. Sorrow and suffering were then forgotten by her, and her mild and meek spirit would rise superior to itself, and death, that appals the stoutest, would be braved by her, and her efforts protract if they could not defeat, the final triumph that was approaching. Her voice would soothe the ear of the dying with the hope of a better existence; and her love, like the religion she would teach, knew no limit even in life, but continued holy even after death, and cherished in immortal memory the spirit of existence, when there was no witness to her constancy but the God to whom she prayed for mercy to the dead. In this night of existence, our search is toilsome and hard, when we seek to find among our fellows the germ of that refinement, which in a later day, has blazed forth with the illumination of a volcanic eruption, and lighted the deep blue arch of heaven. The Divine will, which had planted religion on earth, as if to prove the immensity of its power in its final triumph, had for good and wise reasons, seemed to ordain that the depravity of our race, when not redeemed by the virtue of redeeming grace, should be chronicled to warn us forever from a relapse into barbarism and vice.—And basking now in the noontide radiance of its beam, we pry with a wondering curiosity into those earlier times, when men lived without the charities of social life, the refinement or blessing of religious truth.

Inseparably connected with the progress of religion and civilization, were the christian virtues of charity and benevolence, which blossomed into early existence, and flourished under the inclement sky that seemed to frown upon their growth. As in the cause of truth we have seen that the mild influence of woman's character lent wholesome aid to its success in times of difficulty and danger, so in these milder virtues do we perceive the kind and fostering care of the hand, that even in the darkness of the storm was stretched forth the rainbow of hope, to promise succor and relief to the distressed. For years and years however, did these springs of life lay choked with the weeds of neglect and powerful hostility. Charity and benevolence were preached as *principles*, but there were few to *practice* the benefits they conferred. Existence seemed a wild and matted forest, in whose bosom fierce passions, like untamed beasts, roamed fearless and uncontrolled; and though from the lattice of the convent, the pale rushlight of the monk sent forth its earnest but ill-sustained blaze, it could not yet penetrate the wall of darkness, which on every side encompassed it. How inadequately do we estimate the labors of those who were for us the pioneers of the great cause, in whose ample folds we are all encased. We imagine but feebly the storm, they felt so really; and now faint at the picture of the torture and the stake, they braved and endured. Strong and confiding in the truth of the cause they preached, few apostates disgrace the band to which they belonged. The end of their labors, though buried deep in the bosom of time, was yet revealed to them; and its consolation refreshed the weary body—moistened the parched lip. Labor was sweet, because it was in a good cause; and death was no terror, for it was the evidence that the Master they served had appreciated the work they had done, and was pleased to remove them from further strife. How delightful, how glorious that end. Upon truth had they leaned—the staff that never broke under the severest weight—and even in death, that staff did they grasp. The eye that was closed to earth, had opened on the future—the veil that was hung before the mind, was suddenly withdrawn; and they found the welcome of their labors, in the far distant periods of time, when Friendship would bind the hand of brother to brother—when Love would fill the hearts of all men—and Truth would hang around mankind the guardian angel of life, to teach the path that was right, and to avoid the way that was wrong.

The root of all the virtues that we estimate and cherish as the fruits of civilization, is first found in individual example. History, we are told, is philosophy teaching by example; and the diffusion of charities springs from the small fountain which was cherished and protected in the bosoms of the early Christians. The mild influence of their example—an example immediately beneficial in confirming their principles—gradually worked its way into the densest mass of mankind; and classes began to understand, appreciate and promote the abstract principle, that in its widest circle, was so illuminated with infinite goodness, and in its then limited practice so full of benefit to all. The existence, however, of the best principle of our nature, if indulged in only as the dream of the closet, works no benefit to the different classes of mankind; and unless illustrated by a view of practical good, will speedily become classed with the multiplied Utopias which have flitted across the minds of the few, but have not, and never will reach the hearts of the many. And hence, although

the virtues of life were strongly implanted in the bosoms of many, until they became recommended to large portions of each community, and adopted by them as a rule of life, their practical tendencies were imperfectly understood, and the extent of their goodness rather a question, than an ascertained belief. The diffusion of the charities of life is never within the grasp of finite, mortal man. Itself an emanation from the source of all goodness, and partaking of the quality of infinite excellence; it is only when the whole body of mankind unite in its active support, that it can exhibit a faint image of the good it possesses, and the blessings it is intended to confer.

Well understanding this position, we look with great satisfaction upon the means that in the earliest times were used to draw men together in the bonds of love and truth; and however slowly each recruit came in, yet was each a host in the gathering of that army, that we now see in majestic motion, through every quarter of the civilized globe, with Faith as the shield they bear, and Universal Charity the end they strive to obtain.

It has been said that vice is more ingenious than virtue, and in the contest which, since the creation of man, has been waged between these two antagonist principles, we may gather some experience from the worst part of our nature. If the profane interpretation of sacred writ be true, and we should be taught to believe that depravity is the natural state of man, and that his disposition clings to vice,—it will be seen how important it is for us, to consider the means with which, even though possessed of this natural advantage, the foe to humanity prepares itself for conquest. In the gratification of the worst and most malignant passions of our nature,—in the sating of the thirst for blood—and the impious gratification of the law of violence, which sacrifices tens of thousands to win a crown, or boast an empty title,—we never find him whose heart is thus possessed, going forth alone to consummate his unholy purpose. Thousands and hundreds of thousands are collected together from all parts of the world where his authority extends, and the most active and minute preparation is made to insure success, before the banner is flung to the breeze, and the roar of artillery, the mockery of heaven's thunder, bears upon the gale the summons of death to the multitude. The influence which the congregated character of the mass produces on each, is the philosophy of the design; and each is brought to act upon the other, and to create an invisible bond that is severed only in death.

The same reasoning which has always made these measures successful in the plans of personal or national aggrandizement, commended them to those who were about to undertake a moral fight, when the happiness of mankind was at stake. The weakness of individual enterprise appeared manifest to all, and they began to gather their followers into small communities, which like the snow-drift, would in time lose the identity of its particles, and swell into the glittering mountain, that would catch and reflect with a thousand hues, the advent of the light of coming day. The practical benefit which resulted from such communities, was soon apparent. While there was no loss of individual excellence, the aggregation of spirit bound each member in a suit of triple armor. The opinion of a community became reflected through each member. And to this glorious spirit of unity, should we, under the direction of Divine omnipotence, be

profoundly grateful, as the means vouchsafed to mortal man, whereby the blessings of light and knowledge have been obtained. To us as a nation, the appropriateness of this thanksgiving is truly peculiar. To it we may look as the chief element in that glorious reform, whereby the advantages of refined civilization, in the diffusion of wholesome liberty and well balanced laws, have been cast from afar on our land. And to it may we look as the means whereby, in the political history of the world, a revolution the most successful on record has been accomplished, and our nation, like a young giant, now reposes, bathed in the mild light of civil and religious freedom.

Among the communities which have existed among men, based upon the exercise of the charities of life, those which looked to the social condition of man, and sought for him relief from temporary distress, and permanent good, are among the most important. Whatever may have been the original constitution of civil society; however formed, and under whatever influences it has prospered, are matters entertaining to the curious, but profitless in the discussion of our present topic. We have found it with all the traces of a Divine institution, and see in its organization the temporal means of relieving the hardships which belong to individual isolated existence. At this day, it rests so firmly fixed on the wants and necessities of our race, that it must be co-extensive with existence. None of us exist independently of our neighbor, and the wants of body and mind have become so assimilated, that we look with equal anxiety for the creature comforts, and the good opinion of the community in which we live. The association, however, which belongs to large communities, is naturally directed more to those considerations which affect its members in a religious or political view, than those which relate to individual or personal necessities; and hence it has happened, that under the influence of the same principle, we have had occasion before to remark, in the exercise of works of philanthropy and kindness, they in whose bosom the flame of sympathy brightly burns, have been induced to associate together, and lend their united energy and character to the extension of the virtues they claim to cultivate and encourage. As auxiliaries to the grand society in which communities are united, they seek to make each member a brother, and from the more narrowed circle of their own existence, to cheer and help him in the support of the place he is to occupy in the human family. As the sons of a common mother cheer each other at the fireside of their home, so do these smaller communities, united in a holy brotherhood, sympathize with and relieve the suffering, which one of that family may have to endure.

Founded upon the same principles that have given strength to the cause of religion, and carried its banner into the wildest recesses of ignorance and idolatry; resting upon the same considerations that have bound the sons of freedom in the old and new world, to battle and win success in that great and glorious cause; cherishing the image that belongs to the teaching of Divine wisdom, that "where two or three are gathered together," there would be happiness; breathing the purest communion of sympathy, and stretching forth the hand of aid to the widow and the orphan; united in a bond of union, which Friendship, Love and Truth, stud and adorn; resting upon Charity, as a rock around which the passions of men will play like angry waves around a sea-built tower:—The Inde-

pendent Order of Odd-Fellows now publicly celebrate the second anniversary of the introduction of the Order into South-Carolina, and are anxious to illustrate the principles they have so successfully cherished and supported.

The history of our Order has been a theme in which much ingenuity and talent has been displayed, and the analogies and resemblances which have been brought to light for the purpose of proving its title to a remote antiquity, are rather creditable to the zeal which they exhibit in the cause of humanity, than instructive or true as historical lessons. In associations where the spring of existence is dried up; where no fresh flow starts up at each coming day to awaken the life, and invigorate the being of all that is around, it is well to treasure the holy reverence that belongs to antiquity, and lend to it the sacred character that is borrowed from age. And if the principle be good, and the facts proved, there is nothing that can attach a more mystic and holy reverence to our Order, than the reflection, that in the farthest periods of time—time which we rather dream of than comprehend—the same rites and ceremonies were performed in other lands, and by those whose identity has long since departed.

With all the attention, however, which the subject well deserves to receive, it does not appear that any positive traces of the existence of this particular community, can be very clearly recognized for a longer period than a little more than a half century. True it is, that the influence of Paganism was aided and supported by rites and ceremonies, which were known only to the initiated: true it is, that in all ages, among every people on the face of the globe, we can find records of societies, the union of which was represented by a mystic bond, and the secrets of which were kept in impenetrable obscurity. But the single circumstance of a resemblance in the existence of certain rites, can no more prove the brotherhood of which we are a part, to be identical with these associations of remote antiquity, than that we are Pagans or Infidels.

Our association, about fifteen years before the year of our Lord 1809, attracted attention in the kingdom of Great Britain. It flourished, but was not extensively known until that year, when in the organization of the Manchester Unity it received its present form; and having been purged of many objectionable features, assumed the shape under which it now appears, and commenced the well adjusted exercise of those charities which have supported it so long, and which we so carefully preserve.

At a much later day, the Order was introduced into the United States of America. In Baltimore, the first regular meeting of Odd-Fellows in these States was held; and though the number was few, and the prospects far from bright, yet the spirit which presided at that meeting seemed to hallow the cause, and even in the poor material of which it was then composed, to prophesy the high future it would attain. Twenty years ago, five brothers of the Order assembled in that city to build for themselves an altar, on which they might nurse into a bright flame the few sparks of our fire, which slumbered in this vast country; now in the United States, in twenty-one States and Territories, the Order is firmly established, and thousands of altars support its holy fire, the gentlest gales from heaven breathing life into the flame, propitious and eager to raise our Order to that place of high distinction, where it shall remain one of the landmarks of time—the white stone of our generation—the pillar of the nineteenth century.

While thus however we do not arrogate to ourselves the claim to a remote antiquity, we offer for the consideration of all classes of our fellow-citizens, inducements for respect, far more potential. Though we may be of yesterday, we can point not merely to the principles which govern our Order, but the acts of charity and benevolence which have been done, as prouder monuments of glory than could be reflected by the loftiest pillar, though it bore the name of Nero or Trajan. If we have no martyrs to decorate our walls, we have the living preachers in all ranks and classes, who have gone forth and spread the glad tidings of joy to the sorrowing, and sang the anthem of peace and good-will to men. If no mouldering parchment, stained alike with age and crime, attests the hoary hand of time as the seal of our Order—we have the thanksgiving of the poor,—the prayer of the widow and orphan—to consecrate our union. If we cannot proclaim in our immediate community, the narratives of stern and unbending zeal, that would light the faggot and kiss the flame, as it enrobed him who was bound to the stake for the sake of his country or his God,—we have the satisfaction of knowing that in our times, no such test of fidelity has been required; but that in the sick chamber of the dying—with the haunts of wretchedness and sorrow—with the misery of those who are sojourners with us on earth—our brethren have made themselves the patient partners and sharers of the lot so hard, and have hallowed their hands with the last breath of the poor and neglected stranger.

In an Order, resting upon the broad and comprehensive principles we have stated, it is true, as may have been supposed, that no difference in religious belief—no discord in political opinions—no reference to one's birth-place—separates us from the world. As in the political condition of our country all are welcome to the altar, on which alone burns the flame that is offered to the good fortune of our land—so on our altar no flame is kindled but that which is sacred to universal benevolence.—From whatever quarter of the world the stranger may come, if he has sustained his character, a welcome awaits him at our door; and when admitted to the privacy of our hall, he hears no sound save that of doing good; he learns no lesson, that does not make him a wiser and better man. He is taught to view all around him as brothers, who are in life to share a common heritage, and to feel that the benefit they render to the unfortunate, is a rich store laid up for them in the world that is to come.

The rules which govern our lodges, accordingly, teach us not only to encourage in principle, but to carry out in practice, these sublime virtues. If a brother of the Order should be sick, an amount equal to his wants is placed weekly at his disposal; and while the necessity continues, his bedside is nightly watched by one or more of his brethren. The bestowal of money is removed from ostentation, and is given and received in a spirit that cannot wound the sensibility of the most fastidious. In this, we cherish one of the most beautiful features in the charity we practice. The bounty that is intended to relieve the body, will at times but half accomplish its purpose, when the mind of him who is intended to be benefitted, is affected with the chance of the suspicion of an ignoble dependence. To relieve this dark and painful apprehension, we make no distinction: the amount which the poor and needy may draw, is extended likewise to the rich and powerful; and the recipient of our kindness

feels that the aid he receives is a part of the government of the Order to which he belongs, and knows that it comes to him warm with the welcome of good-will and fellowship from the source that gives it.

But it is not only in life, or to the individual member, that the consideration of our Order is directed: the wife and helpless children of many, when they have lost the head, at once of life and being, too often have been doomed to depend on the cold charities of the world, and watch the shade of approaching evening, without the power to trace in its sable cloak, the ray of hope or promise for the morrow. Life itself is most uncertain; but how much more uncertain the means whereby it shall be supported. The happy faces that have made glad the halls of sumptuous elegance, have been doomed to wander along the highway, the mendicants of bitter winter; and the flush of health, and the eye speaking and beaming with joy, have been exchanged for the cadaverous hue of want, and the sunken, hollow gaze of wretchedness and despair. No precaution forbids it, for the reputed wise have fallen beneath the influence of this destiny. No store is too large to defy its power, for they who could not tell their heaps of gold, have been reduced to starvation. For whatever wise reason this dispensation governs among men, all classes know and attest its powerful influence; and the records of our race present us with no higher incentives to disregard the enjoyments of temporal pleasures, than in the plain narratives of those who have sunk and fallen beneath the influence of this social whirlwind. With us the poor and unhoused wanderer knows not the agony of biting want: we may not give back to him the comforts which wealth alone can procure, but we can give him food and raiment. We stop that maddening cry of the child when it speaks to its parent, and asks for bread—we gather around the mother, who has no friend on earth, and cheer her heart and relieve her mind, when she knows us as the father to the fatherless—the friend to the afflicted. And though our mite be small, it is sufficient: and the human heart knows no higher satisfaction, than is found in the reflection, that out of our abundance we have provided for the poor, and in the days of our joy, we have not forgotten the sorrows of our neighbor.

But there is one feature in our charities, which to me has always seemed the most touching of any that we cherish: We do not forget those from whom the breath of life has passed away. We bury the dead! However poor and obscure, the brother that has joined us, receives all the rites of burial at our hands. We adjust the cold and stiffened limbs, and with our own hands restore to dust, the dust which erewhile was animated and warm. Peace—sweet, eternal peace, rest with the ashes of the departed! His grave is opened to the view of hundreds, who felt him one of them; and the last sod that caps the mound of earth which marks his resting place, is witnessed by those whom he had joined as brothers.—The stranger to him in the common walks of life, is not now a stranger. The hand that in life is steeled for the encounter of man with man, is now no longer encased in its hardy covering: the heart that in the world is subdued and kept obedient to rules of policy, is now unbound, and leaps forth, beating high with the gloom and sadness that overpower it: the eye that is cold, is wet with the tear of manly sorrow: and the hundreds are now bound with the beautiful and touching bond of a common sympathy and common sorrow. To the living, a lesson is told, instinct with truth and

feeling: a lesson that softens the sternest heart, and melts into a holy communion the sternest spirit. The grave-yard is the temple in which we are brought to pray for mercy—the coffin, the table of our sacrament. Let not the scoffer be near, for his feeling will meet with no fellowship in the crowd that are gathered around; and the breathings of deep emotion that rise from that spot, like incense from the altar, will smite the heart of him who does not feel the sanctity of our Order, when thus uncovered in the sight of God, we devoutly pray for mercy at the throne of grace.

But we are met with an objection, that perhaps embraces all that can be said against our Association. It is said this is a secret society; it is an irresponsible body, and one that should not be encouraged. There are two answers which can be readily given to this objection. The first is, that in the sense in which the objection is used, our Body is not a secret society; and next, that, if it was, there is no society in the world that has not something peculiar and exclusive towards its members.

But I have said that ours is not a secret society. It is true that we have among ourselves certain marks of recognition, and certain ceremonies, which are not known to the world; but subject to the qualification of good character, to which I have before alluded, there is no individual in the community who cannot become acquainted with all that is so called secret. We have, it is true, certain forms, but these are the laws of our association; and it is as just to say that the rules of a private society are infringements of the political liberty of the citizen, as to say that that is secret which any one may know who deserves. Besides, the existence of a secret supposes a desire in those who are its repositories, to exclude all others from a participation in it. Not so with us: we entreat all who are useful members of society, to unite with us in our philanthropic labor; and though inefficiently, the object of this discourse is to promulgate the principles of our Order, and seek among those who have not yet joined us, allies in the great cause which we now seek to advance.

But since when has mystery become a crime? In what department of life do we seek to impress our neighbor or friend, with the high obligation of his position in society, where we do not at the same time cherish that tie of hidden feeling, which is the mystery of friendship? Look abroad upon the whole face of nature—raise upward the eye from the smallest plant or meanest insect—let it travel through all the intermediate links, until it rests on the highest object of creation, the last work of superior excellence exhibited in the form of man, instinct with life, and illuminated with reason—and through all this varied range, in each department will we find the manifestation of superior power, distinguished by the mystery of illimitable and incomprehensible will. It is this which casts around the mind the impress of awe and reverence, and that even to the untutored intellect of the savage, comes with the holy influence, that makes him seek its abode in the incomprehensible light of day. Take from religion the mystery of divinity, and where is its influence? Take from God the mystery of unlimited power, and he is no longer Lord over all. If the end we propose to accomplish be proper, we should not neglect the means to make it successful. It is the immediate and responsible identification of each member of our Order, with the whole body, by

the knowledge of the peculiar matters which are kept private, that gives the help to the continual and steady exercise of our Brotherhood. To each is given the key; each brother stands with the sign, a sentinel on the outward wall, to welcome the friend and challenge the foe. And each is the guardian of the Order; for the crime or folly of one, though it could not destroy, might derange the beautiful harmony which marks the orb in which it moves.

But it is said, if your purpose is charity, why conceal it? why not be open in all your transactions? They who urge this argument, forget the living and beautiful characteristic of charity, so touchingly expressed in the admonition: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly." They seek and desire the public and ostentatious offering of relief, which looks for its reward in the rumor and noise of the spectator, and not in the calm satisfaction which the doing of a good act itself excites. We have no such end in view. The object we aim at, is the doing good to those who are united with us; and so long as we are cheered with the reflection that we are the humble means of doing good to others, it will not concern us that the world may not know each particular of our charity. That applause which is so grateful to him who is engaged in any undertaking, we regard not as the *end* of our labor, but the spur and incentive which should encourage all who properly estimate the advantage of public opinion.

There are also many who will be ready to exclaim—if the charity you practice is of so wide a character, why confine it to those who are united with you? Why not make it embrace all mankind? To this objection, if it can be so called, the reply readily suggests itself. To profess to relieve the wants of the civilized world, from the sources which we derive from the contributions of a few, would be to herald a Quixotic enterprise, that sane men would pity and despise. To accomplish this end, would be beyond the ability of any private society, and would in the magnitude of the undertaking, crush the power of the laborer, however honest. Besides, it is beyond the cavil of the hostile to expose us in an improper view, because they may please to suggest impossible or absurd ends to be accomplished. When the suggestion they make can be proved to be attainable, we may be then liable to the reproach it is intended to convey. But we claim to be judged by our *own professions*, and to receive the approbation of the community in which we are, when we *act* in accordance with those professions. We *do* accomplish what we profess to perform, and stand justified in the eyes of good and honest men, when we reject the suggestion to attempt what is well known to be impossible.

Yet it must be remembered, that our charity is not practised as a substitute for any of the requirements which are made by the communities in which we live. Whatever may be the policy, none will question the humanity, which in most civilized countries has created a refuge for the distressed, in the establishment of a fund for the poor. To this, as one of the institutions of civil society, we contribute our aid, and thus discharge with fidelity the debt we owe in common with all classes of citizens. But this relief which the law compels all to extend, too often fails to reach the truly distressed. And while by the exercise of our charity we relieve the

tax on the general fund, we support the crushed and bruised spirit, that sinks under the humiliation of support from a public charity. It may be this feeling is but pride—foolish pride—and that such pride is weakness in the individual. But who has probed his own heart, and has not felt the same feeling, there written in characters of fire, and consuming life, and the misery which it endured. It is born with us, and is one of the strong safeguards which surround and protect the choicest blessings of society. God has planted it as a wholesome seed, and we earnestly endeavor to preserve it unharmed, nor suffer it to be trodden down and cast out as noxious weed. This is one of the ends we propose to accomplish. From the Temple of the Most High we carry to our closet the chastened spirit, which makes us bend the knee in the solitude of private prayer, and from the discharge of our public duty in the protection of a public fund, we turn with feelings of a softer kind to the private duties of our Order: to that charity, which is ever living in our hearts, and owes its existence not to the law of man, but to the generous and pure spirit which God has caused to be ever present with us. There is no law for the discharge of this duty, but the law of Love—there is no fear to keep us watchful, but the fear of God. Thus are we brought near to that blissful existence, when man went forth knowing no law but love to his Maker, because ignorant of sin. Thus do we strive to live most closely according to the will of our Maker, when our conduct is governed by the holy principles which are breathed into us with the breath of life: and thus do we give earnest evidence of the repentance, which throughout all time must be our lot, when conscious that we have fallen, we yet strive to regain a portion of the lost love of our God, and humbly seek to imitate those virtues which made us once pure in his sight, and which still to us, though fallen, promise happiness hereafter for the life that is well spent.

But the charity which we practice in our institutions, is earned in part by those who receive it. The poor and distressed who find relief from our stock, have contributed to create it: and where we offer the hand of fellowship, and invite all to come in and be united with us—if any refuse, they neither are entitled, nor can they expect to receive, benefit from our institutions. To entitle them to receive, we require not only that they should join in building up the temple under whose dome they may rest secure from the storm, but that they should be united with us in the brotherhood of feeling; and for this as a pre-requisite, we demand the possession of an untarnished character. It is thus that we make each one feel the importance of aiding with his contribution, when he is made to realize the fact, that without this, he would be friendless and forgotten; and at the same time secure in the person of the recipient, that proudest heritage of man, a name unclouded with the faintest taint of dishonor or disgrace.

Such are the principles upon which our Order rests: such the principles we cultivate and cherish. Springing from these, our Order has proudly emerged from the humble obscurity of its origin, and now challenges the utmost scrutiny of its principles.

*"To pour in virtue's lap her just reward;
Keep vice restrained behind a double guard:
To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute or believer's hope;*

To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw ;
To sheathe it in the peace-restoring close,
With joy beyond what victory bestows."

The influence which this association exercises upon the social and political condition of its members, is too striking to be omitted in this defence of our Order. The great artificial tendency of our race, is to be found in the spirit of selfishness, which has unfortunately become too prominent a characteristic of the age in which we live; and the great corrective of this, is in the frequency with which we are all brought to investigate and sympathize with the sufferings of those who are living around us. In every bosom, there is a natural feeling of kindness, but in many will the circumstances of life roll the stone that will stifle the outpouring of this beautiful spring, and choke the flow that would fructify the bosom whence it would issue. Like prudent travellers in the desert, we seek in each brother this spring: with tender hands we clear away the rubbish and weeds that in life have checked it, and nurse again into a wholesome stream, the polluted and stagnant water of life. We teach the doctrine of perfect equality; we engrave upon the mind and heart, that the strongest of our race is but a breath of wind, and that no condition in life can fortify mortal man against the "arrows of outrageous fortune."

Removing thus from the hearts of our brotherhood the artificial evils of life, and teaching each, in the eloquent examples of touching distress, the necessity for the dependance which we all must have on each other, we teach at the same time, that the charities we practice, are the appointed instruments with which we have been furnished by our Creator to work upwards our way to the highest summit in the rock of life. That these charities are beneficial, because they have been given to us by the God who made us. Their mild beauty which shines out from the rough surface of our character, like the diamond in the rock, are the faint images of that excellence which is infinite in its goodness. Through these pure and uncontaminated helps, we lift the minds of our brothers to the contemplation of the latter end that will overtake us all, and in the mercy we practice, imitate that infinite mercy of the great Judge, whose seat is at the end of the pathway of time. From the contentions of the world—from the heart-burnings of malice and envy—from the discord of rivalry—from the strife and anger of life—we direct his heart to the consideration of the devotion that is due to the Great Master of the order of Infinite Mercy and Goodness.

" Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to heaven, over his head behold
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud, a bow,
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
Betokening peace from God and covenant new."

But these qualities, so eminently social, unless in their effects they would make the subjects of their influence useful to the country under whose laws they live, would want the highest evidence of excellence to man. Yet the proof that in these is to be found the strong safeguards which our country shall have for devotion to her interests, is too evident

to be even sketched. If it be true, that no one can be a wise statesman who is not a virtuous statesman, most certain it is, that no people are firmly jealous of their rights, when no sense of duty is coupled with their support, and no intelligence deprives them of the full appreciation of their advantages. Where, in all classes, a sense of the general good flows with an even course, aggression is met with resistance, and supineness chased with reproof. The familiar view which we are obliged to take of the natural dependance of man on man, teaches us that the greatest good of the greatest number, is the end, and the great end, of all political institutions. While the glorious example of the mild government of nature, where the smallest blade of grass is obedient to the law of its ruler, teaches us the virtue of obedience to law, and the supremacy that lawful government is entitled to receive from all. In our own Order, we verify the harmony which system gives to all, and perceive the necessity of laws to govern, and a minister to execute. While thus we trust the principles we profess are well calculated to make us, in our reverence for law and order, useful citizens of the republic, we feel that the obligations which men owe to society, at times will assume that fearful importance, that will require even life itself to discharge it fully. The hand we reach towards our suffering brother, would be lifted against him who would displace the least particle from that pure and towering pillar, on which is written in living characters, the legacy of freedom to our land. With feelings excited in the liveliest sympathy towards all men, we feel that submission to voluntary degradation, is debasing the image of God, after whose fashion we were formed; and to preserve untarnished the sacred heritage we have, is to obey the highest law of God to man.

Thus do we prepare ourselves for the duty we owe to our race, our country, and our God. Purified in the spirit which binds us to our brother, we bring to the cause of our country the devotion of religious duty: and when occasion shall call on us to peril life and fortune in the cause of the land from whose bosom we have drawn the pleasures and supports of life, it will not be said that the hand of any brother shall strike feebly in support of her laws and her honor, because it has grasped in holy fellowship the hand of his neighbor, or because it has been raised in grateful thanksgiving to the throne of grace and mercy.

The curtain which has been raised, in order that all men, even the uninitiated, should know what are the principles we practice, must now again for another year, exclude us from the view of men: yet we shall carry with us in our seclusion no feelings save those of hope and pleasure. In every portion of our hall, the eye will rest on Friendship, Love, Truth, Faith, Hope and Charity; and under their hallowed influence, again shall we set forth upon the pleasant journeyings, to relieve the miseries of life. Though yet compelled to struggle with the disadvantages of a new undertaking, no one falters in his course, or turns his hand from the plough. Each day makes us stronger in the work, until a plentiful harvest will smile on our efforts, and the good seed we have sowed produce tenfold increase to fill the granaries we build. We cannot but feel, that in so good a cause the eye of heaven smiles upon us. What though the ways of life be like the tempest-tost sea—the hand that raises the storm, can subdue its force, and make the now raging winds lie tamed and obedient on the highest wave, like summer's gentlest breath. What if our Order be yet

struggling with adverse circumstances, and we still tost in the tide of time, far from land—is there no one, who has shuddered at shipwreck, when no light or hope was near; when the sea grew mad in its eagerness to devour, and the strained bark lay helpless, moaning the fate to which it seemed hourly approaching; yet the storm has passed away, and the glad ship sports again like the sea-bird of the ocean, and dances on the wave that threatened to engulf.

Let us never forget that unity is our being: We have here no selfish purposes to advance: he who is with us, without having deeply written on his memory the solemn vows he has taken, is no brother of the Order; and while he cherishes the feeling of selfishness, is breaking the highest obligation that man can take. In one thing only should we be rivals: in whatever way the interests of our Order may be promoted; in whatever way we can benefit our fellow-men; let us be generous rivals. Let us feel that this is the great work we have been sent here to perform, and that to him who labors most faithfully in the cause shall high reward be given. Let our hands be ready to succour him who is near to us, and our hearts ever taught to feel, that he who cherishes love for his fellow-man, pays the highest tribute and adoration to his God.

And now, when the “pomp, pride, and circumstance” of this day have faded from the sight of the spectators—when our banners are hung in our halls, and putting off the regalia of our Order, we come again as citizens of our land, without badge or distinction—let us not forget that we have exposed those principles as governing our Order, which, to neglect, would be vile and dishonorable. We have ventured to advocate the correctness of the principles which unite us; and it will be our shame and our disgrace, if the profession of the principle be but the mockery of its practice. We stand before the eyes of our fellow-men, united in the highest and holiest purposes of existence. Frail and erring mortals, we have ventured to imitate the most beautiful of the qualities of our God. In love and mercy to all, in him infinite and all-powerful, we have dared to exercise and cultivate their happy influences towards our brethren. Sincere zeal and honesty of purpose will crown our attempt with signal success; and the day may come, when in all quarters of the civilized globe, the mystic and invisible tie of our Order, shall gladden the hearts and unite the hands of all classes and conditions of men. Then will the great end of our Order be obtained: then will the hearts of all, purified by Friendship, and cemented by Love, become the grand reservoirs of life, from which, in clear and wholesome streams, charities shall flow and fertilize creation; and millions of voices shall raise the chant of praise to the author of our being—the Father of Faith and Hope—the eternal Master of the Order of Infinite Mercy and Sublime Truth.

TO EULALIA.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

My early friend! upon whose matron brow
Youth's sunny radiance lingers even now—
In the deep beauty of whose starry eyes
Sleeps the soft azure of the summer skies!
What star benignant ruled thy natal hour,
That fadeless beauty should become thy dower?

Time hath sped onward—many a sun hath set,
Since first in girlhood's happy days we met,
When, hand in hand, we wove a sacred tie
We fondly vowed to cherish till we die!—
That promise, love, oh say, rememberest thou?
And is thy bosom faithful to it now?

Sweet to my heart it is, as erst, to trace
All thy soul's beauty in thy placid face,
To clasp thy hand and hear thee gently speak,
While thy soft, silken tresses fan my cheek,
Till—as I listen to each silvery tone—
My soul, dissolving, mingles with thine own!

Come sing to me!—my spirit yearns once more
For the low music that I loved of yore!
Sing me some soft, some sweetly plaintive lay,
Such as of old, could charm my care away!
Sing, for my heart, in memory, would fain
Live o'er the past, with all its joys again!

A farewell strain? Well, be it so! for fast
The time draws near, when we must look our last!
Soon from our quivering lips the mournful word,
Which friends at parting utter, must be heard!
Ah, soon, Eulalia, from each other's side,
Will mountains sever us, and seas divide!

Now fare thee well! I do not ask thy stay,
But only thy remembrance when away!
Though round thy heart new hopes, new ties are spun,
Oh, be its earlier ones not all undone!
Forget me not 'mid scenes and pleasures new—
My early friend—Eulalia, love—adieu!

ORATION.

BY BRO. J. H. ADAMS.*

WORTHY AND RESPECTED BROTHERS :

THE occasion that calls us together is one of no common occurrence, and has for its object the accomplishment of ends of no ordinary importance. We meet not to commemorate the lives and characters of the illustrious of present or by-gone times—we come not to celebrate the bloody triumphs of arms, nor the brilliant achievements of genius—we are here to offer no tribute to feats of heroism, or deeds of patriotism, emanating, it is true, from impulses of the human heart we all admire, and which, when rightfully directed, contribute greatly to the sum of human happiness. Less imposing, less captivating, less dazzling, perhaps, to many, but we, at least, feel that we are assembled for purer, higher, holier purposes. We meet to proclaim our devotion to the sacred and sublime principles of Charity—we are here gathered as the advocates of a cause that has for its end the mental elevation and moral purification of our fellow-beings—we bow before an altar that bears the simple but expressive motto of Benevolence—we rally around a standard on whose folds are inscribed, in no doubtful meaning, Friendship, Love and Truth. In a word, brothers, we are here linked together by the strongest ties, in support of principles co-existent with man himself, and essential alike to his security, peace and happiness.

I do not know that I can better fulfil the object of the appointment which your kindness has imposed on me, than by attempting briefly to trace the origin of our Order, explain the principles on which it is based, and illustrate the beneficial influence it is calculated to exert in directing and regulating human conduct. This seems to be due, not only to ourselves, that our motives may not be misconceived, and our objects misapprehended, but to the community, who are likely to be affected to some extent by our Order, and therefore entitled to know enough of its principles and purposes to be able to determine whether we are entitled to public confidence and encouragement or not. I regret this task has not been assigned to one more capable of doing that justice to the subject which its own importance and the interest of the Order demand. If, however, during the few moments I shall claim your attention, I shall satisfy the uninformed that we deserve the countenance of the good—if I shall be able to answer some of the objections, and dispel some of the prejudices that are unjustly and ungenerously indulged against it—if, failing in this, I still shall succeed in confirming the members of the Order in the true faith, and impart new zeal to the praise-worthy enthusiasm with which they have enlisted in the noble cause of humanity, I shall feel that I have not labored in vain, and that the occasion will not be without its benefits.

* Delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, in defense of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, at the dedication of their Hall in Columbia, S. C., December 9, 1842. Published by request of the Lodge.

Whether Odd-Fellowship originated before or since the Christian era—whether Egypt, Greece or Rome, is entitled to the honor of its foundation—what immediate causes gave birth to it—how, (if as old as many believe,) it managed to survive the general wreck which had well nigh swept away every vestige of civilization, during the dark ages—whether Odd-Fellowship is a new name for an old society, modified in its principles and organization to suit the ever-varying tastes and conceits of our nature, are questions I shall not undertake to argue, conceiving them to be not at all material to the purposes of this discourse. To the inquisitive mind, it would be interesting to examine its claims to a very remote existence; but why labor to secure for it the veneration that would be accorded at best to a doubtful antiquity, when it presents so much to admire in its government, principles and objects? The age in which we live is decidedly utilitarian in its character; and in accordance with its spirit, I shall rest my defence of the Order on its capacity for good.

The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, is an institution of modern times. Under its present title and organization, it scarcely numbers fifty years. If, however, it is not venerable because of the antiquity of its existence, nor singularly interesting because of the mysterious circumstances attending its establishment, it commends itself not the less strongly to our warmest regard, resting, as it does, on principles as old as the creation itself, and which have constituted the foundation of the many similar societies, maintaining similar ceremonies, and looking to similar ends, that have flourished in all ages, and under every variety of government with which history acquaints us. These principles, as embodied in our motto, are Friendship, Love and Truth, including, as understood and practiced by the Order, the indulgence of all the finer feelings of our nature—the faithful performance of our various relative duties towards each other, as fellow-creatures—in a word, the cultivation of all those virtues that adorn and dignify human character. By cherishing the better qualities of our nature—restraining our evil propensities—inculcating principles of morality—encouraging kind and brotherly feeling towards each other—recommending habits of industry, sobriety and economy—in short, by frowning upon vice of every description, and stimulating, by its rewards and honors, to acts of benevolence and charity,—Odd-Fellowship hopes to refine the feelings, control the impulses, temper the passions, and elevate the character of its members.

Its charity consists in befriending the stranger, relieving the distresses of the unfortunate—administering comfort to the needy—alleviating the sorrows of the afflicted—securing its members, in the midst of those trials and difficulties of life from which few are exempt, against dependence on the cold, calculating, reluctant charity of the world—providing for the destitute widow—protecting and educating the helpless orphan, and performing the last sad offices of humanity, when the curtains of darkness close over a brother. Its high aim is to diffuse the principles and inculcate the practice of a pure and holy charity, that gives without vaunting, and relieves without leaving the sting which worldly charity too often inflicts—the charity of the heart, the charity of fraternal spirits—while mourning over misfortune, and weeping over misery, rejoices in the ability to succor and save, and throwing the mantle of protection over a destitute brother, warms his heart, revives his spirit, and encourages—cheers him on his pilgrimage along the rugged pathway of life.

Its means of effecting its charities are derived from certain fees which its laws impose. These constitute a common fund, upon which all, having contributed alike, are equally entitled to draw when overtaken by misfortune. Already, in some parts of our country, where its success has enabled it, schools have been established, where the destitute children of its deceased members are educated; and it is not less honorable to the society, than it must be gratifying to the philanthropist, to know that numbers have received and are enjoying the inestimable blessings of knowledge and light, who, if cast on the uncertain care of the world, might have lived and died in miserable ignorance.

Its government, in character, is purely democratic, selecting its members indiscriminately from all classes; recognizing none of those artificial and capricious divisions of society, which serve no other end than to excite disaffection, and acknowledging, in the bestowal of its honors, no passport but that founded on merit; the rich and the poor, the humble and the exalted, commingle within its temples, on terms of perfect equality, and are taught to feel, however widely adventitious circumstances may separate and estrange them, the mutual dependence of man on his fellow-man.

Based on those universal feelings of our nature which the educated admire, the ignorant respect, and whose generous impulses even the *wicked* cannot at all times resist,—humble in the character of its founders, and unaided by wealth, Odd-Fellowship, the offspring, as it were, but of yesterday, has already extended itself over all portions of the civilized world, and attained a degree of respectability and strength far exceeding the expectations of its most sanguine friends. It numbers in its ranks men of all religions, all pursuits, all conditions; and if the past be an earnest of the future, it seems destined to accomplish more towards the moral reformation of man, than any society that has ever been instituted. Generally, wherever it has erected its standard, its happy influence, as illustrated in the peaceable and upright deportment of its members, and their acts of benevolence and charity, has speedily silenced the voice of slander, and secured public esteem. The fears of the weak have been quieted, the prejudices of the ignorant removed, and the approbation of the good been won, in spite of the false suspicions industriously circulated against it. In some parts of our country, however, liberal and enlightened as she is, it has encountered an opposition no less fierce, an excitement no less furious, than were arrayed against Masonry, and which, for a season, in their wildness and extravagance, caused that respectable and time-honored institution to tremble for its existence. All that malice, falsehood and ridicule could invent, have been invoked to stay its onward progress. The authority even of the Popish Church has been interposed against it; her followers have been commanded not to join us, under the awful penalty of forfeiting heaven itself. But for the glorious spread of knowledge, which has long since disarmed that church of her dread influence; the terrors of excommunication, once appalling to the stoutest heart, might achieve our overthrow. Fortunately for our Order, it was established, and it prospers, in an age of reason. A blaze of light illumines the pathway to heaven; across it are to be seen no toll-gates, where tribute is exacted before the pilgrim can pass on. In Rome, the Pope still thunders, but the startling, terrifying, subduing glare of his lightning has been ex-

tinguished by the boundless, endless, and sublime light of Truth, protecting, purifying and elevating man politically, socially and morally. Uncalled for, as we think the edict which has gone forth, and deeply as we should regret, (if such prove its effect,) the exclusion from our ranks, of an honest, true-hearted class of our fellow-citizens, still, brothers, if we are true to ourselves, the triumph of our cause is inevitable. To an Odd-Fellow, it is a matter of surprise, that an institution so intimately connected with the moral and social well-being of man, should have encountered serious opposition from any quarter. He may triumphantly ask, against what interest of man does it militate? What rights of his does it infringe? What principles curtail? With what duties does it conflict? So far as man is concerned, considered simply as a member of the social circle, it holds up to him as the standard of action, the golden rule of doing unto others as he would be done by; persuades him to govern those violent and vindictive passions of his nature which disturb the harmony of society, and invites him to the practice of those virtues that shed around it its greatest lustre.

And though government and religion constitute no part of the business of Odd-Fellowship, both are alike deeply interested in its prosperity. To man, as a subject of State, it is true, it undertakes to prescribe no political creed, to advance the interest of no political party. Its simple injunction is, to obey the law and respect the constituted authority; but then, the general principles it inculcates, the obligations it imposes, and the duties it exacts, are admirably calculated to secure to government tranquillity, respectability and strength, if these evidences of national prosperity depend on the virtue, integrity and industry of its population. And without friendship, without love, without truth, religion loses all its comeliness, all its beauty, all its sublimity. While it properly excludes from its proceedings all interference with religion, as being, of all subjects on which the human mind has been brought to reflect, one that involves the greatest diversity of opinion, and on which it is vain to hope for uniformity of belief—while it admits to its communion-table men of all creeds, and administers its sacrament with equal favor to all, it still teaches the Mahometan and the Jew, the Infidel and the Christian, as they kneel around its common altar, to “look through nature, up to nature’s God;” to honor Him as the author of their being, reverence Him as the source of all power, and adore Him as the fountain of all good. Though it holds not up to its disciples the book of Revelation, nor exacts of them a belief in its inspiration; yet the moral code it has established, has been drawn from that divine source. The more closely they conform to its principles, the more nearly do their characters approximate the meek, pure and holy character which the Saviour of mankind has described as befitting his followers, and the more deeply are their minds impressed with the important truth that religion is essential to the well-being of man. So far, then, as government and religion are affected by our Order, whilst its policy forbids it to interfere with either, its precepts and practices are in strict conformity with the best interests of both.

Against Odd-Fellowship, as indeed against all similar institutions, it is objected that it is a secret society, and therefore dangerous. Such an objection might have weight under an arbitrary and despotic government; where the great mass of the people only know a government by its exac-

tions, where the ruler obtains power by accident or crime, and wields it in utter disregard of the interests of the governed, secret societies may become dangerous; for it is "in union men see and feel their strength." Hence it was that in England, her kings of old deemed it important to become Masons; and in despotic Spain, from fear her down-trodden subjects might burst their shackles, her tyrants declared and treated Masons as felons.

But, in a democratic government, where all power emanates from and resides in the people; where the governor of to-day becomes the citizen of to-morrow, and there is an entire identity of interests between the governor and the governed, how a secret society can be dangerous to public liberty, it is difficult to conceive. The doors of our lodges, if not thrown open to all, are closed only against the worthless; and unless Odd-Fellowship exercises some hidden magic influence, by which it has been enabled to stifle the promptings of that paramount allegiance to country all feel and obey, treasonable designs, dangerous plots, if any such lurked behind its mask, would have long since been exposed; Odd-Fellowship would have lived but in name, and been only remembered to excite our contempt at the shallowness of the artifice by which its founders sought to accomplish unholy purposes.

The indiscriminate selection of members from all classes and interests of society, renders it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for secret institutions to meddle with the ordinary politics of a country. The natural right, and the still more natural desire, to be free from lawless oppression, obliterating the common divisions and conflicting interests of society, have occasionally jostled benevolent institutions from their peaceful orbits; but when thus dragged into the vortex of political revolutions, they have been found battling in defence of popular rights. If ever mad ambition shall attempt their overthrow in our country, the same spirit that now binds us together in the cause of benevolence and charity, shall kindle on our altars the glorious fires of liberty; the song of peace that now softens, shall give place to the soul-stirring shouts of patriotism, and out of our temples every where, throughout this vast republic, shall go forth the same love of freedom, the same hatred of oppression, and the same indomitable courage, that guided, sustained and animated our fathers before us.

The assertion, then, that our society is dangerous, because of its secrecy, is contrary to reason, and unwarranted by any thing in the history of the many benevolent societies that have existed from time immemorial.

It is further objected,—if its purposes be good, why employ mystery in its aid? The love of mystery, if not an original passion of the mind, seems necessarily to grow out of its own mysterious organization. Nature is mystery—man is mystery from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet—God is mystery; and the imperishable monuments of his wisdom and goodness above, around, beneath us, are all covered over with mystery. In his revelation to man he has employed mystery, and his "High Priest, while on earth, labored in secret." Why then may we not call to our aid the same charm to promote our cause? Numbers, from a desire to penetrate that veil of mystery which its founders have wisely thrown over it, have been induced to join the Order. Having beheld its arcana and taken upon themselves its vows, they have caught the enthusiasm which it rarely fails to impart to its votaries, and abandoning old and vicious habits, have contracted new and better ones.

Approve, then, rather than condemn, the innocent device by which it seeks to turn frail man from the error of his ways, and persuade him to walk in the paths of peace and virtue.

After all, what do we conceal? Not our principles, not our objects, nor the means by which we hope to accomplish them; but our emblems, tokens and other signs, with which the uninitiated have no right to be acquainted. These enable the society to identify its members—to protect itself against imposition—in fact, are essential to its existence. Great pains have been taken to ridicule these harmless rites of the Order.—When assaults on its principles and objects have failed, a sneer has been raised at our banners, regalia and symbols. These devices are but the “outward and visible signs of the inward and invisible principles” by which we are governed. Of the secrets of the Order, we are not permitted to speak. However idle, ridiculous and unmeaning they may seem to the world, among Odd-Fellows “they breathe a spirit that reaches their hearts, wherever they are to be met with throughout the globe.” They speak a language that defies the confusion of tongues, and wield a power that obliterates all those divisions, and reconciles all those antipathies, which climate, government and religion engender.

Some have asserted that our Order is an old society with a new name—that it is Masonry in disguise, and have endeavored to transfer to it the odium and prejudice that pervade this country against Masonry. That the two societies are not the same, is apparent from the fact, that both maintain a separate existence. How nearly they resemble, or whether there is any similarity between them at all, I cannot say, not being a Mason: but this I will say—if the principles and objects of Masonry are the same as those of our Order, God grant that its labors in the cause of humanity may be crowned with success.

It has been asked, why assume additional obligations to cherish principles, and practice virtues, which as members of society, we are already under obligations to encourage. Why unite to perform acts of charity towards selected individuals, which as members of a common family, nature prompts us to perform towards all alike. In a word, why create artificial ties, when our natural ones are sufficiently numerous and powerful to engage all our affections and awaken all our energies. The answer to these and all similar objections, is simple and satisfactory. Our union, instead of weakening, strengthens the obligations which society imposes. While it teaches us to love each other more, it makes us love the world not the less. While it awakens within us a lively sensibility to the misfortunes of a brother, it causes us to feel no less commiseration for suffering humanity, wherever met with. While it devotes its means to the relief only of its members, it leaves them free as before they joined it, to do all that the most liberal benevolence—the most enlarged philanthropy may prompt.

To those who object to combinations for benevolent purposes, and would leave the unfortunate and distressed to the uncertain and capricious protection of individual charity, it is certainly not necessary at this enlightened day, that I should point out the superior advantages of associated, over individual action. Much as man singly, by means of mind, may do over matter, how inconsiderable does it seem, when contrasted with those vast and astounding achievements, which could only have resulted from

combined action, accumulated labor, associated talent and energy. Every monument of genius and art of past times—all those amusing triumphs of man over nature in our own day, proclaim the great truth, that the strength, the security, the dignity of man, is in union. To this principle are we indebted for all that has been and is doing for the elevation of our species. In the humble but commendable cause of benevolence and charity—in the important and interesting work of moral reform, we have availed ourselves of this principle of association. We hope by contributing a portion of our means, and concentrating our action, to do that for our fellow-creatures which governments do not undertake to perform, and with which it would be unwise in them to concern themselves.

Such is an imperfect outline of the nature, principles and designs of our Order. Disturbing none of our relations to society, interfering with no interest of government or religion—proclaiming “peace on earth and good will towards all men,” its object (and is it not a great, a glorious one?) is to liberate man from the dominion of his low and grovelling passions, inspire him with elevated conceptions of his nature and destiny, and make him contented and happy, by teaching him to live true to himself, his neighbor, his country, and God. Who is not ready to admit, that the doctrines of peace it encourages, and the precepts of morality it inculcates, are admirably calculated to add to any man’s usefulness and respectability as a member of society. That man’s condition must be hopeless, his heart must be obdurate indeed, who “can mingle in its ceremonies and participate in its acts of practical beneficence” without exhibiting in some particular, and to some extent, its happy, chastening influence.

What true friend of humanity can withhold his sanction from an institution so pure in its principles, so harmless in its means, so ennobling in its objects? To the mere moralist, who conceives true happiness to depend on the dissemination of honest principles and the performance of honest deeds, it opens a field where he may not only indulge, but practically carry out his cherished opinions. The philanthropist, full of kindness for his species, and most happy when most useful, may refresh himself at its fountain of love, and contemplate in its happiest aspect, the beauty and grandeur of benevolence. And the Christian, rejoicing in his escape from the contamination of sin, should supplicate blessings in its behalf; for the banner of Christ can only waive in true triumph over a peaceable, industrious, sober, benevolent, and charitable people.

It is gratifying to find, that opposition to our Order is fast yielding to the light of truth, and the unanswerable argument furnished in the conduct and character of Odd-Fellows, wherever they have established themselves. Every where its prospects are flattering and encouraging, and though in its infancy, its fruits have already won for it the praise and admiration of the good and virtuous. A few months since, some eight or ten of our number assembled for the purpose of establishing a lodge in our town. Behold to-day their success!! In due season, we too shall offer our fruits for public approval. So far it has accomplished all that could have been anticipated. It has broken through the feeble barriers which society has erected between man and man, and obliterated the unjust prejudices excited by the miserable struggles of party. It has caused us to regard each other with more affection, and feel a deeper interest in

each other's welfare. It has realized to us the fact, that true worth, genuine integrity of character, may be as readily found in the humbler as in the higher walks of society. It has brought our minds to meditate on the noble principles it hopes to promote and perpetuate, and I trust all have resolved to conform to them.

The ladies who have honored and graced the occasion with their presence, will accept our most heartfelt thanks. We ask your smiles, your encouragements, in behalf of our institution, as having for its end, objects the most lofty that ever engaged the attention or aroused the energies of men. Think us not selfish nor wanting in true gallantry, because we exclude you from our union. Nature has fashioned you in her fairest, softest, brightest mould. You need not the redeeming influence of Odd-Fellowship, to make you what you are—the most beautiful, the most lovely, the most pure of God's creation. She has given us rougher tempers and colder hearts, and our pursuits tend to make them more so. To soften this asperity of our sex and make us more loveable, are among the objects of our Order. Cheer us on then, in the good work we have undertaken, and in return, we promise you better husbands and better lovers.

And now, brothers, a word to you, and my task is finished. You have buckled on your armor and are entered for the good fight. Stand by your colors, and victory will be yours. How great the prize!! The triumph of man over himself—of morality over vice—reason over error—innocence over crime. Watch each other closely—advise each other with perfect candor, but in all kindness. If, unhappily, any one prove recreant to your principles and false to his own honor, cast him out, lest yourselves be contaminated. Live daily under a sense of the "serious, solemn, and binding obligations" you have taken upon yourselves. Let no other ambition animate you but the noble one of striving to outdo each other in acts of benevolence and charity. Let peace and harmony preside over all your deliberations. Let Friendship, Love and Truth, guide all your steps through life, and as the reward of Odd-Fellowship, "may you live long and die good-fellows;" and "when the last trump shall announce the sad catastrophe of nature," may you reap, in a better world, the reward of well-spent lives.

A N T H E M .

Sung at the celebration of Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, Columbia, S. C., December 9, 1842.

WHEN meek-eyed *Mercy* from her kindred sky,
 A timid Messenger to Earth drew nigh,
 How sunk her soul, our ruined race to view!
 Sad was the sight—and pure as Heaven's own dew,
 The trembling tear-drop glistened in her eye,
 As thus she hailed the Majesty on high:

"Oh! Father! wilt thou save thy servants dear?
Teach them to sooth each other's woes, the tear
Of suff'ring nature to kiss off, and heal
The woes that sorrow's children still must feel?
As brethren let them live in *friendship* here,
The sick still succour, and the drooping cheer."

Sweet Missioner!—her own resplendent smile
Beamed generous warmth on erring man,—and while
She looked to Heaven for power to bless,
Became herself the source of happiness;
Bade each poor suff'rer smile again, and know,
The power of God can sooth the deepest woe.

Beneath her influence we meet to-day,
And willing subjects would her laws obey;
The sick we succor—the distressed we save—
We cheer the downward passage to the grave!
Nay, point beyond it, to that brighter home,
Where sickness and distress can never come!

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. J. D. TRADEWELL.*

WORTHY AND RESPECTED BROTHERS:

IF the more imposing and masculine task of conceiving and delivering an Oration in exposition of the origin and progress, the purposes and principles of the Order to which we belong, has been most justly assigned to the higher abilities of brother Adams, a task perhaps more pleasing and delicate has been delineated for myself. I approach the performance of it under the influence of unaffected diffidence, entirely conscious that the honor conferred upon me might more appropriately have illustrated the character of some worthier Odd-Fellow. Be that as it may, I have accepted the honor and assumed the responsibility; the occasion for its discharge has arrived, and our society, with this assemblage of grave and sedate wisdom, and of gay and joyous beauty, await the pronouncement of my Address in dedication of Odd-Fellows' Hall. While I am at no loss for a theme of sufficiently deep and thrilling interest to seduce the attention of the grave, or catch the restless fancy of the more volatile, yet I confess I am at a loss how I shall treat of the subject appropriate to this celebration; if, however, the mind be dull and sluggish, the sacred inspiration of the

* Delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, on the opening of Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Columbia, S. C., December 8th, 1842. Published by request of the lodge.

theme will impart to it activity and fire and enthusiasm. *Friendship, Love, and Truth,—Faith, Hope, and Charity*;—these are sentiments born of God—"emanations of the all beauteous mind";—these constitute the burden of the songs of angels, and while the dulcet sounds of the voices of cherubim and seraphim fall upon the ears of saints, mortals such as we, made a little lower than the angels, are permitted to echo the heavenly music and fling back the strains to the "blue ethereal sky." If the advancement of the great principles and the achievement of the glorious purposes of *Friendship, Love and Truth*, under the guidance of *Faith, Hope and Charity*, be the amiable and fascinating design of our association, it is not unworthy of us to dedicate these walls in decent pomp and comely pageant to the cause of Odd-Fellowship. If the God be worthy of worship, surely it is fitting that there should be a temple and an altar where the serene devotions of his followers may be paid, undistracted by the scenes, unmoved by the turbulence, unshaken by the violent strifes and collisions which dash this living world to and fro. We are brothers in *Friendship, Love and Truth*, in *Faith, Hope and Charity*. Is it not appropriate then that there should be a common temple in which our communion may be held, and a common altar, around which our homage may be rendered? Distracted by the "ills which flesh is heir to," our bosoms lacerated by the woes of disappointment in the prosecution of our schemes of wealth, in our plans of ambition and struggles for renown, it may be perhaps in our dreams of love, it is a holy pleasure to have a common temple of refuge like this to fly to, where lessons of submission to the inscrutable decrees of Providence may be taught—where the raging tempests of human passion may be quieted, the intellect enlightened, the heart made better, and the whole moral constitution of man, his heart, his mind, his imagination, with all its deep and mighty emotions and impulses, bounding and unrestrained energies, lofty and tameless dreams, may be chastened and purified, under the influence of the divine principles which form the basis of our Order.

Science and the arts have their temples, whose walls, looming up in the light of this beautiful day, within our sight, have just been vocal with the sounds of their votaries' tongues, while the full beaming eye of the intellectual father, and the softly tear-suffused eye of the tender mother, have looked upon their cherished boy as he pronounced his eloquent oration in the consecrated college chapel, in favor of the assiduous cultivation of the powers of the mind in pursuit of metaphysical, moral, political or natural science. Music and painting have their consecrated halls, their altars, their sacrifices and their priests. The god of war too has his temple and his altar, where his triumphs are celebrated in gorgeous and splendid mode. The car of the victor is advanced by the strength of the rejoicing throng, and the triumphal arch erected by the masculine hand of the sterner sex, has been adorned and beautified by the delicate hand of female loveliness and grace. It is true, no drums nor trumpets, nor sounds of martial music, nor the gorgeous trappings of military pageantry, impart a wild enthusiasm to the victories which we win; and although they may seem appropriate to the present occasion, still ours is a peaceful army, enlisted in the cause of benevolence and charity. The gentle music of hearts attuned to common sympathies—the lovely accord of common affections, common purposes, and aims of kindly charity and love,—

these are the inspirations of this day, and sweetly blend us in a holy brotherhood.

How appropriate then, and how comely, that from the midst of the anxious scenes and wild distractions of the world, there should be set apart a place like this, "remote from busy life's bewildered way," unprofaned by revolting ebullitions of wicked passions, or exhibitions of the cold and unfeeling selfishness of the hardened heart, where alone kindness and truth, love and hope prevail, gently distilling on human woes, heavenly healing influences, imparting light and joy and gladness to desponding broken hearts, and enterprise and buoyancy and elasticity to the crushed and crippled spirit.

This then, shall be the Temple of Odd-Fellowship—these the altars around which our homage shall be paid, while the gentle fires which emanate from *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*, from *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, shall chasten and purify the sacrifices we place upon them, and consuming them, float back in holy incense to the skies.

There could not be exhibited to the gaze of the world a lovelier spectacle than that which the associations of Odd-Fellows here and elsewhere present. It is lovely because it is a moral spectacle, attracting the heart, captivating the imagination, engaging the mind, conquering the will, and enkindling the sweetest and softest affections of the human soul. If it be asked in what do the moral beauty and excellence of our Order consist? the interrogatory is most easily answered. The moral beauty and excellence of God himself, result from the immortal virtues inherent in him—his *Love*—his *Truth*—his *Justice*—his boundless *Charity* and *Mercy*—his limitless *Goodness* and *Benevolence*. Obscure these glorious attributes, and the songs of the redeemed would cease, the harmonies of heaven would swell no more, the eyes of the saints would be averted from the Great Jehovah, and darkness gather about the Eternal Throne. Oh! yes, it is the undying and fadeless virtues of the Deity, his immortal moral attributes, which inspire the songs, compel the praises, win the adoration, and attract the affections of universal Heaven. Nothing is truer than that the feelings and sympathies of the human heart, the ideas of the mind, its thoughts and associations, impart to the scenes of earth their deepest and mightiest interest, *moral sublimity*, and it is from these sources that beams forth the great glory of the Order of Odd-Fellows. This banner, which for the first time to-day in its original beauty, invited the kisses of the winds and the smiles of the sun; these chaste and imposing symbols, these rich and splendid regalia, this spacious hall, and these gorgeous chairs, with whatever of richer and grander decorations might be added, apart from the associations of the mind, and the sympathies of the heart, possess physical, but no moral beauty. When, however, the bright and glowing words which beam from these chairs, are read, the moral excellence and sublimity of our Order are at once revealed, its signs and tokens become endeared to the heart, and the true sources of our attachment and devotion to it immediately unveiled.

In the dedication of our Hall, then, the mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the high moral purposes we have in view, to accomplish which the admirable machinery of Odd-Fellowship is to be wielded, forgets the pageant of the procession, the array of glorious beauty we gaze upon, the novelty of this occasion, and all the external magnificence of this impos-

ing scene: and who will say that we must fail in our holy enterprize, when the comprehensive energies of *Faith*, the ceaseless encouragement and excitement of *Hope*, and the sweet influences of heaven-born *Charity*, guide and cheer and sustain us on our way? If stubborn and ignorant prejudice—if ungenerous and spiteful opposition—if foolish caprice, or the scorn and ridicule of an unkind and unhappy world: yea more—if the vanity of the human heart, and the pride of human philosophy, or the high conceits of an ostentatious, and too often self-confident reason, for a while impede us in our career of philanthropy, of benevolence and charity, there shall soon go out from these walls, which we are now consecrating, a mighty, conquering spirit of truth, which shall achieve for Odd-Fellows, a peaceful triumph over every obstacle, and, winning the hearts, and convincing the judgments of the good and the just, establish our cherished Order upon foundations of rock, permanently and forever.

I have said that the votaries of science and the arts, and of ambitious war, have their temples and their altars, their sacrifices and their priests; I should have added, that the holy religion of the Cross, has likewise its temples and its altars, its sacrifices and consecrated ministers. Throughout the world, myriads of temples, dedicated to the worship of the Great Supreme, shoot their spires to the skies, and open wide their doors to receive the followers of the Eternal Son. It is by the side of these temples of our holy religion, that we desire to see rising up, those other temples dedicated by our Order, to the only less holy cause of *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*. These are the lovely sisters of religion, healing where she heals, blessing where she blesses, conquering where she conquers, and throwing upon the dark mass of our corrupt natures, a light which, next to her light, chastens its passions, sanctifies its feelings, invades and subdues its stubborn depravity, and purifies and renovates the whole moral constitution. Next to the religion of the Cross, the chastening influences of benevolence, of charity and truth, render the heart a fit temple for the living God to dwell in; and to some extent, these sentiments occupied the mind of man before Calvary's scene transpired. Certainly they originated in heaven; and although it would be impious idolatry to apotheosise them, and fall down and worship them, yet it cannot be displeasing to the Deity, to see their influence advanced by associations like ours, and in halls solemnly and sacredly dedicated as we to-day dedicate this.

The impression which the imposing ceremony now transpiring, produces upon the mind and the heart, is vastly deepened by the participation in it of the holy Ministers of Religion, in their most lovely office. In beautifully appropriate phrase, the light of heaven has been asked for our guidance, and the blessings of Jehovah invoked upon our Order. The pious voice of our Chaplain, following the sweet voice of song, has been uttered in sounds of prayer; the key which unlocks the portals of the sky, has been turned by his hand, and the moral sublimity of this scene has been wonderfully increased by the interposition of the holy offices with which he is invested. From the circumstance of members of the sacerdotal order being members of our Order, we might reasonably ask the world to draw assurance of the purity, the excellence and benevolence of its purposes. If the "holy anointed" be not defiled by association with us, surely around these altars the unshriven and the wicked may hope for amendment and reformation; and while the divine virtues of the atonement,

may alone be efficacious in cleansing our fallen nature from its dark leprosy, the purifying influences of the Odd-Fellows' school of moral discipline, may aid in dressing the soul for the immortal feasts of heaven.

There is a delightful beauty discerned in our Order, when viewed in its relation to, and connection with, the moral government of the world.—Without well designed and aptly constructed machinery, the operations, neither of the material, political or moral world, would attract the admiration of man, or disclose the wisdom of the Deity. This machinery is controlled by eternal laws, which regulate the movements of planets, the revolutions of politics, and the powers and passions of the immortal mind. Without the influence of these laws, perpetual jarring and confusion, discordant violence and collision, would distract and unsettle the whole universe, material, political and moral. One of these laws may be traced in that just and appropriate *combination* and *concert*, which prevail throughout all the works of God. To illustrate: without *combination* and *concert*, there would be neither harmony nor certainty in the operations of the planetary system, while, by their influence, the movements of the most diminutive star, and the evolutions of the greatest light which throws its beams upon the planet of our habitation, are regulated and controlled.—The same law, (the law of *combination* and *concert*,) which leads from heaven to earth the lustrous beams of the star, which, night after night, illumines the world, after the lapse of a thousand years, throws upon us from its far off orbit, the wild and brilliant gleamings of the stranger comet. In a word, without the influence of this law, the whole physical world would be thrown into disorganization, presenting an alarming scene of chaotic confusion and collision. It is, then, in perfect coincidence with this eternal law of *combination* and *concert*, governing alike the material, political and moral world, that our association has been formed. The same divine energy which created the material world, the sun, the moon, the stars, this great globe, with all its diversified phenomena, imparted to this perishable clay, the imperishable MIND; and as the harmony of the operations, and the certainty of the results of the former, flow from the agency of combined, concerted and concentrated power—that power which brings alternate day and night, sunshine and storm—that power which to-day chains down the violence of the raging volcano, and to-morrow rolls its thunders, and emits its fires towards the heavens,—so, also, do the triumphs of the intellect, the glories of the sense immortal, the carrying forward its schemes of *Benevolence* and *Charity* and *Truth*, depend upon the association, concert and concentration of all its powers and faculties. The moral instincts of our nature indicate this combination of minds, and energy of hearts, as a means of achieving intellectual and moral triumphs, and thus is traced out the reason of the institution of colleges, where the powers of different minds, associated and combined, advance the interests of science, and of societies such as ours, where the concentrated affections, instincts and sympathies of many hearts, subserve the beautiful purposes of *Philanthropy*, *Benevolence* and *Charity*.

I have said that the whole universe of God is governed by machinery, all the parts of which depend upon the whole for strength and harmony, and the whole upon all the parts. This is evident to the least observant. Loosen a rivet, or unwind a screw, so to speak, and the material world would be thrown into confusion and collision, while the stars, which now

sing together of the glories of the Lord, and charm a listening world with their silent melodies, would dash off from their orbits in wild disorder, and in the mad irregularities of their journeyings, alarm the inhabitants of the varied spheres. By the laws of gravitation, of attraction and repulsion, however, this whirling world upon which we dwell, and yonder bright and glorious world upon which we gaze, move harmoniously in their respective orbits; and a lovely scene of universal order in the operations of physical nature, is presented for our contemplation. If infinite wisdom has thus ordained laws of *concert* and *combination*, by which the physical world, the lesser glory, is governed, can it be doubted that He has been equally careful in the construction of suitable machinery, by which to govern the moral and intellectual, the greater glory? To move forward the cause of Christianity—to win the victories of the Cross, and to establish in the hearts of mankind universally, the mild and gentle dominion of our holy religion, machinery has been constructed and consecrated. As I have said, she has her temples, her altars, her imposing sacraments, her chastened ceremonials, and her anointed priests, and through these channels her light radiates the whole moral system.

As part of the vast machinery by which the moral world is upheld and controlled, we commend to ourselves and to mankind, the Order to which we belong; to the pure purposes of which we are now dedicating this Hall. If benevolence is to be inculcated, or friendship encouraged, or truth defended, or morality vindicated, or patriotism roused, or the tender sympathies of the heart excited in behalf of the desolate widow and orphan, it is in associations like ours, *in our association*, that the scattered and diversified energies of the intellect, its reason, its imagination, its powers of persuasion, its beauties of enthusiasm, united to the softly and tender sympathies, commanding and majestic passions of the soul, are made available in their behalf, and combined and concentrated, are arrayed in glorious strength against the selfishness, the ignorance, and the prejudice of our perverted nature.

Then, brothers, let me repeat, that this shall be the Temple of Odd-Fellowship—these the altars around which our homage shall be paid, while the gentle fires which emanate from Friendship, Love and Truth, from Faith, Hope and Charity, shall chasten and purify the sacrifices we place upon them, and consuming them, float back in holy incense to the skies.

ANTHEM.

Sung at the celebration of Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, Columbus, S. C., December 9, 1842.

THE spheres have ceased their joyous chime,
 Primeval chaos re-appears,
 And Heaven and Earth, and ancient Time,
 Grown hoary with the lapse of years,
 Sink to the tomb—while over all,
 Tired Nature spreads her funeral pall.

Lo! 'mid the deep sepulchral gloom,
 A form with pearly radiance bright,
 Gilds with soft rays creation's tomb,
 As Heaven's own stars adorn the night;
 And through the circling darkness shine
 The snowy robes of *Charity* divine.

Fresh as the breath of dewy morn,
 Ambrosial odors 'round her spread,
 And golden hues—celestial boon—
 Waive in mild halo 'round her head,
 While in her steps, and heavenly mien,
 The beauteous, meek-eyed nymph is seen.

Faith shall depart with Time's dark night,
 And *Hope* her rosy pinions fold,
 But *Charity*, enrobed in light,
 And blest with youth that grows not old,
 Resurgent o'er the general doom,
 Shall smile through Heaven's perpetual bloom.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A VISION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, ESQ.

HAPPENING, the other day, to meet with an account of a mighty gathering of the disciples of a certain great prophet, who, I believe, has, in spite of the proverb, rather more honor in his own country than any other, I fell upon a train of reflections on the probability of this world coming to an end the first of April next, as predicted by that venerable seer. That it will come to an end, some time or other, is certain, for nothing created can last for ever; and that this event may happen to-morrow, is, for aught we know, just as likely as that it will take place an hundred or a thousand years hence. The precise hour is, however, wisely hidden from all but the eyes of our inspired prophet, and the first of April is quite as probable as any other, although, for the credit of the prediction, I could wish it had been fixed for some other day than that so specially consecrated to making fools.

It appeared to me, however, on due consideration, that there were many startling indications that this world of ours was pretty well worn threadbare, and that it was high time to lay it aside, or get rid of it altogether, by a summary process, like the Bankrupt Law. Nor am I alone, among very discreet reflecting persons, in this opinion. I was lately conversing

with an old gentleman, of great experience and sagacity, who has predicted several hard winters, and who assured me he did not see how it was possible for this world to last much longer. "In the first place," said he, "it has grown a great deal too wise to be honest, and common sense, like a specie currency, become the most uncommon of all commodities. Now, I maintain that, without the ballast of common sense, the world must inevitably turn upside down, or, at least, fall on its beam-ends, and all the passengers tumble overboard. In the second place, it is perfectly apparent that the balance-wheel which regulates the machine, and keeps all its functions in equilibrium, is almost worn out, if not entirely destroyed. There is now no medium in any thing. The love of money has become a raging passion, a mania equally destructive to morals and happiness. So with every other pursuit and passion of our nature. Every man is "like a beggar on horseback," and the old proverb will tell where he rides. All spur away, until they break down, ride over a precipice, or tumble into the mire. If a man, as every man does now-a-days, pines for riches, instead of seeking them in the good old fashioned way of industry, prudence and economy, he plunges heels over head in mad, extravagant and visionary schemes, that lead inevitably, not only to his own ruin, but that of others, and in all probability, in the end, leave him as destitute of character as of fortune. Or, if he is smitten with a desire to benefit his fellow-creatures, he carries his philanthropy into the camp of the enemy, that is, to the opposite extreme of vice. His sympathies for one class of human suffering entirely shut his eyes and his heart to the claims and rights of others, and he would sacrifice the world to an atom. His pity for the guilty degenerates into the encouragement of crime, and instead of an avenger, he becomes an accomplice. No man, it would seem, in this most enlightened of all ages, appears to be aware of what is irrefragably true, that an honest abhorrence of guilt is one of the most powerful preservatives of human virtue; and that one of the most effectual modes of engendering vice in our hearts, is to accustom ourselves to view it merely as an object of pity and forgiveness. It seems to be a growing opinion, that the punishment of crime is an usurpation of society, a despotic exercise of power over individuals, and, in short, 'a relic of the dark ages.'"

My excellent old friend is a great talker, when he gets on a favorite subject—though he rails by the hour at members of Congress for their long speeches—and proceeded, after stopping to take breath, as follows:—"There are other pregnant indications of this world being on its last legs, in the fashionable cant"—so my friend called it, most irreverently—"of ascribing almost all the great conservative principles of the social state to 'the dark ages.' The laws, indispensable to the security of property, the restraint of imprudence and extravagance, the safety of persons, and the punishment of their transgressors—those laws, in short, that constitute the great pillars of society, and without which barbarity and violence would again overrun the world, are, forsooth, traced by the advocates of 'progress' to those very dark ages, whose ignorance and barbarism they contributed more than all other causes to dissipate and destroy. An honest man who resorts to those laws which are founded in the first principles of justice, for the recovery of that which is necessary to his comfort, perhaps his very existence, or for the purpose of punishing some profligate spend-thrift for defrauding him, is now denounced by philanthropic legislators,

and mawkish moralists, as a dealer in human flesh, a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, and whetting his knife for performing the sacrifice. The murderer—the cool, premeditated murderer—is delicately denominated ‘an unfortunate man,’ lest we should hurt his fine feelings. Our sympathies are invoked when he is called upon to pay the penalty of his crime, while the poor victims, living and dead, are left, the one without pity, the other without relief.

Not only this,” continued the worthy old gentleman, who gradually waxed warmer and warmer as he proceeded—“not only this, but as if to give the last most unequivocal evidence of dotage, we have become puffed up with the idea of this being the most enlightened of all the ages of the world, for no other reason, that I can perceive, than that we are become very great mechanics, and have, in consequence of the wonderful perfection to which machinery has been brought, depreciated the value of human labor, until it has become insufficient for human support, and beggared ourselves and our posterity, in making canals for frogs to spawn in, and railroads through interminable forests to flourishing towns that never had existence! It is perfectly evident to me, that matters are speedily coming to a crisis, and that a world, in which there is no other pursuit but money, where all sympathy is monopolized by guilt, and where common sense and common honesty are considered as relics of the dark ages, cannot last much longer, unless,” added he, with a peculiar expression of his eye, “unless Congress takes it in hand, and brings about a radical reform, by speechification. The truth is, it owes so much more than it can pay, that the sooner it winds up its concerns the better.”

Saying this, my worthy and excellent friend, after predicting a hard winter, left me to cogitate alone in my old arm-chair, very much inclined to a nap, as I generally am after listening to a long harangue. It was in a quiet back room, where I could see nothing but the smoke of my opposite neighbor’s chimney; nothing disturbed me but a fly, which, notwithstanding the world was wide enough for us both, I should have utterly exterminated, if I could; and I continued to ponder over the subject, till, by degrees, sleep overpowered me, and the following vision passed over my bewildered brain:

Methought the eve of the first of April had come, and with it every indication that the prediction of the prophet was about to be fulfilled. The waters of the rivers, brooks and springs became gradually warmer and warmer, until some of them began to boil; hot currents of air issued from the fissures of the earth, whose surface became heated so that the bare-footed urchins rather danced than walked upon it; a thick, dun-colored vapor, by degrees, involved the world from the horizon to the skies, and there prevailed a dead, oppressive calm, without a single stirring breath of air. The earth became, as it were, one vast heated oven. The air was dry and parching; the turkeys lay sprawling on their breasts, with expanded wings; the dogs strolled wistfully around, seeking some cool retreat, and panting and lolling out their tongues; the little birds hid themselves in the recesses of the woods, and ceased to sing; the leaves of the trees and flowers wilted and shrivelled up under the excessive heat of the burning sun—and the world ceased to revolve, either from a suspension of the laws of nature, or for fear of dissolving in a profuse perspiration.

Other fearful auguries proclaimed that the hour had come. The sun

was like a red ball of living fire; the whole firmament rocked and trembled, as if panting with the throes of suffocation; ever and anon, long flashes of zigzag lightning shot athwart the heavens in dead silence, for no thunder followed; and all nature, rational and irrational, animate and inanimate, seemed awaiting in death-like silence the hour of their final dissolution, as predicted by the prophet.

Methought I wandered about in that unhappy and distracted state of mind which generally ensues when we are haunted by some dim, half visible spectre of undefined misery, whose presence we feel, but whose persecutions we cannot avoid. It seemed that I strolled to the river side, in the hope of inhaling the cool, refreshing breezes from its bosom, but it sent forth nothing but a scalding vapor, like that from a steam-engine. The fishes lay sprawling and panting, and dying on its surface; and a hungry hawk, that had plunged down for his prey, being exhausted by the consuming heat, lay fluttering helplessly on the waters. From the mountains of the opposite shore, columns of blood-red smoke and flashes of sulphurous fire issued with an angry roaring vehemency; and in some of the deep fissures of the rocks, methought I could see the raging fires, as through the bars of a furnace. Then came rolling out of the bowels of the earth torrents of liquid flame; then came on the dread struggle of the rebel elements, released from the guiding hand of their Great Master. The dissolving earth rushed into the waters; a noise, like the hissing of millions of serpents, succeeded, and when I looked again the river was dry.

I fled from the appalling spectacle, and sought the city, where all was dismay and confusion. Some were shrieking and tearing their hair, in guilty apprehension of the horrors of death, and the sufferings of the world to come. Others sat in mute despair, awaiting in numb insensibility the fate of all the rest of their race; while others, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, and forgetful of the inevitable doom that awaited them, were devising various expedients for escaping, and securing their most valuable articles about their persons. A little love-sick maiden had hung the picture of her lover about her snowy neck; an anxious mother sat weeping and wringing her hands by the side of a cradle, where lay a little laughing cherub playing with a kitten; while another was rushing madly about, with a child in her arms, which she had squeezed to death in her convulsive writhings. Thousands of scenes like these occurred all around, but I delight not to dwell on horrors, and will proceed to state what I saw of the exhibitions of the various modes of grief, disappointment and despair, which served to convince me that the ruling passion will struggle in the last agonies of existence, and triumph at the moment of the dissolution of nature herself.

In the course of my wanderings, methought I encountered the celebrated Fire-King, who was sitting at home, quietly smoking his cigar, and calculating that being the destined survivor of all his race, he would succeed to an immense landed estate, and become lord proprietor of the whole earth. Having agreed upon the terms, he furnished me with an antidote against the heat of the most raging anthracite furnace, and being now assured of safety, I made my observations with more coolness and precision. Being of rather a prying disposition, I conceived that as every thing was in a state of utter confusion, the doors and windows all open, and no police officers on duty, there was no occasion to stand upon ceremony.

I accordingly made my way into the most private recesses of various habitations, where I saw many things which I would not disclose, were it not that all this is nothing but a dream. Entering a handsome house, rather splendidly furnished, I saw an old man of upwards of fourscore, who was bitterly complaining of being thus suddenly cut off, without time to make his will, and repent of his sins; while an elderly woman, whom I took to be one of Job's comforters, was upbraiding him for not taking her advice, and attending to these matters long ago. In another miserable house, without furniture, and destitute of every comfort of life, I discovered a shrivelled, cadaverous spectre, hugging a bag of gold, and lamenting the hardship of being called away just the day before the interest became payable on his bank stocks. I met in another place a speculator, with the perspiration rolling down his face in torrents, who was calculating the immense profits he might have made if he had only foreseen this sudden catastrophe. A little farther on, I saw a glutton devouring a pair of canvass-backs, and heard him at intervals mumbling to himself—"They shan't cheat me of my dinner." The next person I particularly noticed, was a staunch believer in "progress," who was terribly out of humor that the world should be destroyed just as it was on the high-road to perfectibility. He had an essay in his hand, which he was rolling up to enclose in a bottle, hermetically sealed, in the hope that it might float down to posterity, and make him immortal, forgetting, as I supposed, that the world was now about to perish by fire, and not by water. In the course of my farther peregrinations, I fell in with a father, very busy in making a will, dividing his property among his children; and another disinheriting his son for marrying against his wishes. A usurer was lamenting that he was not aware of what was coming, as he would certainly have borrowed a good round sum, and thus escaped paying the interest. A worthy dealer in political haberdashery, who had been seeking office, I believe, ever since the flood, was exclaiming against fate for casting him off, now that he had actually received a promise of succeeding a gentleman who was only five years younger than himself, immediately on his death. This example, by the way, brought to my recollection a circumstance that actually happened in real life, and within my own knowledge, where an old man of upwards of threescore and ten actually hanged himself on the marriage of his daughter, to whose fortune he looked forward to becoming heir, provided she died without issue. It is somewhat singular that people always calculate on outliving those by whose deaths they expect to be benefitted.

In the course of my peregrination, I encountered some of the disciples of the prophet, who, one might have supposed, would have been prepared for the event they had so long confidently anticipated. But it seemed they were as much taken by surprise as their unbelieving neighbors, and were running to and fro in great consternation, or preparing in all haste for what they had been expecting at leisure, according to the ways of the wise people of this world, who see farther into futurity than their neighbors. Entering the chamber of a middle-aged widow, a staunch follower of the prophet, who had retreated somewhere, I found an open letter, not quite finished, which purported to be an answer to a proposal of marriage from another disciple, and in which the prudent dame very judiciously postponed her final decision until after the first of April. I own I proceed-

ed to other unwarrantable indulgencies of curiosity, only pardonable in a person fast asleep, in the course of which I made certain discoveries, which, now that I am awake, I scorn to disclose to the world. All I will venture to say is, that I saw enough to convince me that if the widow really believed in the approaching dissolution of the world, she had determined to make the most of it while it lasted. It is impossible to say what other discoveries I might have achieved if I had not heard footsteps approaching; and, apprehending it might be the lady herself, I retreated with considerable precipitation, in doing which I encountered, and overthrew, a fat cook maid, who was coming up in great haste to apprise her mistress that the kitchen was so hot she could not breath in it any longer, and who, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, gave me a most awful benediction.

The next house I entered was that of a notorious usurer, who was never known to do a kindness to any human being. He had accumulated millions by a rigid, inflexible system of preying upon the wants of his fellow-creatures, and denying himself the common necessities of life, except on rare occasions, when his vanity got the better of his avarice; and he would give some great party, or ostentatious feast, in order to excite the envy of his neighbors, and get puffed in the newspapers, always making himself amends for this prodigality by squeezing additional sums out of his unfortunate clients. I found him busily employed in making his will, and talking to himself by fits and starts, from which I gathered there was a great contest going on between the ruling passion and the fear of the future, which prompted him to make reparation, as far as possible, for his past transgressions. From what I could gather, he had come to a determination to restore the principal of all the money he had screwed from his debtors by his usurious practices, but could not bring himself to give back the interest on these exactions, which he said would utterly ruin him. As the heat became more intense, he seemed gradually to relax; but the moment it subsided a little, relapsed again. This happened several times, until at length the old man quieted his conscience by leaving his whole estate for the purpose of erecting a hospital, for the reception of the families of all those he had reduced to beggary by his frauds and inhumanity, at the same time saying to himself, "I shall go down to posterity as a great public benefactor." As I looked over his shoulder, I, however, observed that the bequest was conditional on the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Leaving the house of this repentant sinner, I proceeded on my way without any definite object, and met a fellow in irons, who had taken advantage of the confusion which reigned every where around, to make his escape from prison. He had committed a wanton and atrocious murder; and his execution was fixed for the next day. He seemed so elate at his escape, that I could not forbear reminding him that he had only got out of the frying-pan into the fire. He briskly replied, "O, but you forget I have escaped the disgrace of hanging." On my reminding him that the disgrace was in the crime, not in the punishment, he answered, "I differ with you entirely in this matter," and proceeded on, rattling his chain as if in triumph.

My next encounter was with a person who had distinguished himself in several controversies on questions which, admitting of no demonstration either of facts or arguments, afford the finest scope for interminable

discussion. He had written more than one dissertation to prove that the prophet knew nothing about what he had predicted, and gone nigh to convince his readers that he was in the same predicament. I was proceeding to converse with him on the unexpected catastrophe so rapidly approaching, when he impatiently interrupted me: "Unexpected, indeed!" said he, "I have been so busy in proving it to be all a humbug, that I am sorry to say that I am altogether unprepared. But that is not the worst. The most provoking part of the business is, that this old blockhead should be right and I wrong. My reputation is entirely ruined; and I shall go down to posterity as a teacher of false doctrines and a bad reasoner." "Don't be uneasy on that score," I replied, "posterity will know nothing of the matter." Upon which he left me in a great passion, affirming that I had reflected on himself and his works, which, upon my honor, was not my intention.

The philosopher had scarcely left me when there approached an old man of rather venerable appearance, who seemed an exception to the rest of the world—being evidently elated at what filled all others with horror and dismay. He was rubbing his hands in great glee, ever and anon exclaiming, "I told them so; I predicted all this years ago, but the blockheads would n't believe me. They have got it now, and may laugh as much as they please." Anxious to know the meaning of all this, I ventured to ask an explanation: "What!" said he, "don't you know I am the prophet who foretold the destruction of the world by fire, the first of April, 1843?—The clergy preached against me in their pulpits; the philosophers laughed; and the would-be wise ones hooted at me as a fool, or an impostor. But they have got it now—they have got it now—ha! ha! ha!" and the worthy old prophet went his way delighted at the fulfilment of his prediction. He had not proceeded far, however, when he came in sight of the bed of the river, which was now one vast volcano of consuming fires, and encountered such a scorching blast from that quarter, that he turned round and approached me again with great precipitation. On inquiring where he was going in such a hurry, he replied, "Going? why to make preparation for this awful catastrophe, which, to tell you the truth, I have entirely neglected, being altogether taken up with predicting it. Bless my soul! I had no idea it would be so hot!" At that moment, it seemed that he took fire, and in a few minutes was consumed to ashes, exclaiming to the last, "Well, well, it matters not, I shall go down to posterity as the last of the prophets!"

The last person I recollect of meeting, was the worthy old gentleman who railed against the world so copiously at the commencement of this vision. He was puffing and blowing, and fanning himself with his hat at a prodigious rate. "Well, my friend," said I, coolly and quietly, "well, my friend, you were quite right in your opinion that the world was pretty well worn out, and on its last legs. It is in truth, an old, superannuated concern, not worth mending; and as you truly stated, so over head and ears in debt, that the sooner it winds up its affairs, and calls its creditors together, the better." The old gentleman, however, did not seem altogether to agree with me in this opinion. He hesitated, wiped his brow, and at length replied: "Why, ay—yes—to be sure! I confess, I thought so yesterday, but had no idea it was going to happen so soon; and besides, really when one comes to consider the matter coolly," and then he puffed

and panted as if almost roasted to death; "when one, I say, considers the matter coolly, this world, after all is said and done, is not so bad but that an honest man might have made up his mind to live in it a little longer. It might have been mended so as to be tolerable; and considering the pains every body is taking to make it better, I don't think the case was altogether desperate. Really, it has scarcely had a fair trial, and with a few scores of years more; what with the great improvements in machinery; the wonderful facilities in travelling; and the exertions of a comprehensive philanthropy, I see no reason to despair of the millenium. But it is all over now; the advocates of 'progress,' will never know whether they were dreaming or awake; and I shall die without ever predicting another hard winter."

How much farther my good old friend would have carried his recantation, can never be known; for just at this critical moment, methought he blew up with a prodigious explosion; a glare of light, so intensely brilliant as to be beyond endurance, flashed before my eyes, and a sense of suffocation came over me, with such overwhelming force, that I struggled myself awake; and the first sounds I heard in the street were those of the little boys crying out "April fool! April fool!"

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

SALT-WATER BUBBLES.

NAVAL STRATAGEMS.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

In war, among every nation, stratagie, deception, or humbug, has always been considered justifiable, and has been practised by the most brave and honorable commanders, on the land and on the ocean. In naval warfare, fire-ships are sometimes used for the destruction of an enemy; torpedoes have been invented, which, being attached to the bottom of a ship, explode, shattering the ship to atoms, and destroying the crew. It is customary, also, to hoist false colors, for the purpose of deceiving a foe;—to board an enemy's ship in the dark, after pulling alongside with muffled oars;—indeed, stratagems of every kind, which may tend to the capture or destruction of an enemy, are pronounced by the laws of nations, not only justifiable, but laudable!

In a single combat, between two individuals, with sword, pistol, or cudgel, great care is taken that neither party shall have any advantage over the other. The weapons must be alike;—the shade and the sun must be equally divided;—the attitudes must be the same—and if any undue advantage is taken by either party, he is liable to be shot, or knocked down, by his opponent's second. Also in a regular game of fisticuffs, no advantage is allowed by either party; it must be a fair "stand up fight"—and to strike an antagonist when on the ground, or off his guard, would be pro-

nounced base and cowardly. But the commander of a large ship at sea, or of a naval squadron, has no hesitation in engaging with an enemy, although the enemy may be much weaker than himself, or crippled in a previous action or tempest! He has no compunctions about getting the weather-gage, if this will give him an advantage; and instead of taking great pains to keep fairly alongside, returning gun for gun with his enemy, he will not scruple to fire two shots to his one, if convenient—or to wear under the stern of his antagonist, raking him fore and aft, and making shambles of his decks. Indeed, in some of the most successful actions which have been fought, with fleets or single ships, the victor has had reason to pride himself more upon his skill and management in manœuvring his ship or ships, than by his indomitable bravery in returning gun for gun, when fairly alongside.

Lord Nelson achieved undying fame by gaining the battle of the Nile. But in that action he took a most unfair advantage of the brave Admiral Bruyeres. He *humbugged* the Frenchman, and victory perched on his brow. The enemy's ships were anchored in line, and the British ships approached the line, running before the wind; but instead of each ship selecting an antagonist, anchoring alongside, and contesting the game in a manly manner, with hard knocks, on *equal principles*, two of the British ships were ordered to tackle to one Frenchman, one on each side; and thus four or five of the Frenchmen at the head of the line were soon drubbed into a surrender, before the others could beat up to their assistance. The remainder, of course, with one or two exceptions, were afterwards taken in detail!

It is even said that the gallant Lawrence, in the last war, in his battle with the Peacock, was indebted for his victory as much to his skill in manœuvring, or *deception*, as to his courage and manly bearing. He succeeded in getting the weather gage, and with his guns double shotted, ranged alongside of his enemy within half pistol shot, before he fired a gun; then his whole broadsides was fired as the guns were brought to bear, directed at the centre of the hull, near the water line. The Peacock thus received many shots between wind and water. The Hornet soon ranged ahead and wore short round. The Peacock followed her example to avoid being raked, but unfortunately for her, fell into another trap. Her wounded side was thus brought to leeward before the shot-holes could be plugged; and while the Peacock was in this forlorn condition, the Hornet did not forbear to pepper her antagonist in the most unwholesome manner; and the consequence was, that in less than fifteen minutes the Peacock was sunk in five fathoms of water!

This was rather *taking the advantage*, to be sure; but it was nothing in comparison to the trick played upon Commodore Porter, of the frigate *Essex*, by the British commander Hillyer, who availed himself of the aid of a large sloop of war to attack the *Essex* frigate, although his own frigate, the *Phoebe*, was superior in force, and armed with *long guns*, while the armament of the *Essex* consisted mostly of *carronades*—and finding that the *Essex* was crippled in her spars, this brave commodore and his consort kept at long shot distance, instead of coming alongside, man-fashion; and while he was safe from the broadside of the *Essex*, he could hull that frigate with every shot! The action was thus a most unequal one; resembling a combat between a lame man with a pistol, and two others, blazing

away with rifles, and availing themselves of their superior activity to keep at least a hundred yards distance from the poor fellow, whom they were thus leisurely and perseveringly boring with their bullets!

In the course of another action during the last war, an attempt to play the same game was unsuccessful, and the deceiver became the victim! Capt. Carden, of the British frigate *Macedonian*, although an officer of undoubted bravery, had an instinctive aversion to coming to close quarters with a Yankee frigate, when long shots would answer the purpose equally as well, and perhaps better. His lower deck battery consisted of long eighteens—and on falling in with the American frigate *United States*, commanded by the gallant Decatur, he, unfortunately for himself, mistook her for the *Essex*, whose armament he knew was composed principally of carronades; and with a degree of prudence and calculation, which he undoubtedly *thought* would entitle him to great praise, he adopted a course which he expected would secure him, with but little risk and some patience, an easy victim. Having the *weather gage* he commenced the action at *long shots*, and kept at a distance from the enemy, while he was able, hoping to cripple his antagonist without receiving any injury himself! But Carden soon found that he had caught a *Tartar*! for instead of seeing the balls from the carronades of the *Essex* falling short, and doing him no harm, he *felt* the iron missiles from the long guns of the *United States*, which were directed with such care and judgment, that they hulled his frigate every time, to the great astonishment and annoyance of the British Captain and his officers! The stratagem proved signally unsuccessful, and the *Macedonian* was soon compelled to haul down her colors!

A very neat stratagem was once played off by John B. Nicolson, of the navy, now commander of this naval station. In the last war he was first Lieutenant of the *Peacock* when commanded by Lawrence—and after the capture of the *Epervier*, he was given in charge of that vessel. On the coast of Georgia he was chased by an English frigate, and an attempt was made to carry the *Epervier* by boats. Lieut. Nicolson had then only sixteen officers and men, and his vessel was for a time in a very critical situation—for, if the enemy had boarded him, no effectual resistance could have been made. In this awkward dilemma he resorted to *strategie*, and as the boats approached within hailing distance, pulling in his wake, the Lieutenant, with admirable presence of mind, seized his speaking trumpet, and with a great flourish, and in a stentorian voice, proclaimed that he was about to give orders to *yaw* the vessel that the guns might bear on the boats—and bade them point every gun with care, and when he should give the word to fire a broadside, to blow the rascals all sky high! This appearance, on the part of the American, of a readiness to engage, and a determination to destroy the enemy, without much ceremony, intimidated the British commander, who thought it would be madness to approach *that* vessel nearer, with the intention to board—and the attempt was abandoned at the very moment when it could have been executed with success. The *Epervier* arrived safely at Savannah, and the steadiness and ingenuity of Lieut. Nicolson were much applauded at the time.

But one of the prettiest tricks performed during the war, was by Commodore Rodgers. It was in the early part of the war, when he was in command of the *President*. The English ships on the coast knew that he was on a cruise, and would soon return, and all the commanders were

cautioned to keep a good lookout for the Yankee frigate. The President fell in with the land off Montauk Point, and was standing towards Gay Head, keeping an eye to windward for the enemy's cruisers, when a strange sail was made in the offing, on the starboard bow. He was soon made out to be a schooner, a rakish looking one, too, coming up under full sail. She soon hoisted English colors, and from her general appearance, and the color of her canvass, confirmed the indication that she was a member of the family of John Bull.

Commodore Rodgers shortened sail, and also hoisted English colors—and the commander of the schooner, who was evidently a thick-headed fellow, took it for granted that the President was one of the English frigates on that station. But in order to make sure that he was right, he hoisted a set of signals—which of course could not be understood on board the Yankee. The Commodore, however, ordered a red and white flag to be run up quickly, and immediately hauled down. This had the desired effect. The flag was not clearly distinguished, but the commander of the schooner was convinced that his signal had been duly answered, and not wishing to appear dull on the occasion, hauled down his flags, and continued his course until he came under the lee quarter of the frigate, within range of her guns!

The President hove to with the British ensign flying at her peak—the schooner was soon within hail—and the question was asked from the President—"What schooner is that?"

"His Majesty's schooner Highflyer," was the respectful reply.

"Come on board, sir, with your papers, directly."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The boat was lowered forthwith, and manned, and a British Lieutenant stepped into it, and was soon alongside of the frigate. He ascended the gangway with an air of much importance, and was politely received by an officer on deck, and ushered into the cabin, where sat Commodore Rodgers, "as calm as a summer's morning," with a roguish leer lurking about his countenance.

The Lieutenant, with a bow, handed the Commodore some papers, containing his instructions.

"Umph!" grunted the Commodore, "and so, sir, I see you are on the look out for the American frigate President, Commodore Rodgers."

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you seen any thing of her?"

"No, sir!"

"When did you leave the squadron?"

"Yesterday morning, sir."

"Have you had so particular a description of the President as to enable you to recognize her if you should chance to fall in with her?" continued the Commodore.

"Certainly, sir! I shall be able to know her immediately!"

"Well, sir!" said Commodore Rodgers, with a smile, looking the British officer full in the eye, "I will keep you no longer in suspense, and will take this opportunity to inform you that you are now on board the United States ship President, and that the person who now has the honor of addressing you, is Commodore Rodgers!"

The astonishment of the poor Lieutenant may be imagined. He had been most egregiously duped, and could never hold up his head again. The labors of his life were destroyed in a moment.

While this little scene had been enacting in the cabin, the crew were piped to dinner, and the officer of the deck ordered one of the boatswain's mates to ask the boat's crew to come on board, and get something to eat.

This functionary accordingly looked over the side, and addressing the boat's crew, said,—“I say, shipmates, step aboard, will you, and get something to eat?”

“Shipmates, is it? Ha!” replied a suspicious, dry-looking chap, acting as coxwain, who was in the act of thrusting an enormous quid of tobacco between his jaws. “Pretty shipmates you are!”

The men went on deck and took a look at the sails and around them. “I say, Ned,” exclaimed the coxwain, “just twig that *split canvas jib*! Brother Jonathan has fairly got to windward of us this time!”

The next morning, the frigate President and schooner Highflyer were snugly at anchor in the harbor of Newport.

W I N T E R .

BY MARY HOWITT.

In rich men's hall the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts, the fire is low,
Thro' broken panes the keen winds blow,
The old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!
Its pains are many, its foes are strong,
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter all the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS work was instituted by the Grand Lodge of the United States for the benefit of the Order, and the advantage which it was anticipated would accrue from its wide circulation among the brotherhood induced a reasonable hope that in its support it would enlist the favorable influence of every well-wisher of Odd-Fellowship. So far as our feeble efforts could be employed, they have been earnestly put forth to realize the expectation of the Founders of the "Covenant and Official Magazine," and we are gratified to say that but few complaints against its conduct or character have reached us, whilst the work has been as we confess undeservedly the subject of much commendation, as well from the press at large as from the brotherhood to whose especial interests it is principally devoted. We will nevertheless not disguise the fact that its present patronage will not sustain its publication. If it is believed that in a community like that of Odd-Fellowship, covering so vast a jurisdiction, extending over so wide spread and scattered a field, and embracing so many essential and important interests, that the weal of the association requires the dissemination from time to time of valuable "official" information; that it is due to the elevated rank and the meritorious position of our Order among the benevolent institutions of the world, in view of the large amount of aid which it is continually affording in the great work of benefaction to man which marks the philanthropic efforts of this enlightened age, that there should be an "official organ" to collate, condense and proclaim its principles and their fruits—then the constituency of Odd-Fellowship in this jurisdiction will when apprised of the adverse circumstances in which we are placed hasten to the aid of the work—but if on the contrary opinions are entertained to any considerable extent against the value or utility of such an "Official organ," the Covenant must be considered to be numbered after the year 1843 with the things which "have been."

It is true that the times are sadly out of joint—that the scarcity of money and the consequent difficulty of obtaining employment has disabled many of our brethren from subscribing for the work, and we regret that the signs at present do not indicate a very speedy relief from these great evils—all branches of industry are paralyzed at present, and the future presents but little in the vista to cheer or animate our hopes. In the midst of this universal gloom which pervades the land we could not reasonably have expected to have escaped its blighting and withering influence, yet we

have struggled along thus far in our voyage of life despite of great difficulties which from the very beginning have encompassed our labours.—We are now at a critical point; upon the community of Odd-Fellows in the United States we mainly depend for our being—to that body we now frankly make known our embarrassment, and upon their united effort we alone rely to determine for themselves, whether the “Covenant and Official Magazine” of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States shall be suppressed after the year 1843. For the present year, upon individual responsibility if the emergency requires it, will the work be continued.

In the facts above disclosed may be found the reasons for the irregularity of the appearance of the Covenant for several months past, and to relieve us from a continuance of such irregularity it is only necessary that subscribers should be prompt in their payments to Agents, and that Agents should be equally prompt in remitting to the General Agent at Philadelphia. We are aware that at the time of the establishment of the work, there were many of our brethren who sincerely believed that its connexion with the Grand Lodge of the United States was unwise and impolitic, and that while as an individual enterprise its merits might entitle it to their patronage, yet in view of its “official” relation it could not with propriety be sustained by them, without subjecting them to the inconsistency of objecting to and advocating the same thing. Entertaining these views many not only failed to subscribe themselves, but felt committed not to advocate its interests:—To what extent these objections have operated to limit the circulation of the Covenant we are unable even to conjecture, and until recently were disposed to regard the number of our brethren who were of this class of objectors as very small. For our own part we cannot see the force of the objection.—If the Grand Lodge of the United States had have passed an order to suppress all other similar publications, or had by some arbitrary act have undertaken to tax the Order for the support of her “official organ,” there would have been some show of propriety in objecting to the institution of this work—but when in point of fact, she has simply originated a journal for the dissemination of her own official documents, and the publication of such matter from her files as may be interesting to the fraternity, leaving individual enterprise free and untrammelled to seek the reward of its own merit, we cannot for the life of us divine the argument in the objection to our work, which is urged from its mere “official” connexion with the Grand Lodge of the United States. It is true the sanction of her name and authority may add weight and character to the magazine, and with many may operate as a high recommendation to their patronage, and in this respect at first glance may appear to work injustice to individual effort in the same cause; but let it be recollected that the publication of the Covenant is designed to promote no individual gain, that its end is exclusively the promotion of the common good of the Order, and that too at a very considerable outlay of capital on the part of its Founder, it will at once be seen that there is no force in the imputation of the undue influence which its “official” connexion gives it over publications however meritorious yet designed for individual profit alone.

There are others who object to the Covenant from very different and much less tenable grounds. We have been surprised to learn that many suppose that the publication of the work mainly subserves the ends of

providing salaries to the Editors. May we thus publicly disabuse all our brethren who have been predisposed against the volume under such mistaken opinions. There is no kind of labour which is generally less appreciated than intellectual toil, and, they especially who earn their subsistence by the daily sweat of the brow are prone to consider the efforts of the mind as mere recreative amusement when compared with their arduous mechanical toil. How great such an error—how unjust such conclusions. Little do those who form such opinions know of the constant drain which the labour of the mind is making upon the health and life-springs of its subjects. Little do they know of the loss of rest, and the midnight toil to which the author or editor is habitually exposed, and little indeed do they know of the amount of the comforts and enjoyments of life of which they are from necessity debarred by the very nature of their calling. Indeed if experience may be regarded as furnishing any light upon the subject of the relative fruits of mechanical and literary labour, we may securely refer all who entertain this objection to the abundant harvest of reward and comfort which so frequently crowns the industry of the mechanic, while the scholar, author or editor is almost universally left to struggle on in difficulties and embarrassments with if not a scanty, a truly precarious subsistence. The compensation to the editorial department of the Covenant (when paid) is distributed to the writers for its pages—as yet we are sorry to say they have been but poorly paid, in consequence of the fewness of its subscribers and the difficulty of its collections.

We leave the subject with our brethren—upon their opinion and exertions depend the being of the Magazine.

§3 We give the subjoined letter in full as the most effectual means of accomplishing the object of the writer, prefacing only that having taken the article from the "Cleveland Gatherer," in which we presumed it was original, we gave credit to that source and have therefore no further explanation to make.

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 31, 1843.

Dear Sir and Brother:

In the first number of the Covenant for this year I find an article copied from the "Cleveland Gatherer." Now as I believe it is proper to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars," and finding you unintentionally guilty of a little plagiarism, am disposed to correct it. The article alluded to is the original introduction to the by-laws of Niagara Lodge, No. 25, and was written by P. G'd R. S. Holden, the founder and pioneer of Odd-Fellowship in the "Queen City of the Lakes," and I may say in Western New York and Northern Ohio. Our worthy brother P. G. Holden, to whom the lodges in the west owe grateful feelings, (he having assisted in establishing the two first lodges west of Albany,) we cannot see his industry given to another without correcting it.

This worthy P. G. is now in the far west, but it will be gratifying to his brothers if you will please correct it, and more particularly to the brethren of Buffalo Lodge, of which he is a member.

I remain your's in F. L. & T.

NIAGARA, 25.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

New York—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary J. G. Treadwell, dated New York, February 6, 1843.

I have the pleasure of stating that since our last report to the G. Lodge of the United States, September, 1842, the Order has steadily progressed throughout our jurisdiction. City Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, and Union Lodge, No. 8, Albany, formally expelled in August, 1839, have been restored to fellowship—this is truly gratifying.

The following lodges have been chartered and are in successful operation, viz:—

		Location.	County.
Mohawk Valley,	No. 72,	Schenectady,	Schenectady.
Mount Vernon,	" 73,	New York,	New York.
Orange County,	" 74,	Newburgh,	Orange.
Cryptic,	" 75,	Peekskill,	Westchester.
Rockland County,	" 76,	Haverstraw,	Rockland.
Westchester,	" 77,	Tarrytown,	Westchester.
Croton,	" 78,	New York,	New York.
Onondaga,	" 79,	Syracuse,	Onondaga.
Cayuga,	" 80,	Auburn,	Cayuga.
Jamaica.	" 81,	Jamaica, L. I.	Queens.
German Oak,	" 82,	New York,	New York.
Piermont,	" 83,	Piermont,	Rockland.
Monroe Degree Lodge,	" 12,	Rochester,	Monroe.
Franklin " "	" 13,	Brooklyn,	Kings.

The Patriarchal Order is also flourishing—the following Encampments have been chartered since last report, viz:—

Mount Hope,	No. 11,	Rochester,	Monroe.
M't Horeb, (German,)	" 12,	New York,	New York.

In my last I reported three lodges as having contributed to the English Mission—I perceive you notice but two. Please acknowledge Columbia Lodge, No. 1, \$10—this one you omitted.

South Carolina and Georgia—Extract of a letter from Rev. Albert Case, D. D. G. Sire, dated Macon, Ga., January 29, 1843.

Here am I, three hundred miles from home on a mission of Odd-Fellowship—and herewith I transmit you official returns of the formation of a lodge in this city.

I met the applicants on the evening of the 27th, in a neat hall they had fitted up for their use, and assisted by brother Alfred Price of Charleston, instituted "Franklin Lodge, No. 2." The officers for the present quarter are—

GUY L. WARREN,	N. G.
TRUMAN HART,	V. G.
W. C. BREEZE,	Sec'y.
J. C. PLANT,	Treas'r.

Fifteen were initiated on the evenings of the 27th and 28th, and twelve received degrees. Franklin Lodge will make a scientific return at the close of the quarter.

SAVANNAH, 31st January, 1843.

This evening I paid an official visit to Oglethorpe Lodge, No. 1. It numbers about 70 members—works well—and is now more prosperous than formerly. The books of the Secretaries have been handsomely kept, and reflect much credit on the officers.

The sickness of the brothers during the last season has drawn nearly all the funds, but if favored with health for the future the funds will be increased. The lodge is composed of respectable men, and is an honor to the Order. Brother A. N. Miller, the first N. G., is an intelligent and zealous brother, has done much for the Order here, and will not relax his exertions. He is one of the Aldermen of the city, and his influence is favorable to Odd-Fellowship.

SAVANNAH, February 3, 1843.

On the evening of the 1st inst. I met the applicants for No. 3. at Odd-Fellows' Hall in this city. I was assisted by P. G. Miller of No. 1—and instituted "Live Oak Lodge, No. 3." The officers for the present quarter are—

ELIAS PARSONS, M. D.	N. G.
G. W. MILLER,	V. G.
J. S. THOMAS,	Sec'y.
E. J. PURSE,	Treas'r.
REV. N. ALDRICH,	Chaplain.

I could not have selected better men than are associated in the lodges formed during my present visit. The Order will now receive a new impetus in this State, and ere long an application will be made for a Grand Lodge in Georgia.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 8, 1843.

I am now at home, and much pleased with my recent tour to Georgia. I have received the Warrant for the formation of a lodge at St. Augustine.

The interest of the Order has not abated in this State—our five lodges are doing well—and so are the Encampments. I granted a Warrant for the institution of a new lodge on the 12th ult.—it will rank as No. 6, and be held at Winnsboro'. I expect it has been organized ere this.

I send you a check for the following amount, viz:—

For charter for Eutaw Encampment, Columbia,	- - -	\$30
For " " Live Oak Lodge, No. 3, Savannah,	- - -	30
For " " Franklin Lodge, No. 2, Macon,	- - -	30
For " " " " " 2, St. Augustine,	- - -	30

Amounting to - - - \$120

Being all the monies in my hands for the G. Lodge of the United States.

Alabama—Extract of a letter from G. Cor. Sec'y Thomas Stringer, dated Mobile, February 10, 1843.

Is there any prospect of a visit from some (qualified in *all* degrees, even the Encampment,) official member of the Grand Lodge of the United States to this section shortly? Should a travelling agent or lecturer have been appointed, it will rejoice many of the Order, who are laboring under difficulties in the work of the Order—arising from an insufficiency in the

manner of their teaching. All these difficulties we are laboring to surmount, but find it no easy task.

It is with pride that I inform you of the steady increase of our Order here, and also of the laudable industry which many of our younger members are exhibiting to obtain a perfect knowledge, not only of the real objects, but also of the work of our beloved Order. Nothing but the depression of the times has retarded our progress—of this instances are daily occurring, and if business was better I have no doubt that numerous applications would be made of such, as when the trial of the faith and fortitude of an Odd-Fellow shall be required, would not be found wanting.

I also add a list of Grand Officers, to serve until June, 1843.

M. W. G. Master,	JAMES CURRY,	P. G.—P. H. P.
R. W. D. G. Master,	EZEKIEL SALOMON,	P. G.—P. C. P.
R. W. G. Warden,	(Vacant.)	
R. W. G. Chaplain,	THOMAS STRINGER,	P. G.—P. C. P.
R. W. G. Secretary,	THOMAS C. RAWLINS,	P. G.—P. C. P.
R. W. G. Treasurer,	HENRY MCKIBBEN,	P. G.—R. P. D.

Missouri—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Wm. S. Stewart, dated Saint Louis, February 1, 1843.

I leave here in a few days for the interior of the State to open a new lodge—on my return I shall go to Arkansas. I think between this and the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States two other Lodges and an Encampment will be in operation in Missouri, viz: eight Lodges and two Encampments.

The following is a list of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Missouri for the present year, which you will please publish.

ROBERT CATHCART,	- - - -	M. W. G. Master.
WM. H. REMINGTON,	- - - -	R. W. D. G. Master.
ROBERT CAREY,	- - - -	R. W. G. Secretary.
CONRAD FOX,	- - - -	R. W. G. Treasurer.
JACOB HAWTHORN,	- - - -	R. W. G. Warden.
SALATHIEL GETZENDANER,	- - - -	W. G. Conductor.
H. C. KATZ,	- - - -	W. G. Guardian.
WARREN C. CORLEY,	- - - -	W. G. Host.
GERARD B. ALLEN,	- - - -	W. G. Chaplain.

Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary Robert Carey, dated Saint Louis, January 31, 1843.

At the annual communication of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Missouri, held at their hall on the 28th day of January, 1843, P. G. M. William S. Stewart offered the following resolutions, which were on motion *unanimously* adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Grand Lodge of Missouri are due, and hereby tendered to P. G. M. James L. Ridgely and G. Chaplain I. D. Williamson, for the able and satisfactory manner in which they conducted the correspondence (as Deputies from the Grand Lodge of the United States) with the Annual Moveable Committee of the Manchester Unity of England.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary transmit a copy of the above resolution to the Editor of the Official Magazine.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1843.

No. 4.

THE CONDEMNED.

BY F. G. ROGERSON, ED. OF ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, ENGLAND.

*My first, my holiest love—her broken heart
Lies low—and I—unpardoned, I depart!*

Felicia Hemans.

It was about the middle of July, when, after many invitations and broken promises, I set out to visit an old school-fellow, who had taken unto himself a mate, and was comfortably settled at a distance from the smoke and noise of the town in which I resided. A considerable portion of my way lay through cross-country roads and straggling villages, whose deep quiet had never been broken by the rumble of a stage-coach; I therefore mounted my steed, and proceeded at an easy pace, calculating to reach the end of my journey before nightfall. I trotted on for an hour or two pleasantly enough, alternately admiring the surrounding scenery, and recalling to my memory the many boyish frolics in which the friend I was visiting and myself had of old indulged. I had been for sometime absorbed in one of these remembrances, when I was awakened from my revery by the sound of distant thunder; and the hitherto unnoticed clouds, which I perceived gathering above my head, seemed the dark heralds of a coming storm. Urging my horse to a quicker pace, I was enabled to arrive at a small village before the loaded heavens discharged their freightage. There was not any place in the village designated by the name of an inn, and I found a difficulty in procuring shelter for myself and horse. I at length succeeded in providing my steed a defence against the weather in an out-building, and took up my own quarters in an old but comfortable-looking farm-house. The rain, that now beat violently against the windows, and the increasing denseness of the clouds, afforded me the prospect of a thorough wet day, whilst the only thing on which I could congratulate myself was, that I had escaped being drenched to the skin.

Washington Irving has well described the monotony of a rainy Sunday to one confined in an inn, but even there I am inclined to think more variety may be found than in a farm-house. A rainy day in the country is truly a dreary thing. There is certainly something to cheer and console a person in town, when confined to the house by incessant rain. Seated at our casement, what an idea of snugness comes upon us, as we contrast the dryness and warmth of our own situation with that of the poor defenceless wretches who hurry along with garments streaming with the liquid element, and hats whose opposite extremities are converted into water-spouts. This is all remarkably gratifying, but in the country we have no such amusement. However, there I sat, determined to be as content as possible, and at least not to lack entertainment from a want of observation. So I gazed upon the trees, and watched the drops which the wind shook from the leaves; and upon the flowers, which looked as though they actually felt the agonies of drowning; and I also remarked, with no pleasant sensation, the overflowing of a large pool, which threatened shortly to inundate the house. These things met my eyes until they ached, and I turned away, devoured with spleen and ennui. My faculties of hearing were as agreeably greeted as those of vision—the ticking of an old clock, the occasional cackle of fowls, the neighing of my horse, and the lowing of cows, were the various and pleasing sounds which saluted me. I inquired for a book, and was shewn my host's collection. I found it to consist of an old folio Bible, in which the births and deaths of the family were carefully registered; two Prayer Books; Sternhold and Hopkins' elegant version of the Psalms; and a volume which seemed the type of eternity, having neither beginning nor end. I felt still more irritable and melancholy, and had come to the determination of sallying forth, and braving all the fury of the storm, when I was induced to change my resolution by an observation proceeding from my host. He had hitherto sat reserved and silent, solacing himself with a pipe, which he evidently preferred to my conversation, having answered any remarks I thought proper to address to him with nothing more than a monosyllable. "Perhaps," said he, withdrawing the tube reluctantly from his lips, and speaking with an effort, in a tone of voice resembling that which one would suppose saluted the ears of Balaam, when his ass was gifted with the power of speech,—“perhaps the gentleman would like to look at the papers left by the stranger.” Though these words were addressed to his wife, I eagerly caught at their import, and inquired to what he alluded. I was informed that some months ago, a stranger, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, with nothing singular in his appearance, except the extreme paleness of his features, and the wild and restless character of his eyes, had resided under their roof for a few days. It was night, when seemingly exhausted by travel, he knocked at the door of their dwelling and earnestly craved shelter, protesting he was utterly unable to proceed further on his journey. His request was granted, and at his own wish he was accommodated with a small chamber in the most remote part of the house. He promised to remunerate them handsomely for his short stay, on condition that they preserved a strict secrecy as to his being an inmate of their habitation. Having procured paper and writing-materials, he seldom left his room for more than a few moments, and would, on the sound of an approaching footstep, immediately rush into his place of

concealment. At his departure he placed in the hands of the farmer a sealed packet, with an injunction that he should not open it until a month had elapsed. This packet, which contained the following manuscript, was now produced for my perusal. My host had broken the seal, but finding the writing unintelligible, he had thrown it aside before he had finished the first page. I sat down, determined to wade through it, and certainly found some parts of it rather difficult to interpret. As I was permitted for a trifling consideration to retain possession of the manuscript, I have at my leisure been enabled to unravel its occasional obscurities, and now present to the reader a literal transcript.

In a few days I shall be far from England, and all who have ever felt an interest in my fate. I have no motive in writing this narrative, except that of beguiling the short period of time which I have yet to remain in my native land, ere the vessel that is to bear me hence is in readiness. Should these pages by chance meet the eyes of any of those who knew me in happier days, let me hope they will pity, if they cannot pardon, one who hath been the victim of his passions.

My parents were respectable, and though not affluent, above the wants of the world. One circumstance destroyed their comfort. They were destined to behold their earliest offspring sink into the grave just as the mind began to unfold itself. I, more hardy than the rest, struggled with death and overcame him. Others were born after me, but they all shared the fate of my predecessors, and I—the doomed—the guilty one was alone destined to survive. It was for this reason that I was so loved, so idolized by my parents: they feared that I too should fall beneath the destroyer, and like some florist who finds all the flowers he prized, save one, perish, they built their sole hope on the bud which was still left them. My disposition was not naturally bad, but my passions were ever easily excited, and from my infancy I have been the victim, the slave of impulse. Still childhood was unattended with crime, and to it I can look back with feelings of unmixed delight, for even in childhood commenced that love which through my dark career has clung to my heart in its original freshness and purity. Yes, my Bertha—I cannot choose but call thee mine—amidst the clouds of guilt which overshadow my soul thou art living in my remembrance; thy image is yet unbroken. Still do I recall the time when first we met—thou, a happy child, radiant with innocence and beauty, and I, a glad and careless boy. Oh, God! when, unconscious that the world held aught of sin, our arms were entwined around each other's forms—when we gathered the daisy and the cup of gold, free from taint as themselves—when we reclined by the glassy stream, or chased the winged insects—who would THEN have thought that the world's sorrow and the world's shame would fall on beings so pure and sinless? Those were days of joy, of bright, unclouded joy; but I see thee as thou wert in other days—days when, if care and pain at times mingled with our bliss, it was more exquisite and intense. Well do I remember the time when first we became conscious of the deep, the undying love which was blent with our very existence, with our life's blood, never to die until life itself became extinguished. I see thee now, my

Bertha, as when in pale and dreamy beauty, thou listenedst to my vows of changeless love—the moon, the bright and blessed moon, looked down in smiles upon thee, and the pure stars above our heads shone fair and tremblingly, as though they gazed upon thy gentle breast, and throbbed in sympathy; and oh! the tears, the dewy tears that streamed upon my cheek as in my arms I clasped my first, my last, mine only love.

I shall hasten over this period of my life, this oasis in the desert of my existence, for it is not the quiet joy of my early youth, but the events of after years that I have taken up my pen to record. I have said that my love for Bertha commenced in childhood. It increased with our years, it grew more fervent as time passed over us—at its birth, a small and sparkling brook, it glided on in placid beauty, gathering fresh strength and power in its course, until it burst forth a mighty and a chainless stream. My equal in society, and the daughter of my father's dearest friend, I saw not the slightest obstacle to our union, and for awhile the future seemed as though it were only fraught with blessings. Jealousy is at once the offspring and the curse of love. I was susceptible of it to an extraordinary degree. I could not endure that she should smile, that she should look upon another. I was miserable if she stirred abroad and I was absent from her side. She never gave me the slightest reason to doubt her constancy; she knew my foible, yet never breathed a reproach against my causeless doubts. I strove to subdue, to conquer this baleful passion—in vain—if she unavoidably was constrained to leave her home, and I found her not there, I wandered near the house like an unquiet spirit, pacing with hurried steps, until I saw her return. I have lain whole nights parched and sleepless, haunted by some chance look or word bestowed by her upon another. There were moments when it was impossible to control the jealous rage that rankled at my heart, like a serpent devouring its very core, and I would start up and rush from her into the open street, cursing my miserable failing, though unable to get the better of it. Oh, how I doted on that girl! after passing hours with her, and when prudence at length told me to depart, in the darkness of night, when the blast and the rain beat upon me, I have lingered in the cold and desolate streets gazing on the small window of her sleeping chamber, until the disappearance of the light told me she sought repose, and I have then left the spot breathing blessings on her name. I never uttered that dear name save with a tongue faltering at its utterance—I never heard it casually mentioned in the cold tone of indifference, without feeling as though it were a profanation so to mention it, and yet my soul sickened when the lips of the stranger praised her loveliness. Perchance I worshipped her as a creature should not be worshipped—perchance I paid to her that adoration which ought only to be paid to the Creator. I could have bowed down before an inanimate object consecrated by her touch, as bends the devotee before his altar. I could not deem her a mere mortal—I could have prostrated myself at her feet as a divinity, and kissed the ground she had hallowed by her footsteps. If, however, I was an idolater, I sought not for proselytes—and I wished to be alone in my idolatry. I had set up an idol, and I wished to offer my vows in secret, the sole, the only one of my creed.

Indolent, irresolute, and naturally unfitted for business, it was with difficulty I was at length prevailed upon by my parents to make choice of a

profession. I chose the law, and was soon disgusted with the dry and laborious study which it was necessary I should go through, in order to qualify myself for the profession. I became acquainted with a set of wild and dissolute young fellows, who, like myself, preferred pleasure to business. I was a frequent visiter at the theatres, and grew enamoured of the stage. Whilst my eyes travelled mechanically over tedious treatises on conveyancing, my imagination was wandering to the glowing language of Shakspeare, and I fancied myself an embryo Roscius. How I envied the life of a leading actor! With what a proud consciousness of the superiority of my own conception and execution did I repeat to myself the passages for the delivery of which I had heard others so loudly applauded. If once allowed to appear in public, my fame was sealed. I should start into perfection at once; the splendour of my genius would dispense with and atone for my want of practice and ignorance of the minor requisites of an actor, and I should speedily eclipse all competitors. A private theatre was formed, in which I and my stage-struck companions might indulge our propensity. Here we ranted and strutted, much to our own amusement and satisfaction, though, no doubt, greatly to the annoyance of those friends who were patient enough to listen to us. I became the leader, the hero of the company; and my own opinion as to my talents was fully confirmed by my associates, who pronounced me a star of the first magnitude. Dazzled and intoxicated with my success in the limited sphere of my exertions, I panted for a wider and more extended field on which to display my abilities, where I might be seen and appreciated by numerous, and, of course, enraptured auditors. Being now quite possessed with the theatrical mania, the law became still more hateful and neglected. How was it possible that I could stoop to its vile drudgery, when I felt within my mind a power which I fondly deemed was destined to shed a lustre over the dramatic horizon? Why was I to check the aspirations of my spirit, why was I to smother the ambition which burned within my bosom, whilst perfecting myself in the details of a profession which must ever be repugnant to me? Thus did I foolishly argue with myself. I saw no reason why I should make this important sacrifice, and I had almost arrived at the determination of making a clandestine retreat, and, under an assumed name, becoming a follower of the sock and buskin, when an unexpected occurrence confirmed my resolution.

My obvious inattention and carelessness had caused frequent and angry altercations between my master and myself, my part in which was always supported with an insolence only warranted by the opinion I had formed of my requisites for the stage. My father was appealed to repeatedly, and these complaints, coupled with the late hours and loose company I was in the habit of keeping, elicited from him severe reprimands and reproaches. I sometimes resolved to reform and abandon the course of life I was pursuing, but, on meeting with any of my companions, I always found my resolutions too weak to stand against their ridicule at my expressions of remorse, and I plunged still deeper into the vortex of dissipation.

One evening, after having been embroiled in fresh disputes with my employer, I took my way to a neighbouring tavern, in hopes to drown my vexation by copious drafts of liquor. Fool that I was! had I but reflect-

ed for a moment, I might have known it would produce a contrary effect. Each glass I swallowed only increased the bitterness of my feelings, until, in a perfect paroxysm of rage, I rapidly bent my steps homeward, vowing I would no longer submit to the will of a mean, pitiful, pettifogging tyrant. Well had it been for me, if I had directed my feet to any other abode save my own. How inexplicable is human nature! the mind can often calmly contemplate a great and dire calamity, whilst the most trivial dispute will frequently suffer passion to gain the entire ascendancy over reason, at least so it was with me; I could have heard with comparative composure that all my future prospects were suddenly blasted, and now a few angry words had raised within my breast an ungovernable fury. I reached home, and flinging myself on a chair, sat for a time in moody silence. I was roused from this state of sullenness by the loud and reproachful tones of my father's voice. He was a man of mild and gentle disposition, and little subject to violent emotion, but there are few persons who can calmly submit to be treated contemptuously, especially by their own offspring. He had been speaking to me some time in a cool and collected tone, reasoning with me on the absurdity of my conduct, and I, wrapt in my own thoughts, had not answered nor even heard his expostulations. My apparent obstinacy and contempt had roused his anger, and, awakened from my reverie, I was compelled to hear a volley of stinging taunts on my behaviour. I sat awhile, listening to his discourse and endeavouring unavailingly to allay the ferment which boiled tumultuously within my veins. A spell—a black,—a withering spell came over me—my blood seemed turned to gall—it deserted my cheeks, and in its place, I felt as though a foul and jaundiced tide had imparted to my features a ghastly yellow. I started up with the intention of quitting the house. My father rose to impede my progress, and placed himself betwixt me and the door. My eyes burnt hot as living coals, within their sockets—I was desperate,—mad with rage—I scarce knew what I was about to do—I wished to escape,—he endeavoured to compel me to stay—I struggled with him—hell was busy in my heart and brain—I struck him—a vile, a cursed blow laid my parent prostrate at my feet! I did not stay to contemplate the deed—my mother's shrieks rang in my ears, and like a second Cain, I fled to wander I knew not whither—a wretched, guilty fugitive.

With rapid strides, unconscious what direction I took, I traversed many streets, and at last halted from very weariness at an obscure public-house. I had been stunned, horrified with the crime I had committed, but now I beheld it in its most fearful nature. I procured a bed, and cast myself on it without undressing. I slept, and sleep was agony, for I dreamt,—dreamt that I was a parricide!—I again struck a cursed blow, but I was armed with a murderous weapon—I saw it reek with life-drops from my father's heart—I was seized, tried, condemned; and awoke as the hangman's cord, tightened around my neck, was twisting my features into black and horrible distortion. In the dark and silent night I longed for morning, and when it dawned I turned shuddering from its light. What was I to do? home I could not go—no, no, home was no place for me—I could never again encounter the glance of his eye, I could not endure to stand before him against whom my arm had been so madly and sinfully uplifted. A thousand times did I wish that as I had raised it to

accomplish my fatal purpose, the Almighty in his wrath had shrunk it into withered impotence, and cast it dangling by my side, a useless excrescence. One moment's guilt had sealed my fate, and I was now an alien from kindred and friends. I determined to fly far away from my native town, trusting to chance to decide whether or not I should again revisit it. I had but one resource—the stage; and putting in practice my long-cherished scheme, I resolved under a feigned name to become a candidate for theatrical fame. Bertha, my own—my gentle Bertha, I must leave her too,—leave her without one farewell! for how could I appear before her in her innocent beauty, and tell the tale of my shame unto her unpolluted ears? It was impossible we should be separated for ever,—but branded as I was, I would depart, leaving no clue by which to trace my destination: nor did I doubt her changeless love would welcome back the sinful wanderer when fate again should bring him to her presence.

I had heard there was a travelling company of comedians at a small town, about twenty miles distant from my native place, and thither I determined to go in quest of an engagement. I was scantily provided with money, and carried my wardrobe on my back, so that I thought travelling on foot would be the most eligible method of accomplishing my journey. I had proceeded about ten miles on my way, and was by this time pretty well lined with dust, and exhausted by the excessive heat, for it was a cloudless summer's day, and the sun was in its meridian, when I was overtaken by a fellow-pedestrian. He was a man apparently between thirty and forty years of age, possessing a remarkably sallow complexion, features rather prepossessing, though strongly marked; and an eye so bright and restless, that it was hardly possible to name the object on which it glanced, ere it had taken a fresh direction. His clothes and appearance were of that cast which is usually termed shabby-genteel. He seemed to have gone through no ordinary share of the world's troubles, but he walked along with a light and a careless step, twirling about his small bundle and humming a sprightly air, as though he set sorrow at defiance. He hesitated not to accost me, and after a short conversation, proposed that we should halt at the next inn in order to refresh ourselves. I willingly acceded to this proposition. My companion allowed me to defray the expense of our refreshments, observing it would be all as one when we arrived at our next resting-place; and as his spirits became more buoyant each time he applied the tankard to his lips, when we recommenced our journey, the movements of his tongue were as brisk as his steps. The fellow seemed somewhat of a humourist, and the following dialogue ensued between us.

"You appear, like myself, fond of travelling on foot, and what mode of travelling is more agreeable? especially to a man whose time is in his own hands, and to whom arriving a few hours sooner or later at his place of destination is of no consequence. Stage-coaches I detest—they are only for your sons of business, your men of trade, who fly from spot to spot with the speed of skyrockets, chasing the phantom wealth, which, when obtained, they cannot appreciate, and want souls to enjoy. The outside of one of these vehicles is my aversion: if you escape being blinded with dust, you no sooner fix your eyes on a fine prospect, than you are whirled away from it; if you are stationed in the inside, you might as well

be incarcerated in a moving dungeon, save that you have the agreeable addition of the eternal rattling of wheels, enlivened ever and anon by the melodious tones of a horn, blown loud enough to split your ears, and the senseless chatter of stupid companions."

"Your opinion, I must confess, is at variance with my own; and my being a foot-passenger at the present time is rather a matter of necessity than of choice."

"Oh, I understand—travelling incog. Mum! you do not wish your route to be traced. I have often been similarly circumstanced. God forbid that I should pry into any one's secrets! but may I ask the place of your destination?"

"Certainly—I am directing my course towards B——, where I may probably stay for a short time."

"You have friends there, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"You are wishful for a change of air? A journey of pleasure, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Business, then?"

"Sir, notwithstanding your entire want of curiosity, for which virtue I am willing to allow you full credit, you seem so anxious to arrive at a knowledge of my affairs that I am perfectly at a loss how to thank you sufficiently for the kind interest you take in my welfare. However, as I have no motive to induce me to conceal from you the object of the present expedition, I care not if I trust you. Having heard that there is a company of actors stationed in B——, I am about to apply for an engagement."

"My dear boy! give me your hand. You have yet to make your debut—I see it in your countenance. You are unacquainted with the secrets of the lamp and dagger. Genius is sometimes hereditary—so is poverty! I may say I was an actor from my birth—my parents were in the profession—I was cradled in a theatre, and learned to lisp in blank verse. But, sir, the drama is on the decline, the age of acting is gone by, and the show and glitter of gorgeous spectacles have usurped its place. Theatrical talent is now a drug in the market, and a sterling comedian, however fortunate, must waste the best of his life and energies in the obscurity of some insignificant provincial theatre—play for a few nights in the metropolis, and then be shelved. I, sir, have trodden the boards of one of the great theatres; I, sir, have basked for a short period in the favour of a London audience, and then been thrown aside and forgotten. I have, however, a spirit which cannot tamely submit to neglect, and I therefore preferred poverty and praise to affluence and contempt. I left my first and last situation in London, to return to my old provincial quarters; and I can safely say, I am more happy now, situated as I am, enjoying to-day, and neither providing nor caring for to-morrow, than I was when in the height of my metropolitan popularity. I am now hastening to join a company at P——, where I open on Monday next, as Richard. May I enquire your reasons for wishing to embark in the profession?—From the respectability of your appearance, I should imagine your own inclination and not your necessity dictated the step you are about to take."

"I am influenced by choice, and partly by necessity, but an unfortunate domestic circumstance is the immediate cause of my present journey. I have long been enamoured of the stage, and having performed with much applause in private, I am wishful to put my abilities to a more impartial test."

"Ah, my dear sir, I find you are not aware of the difficulties you will have to encounter before becoming a favourite with the public. Your conceptions may be just, your personal and physical qualifications unexceptionable; but it will require a tedious drudgery in the lower walks of the drama in order to initiate you into what is called the business of the stage, before you will be able to put your conceptions into execution, or move your limbs with ease and freedom. Private and public acting are distinct things—in the one instance, the audience are alive to all your beauties, and willing to overlook your deficiencies; in the other, they are alive to all your faults, and too often overlook your excellencies. Your salary, too, as a novice, even if you succeed in obtaining a respectable engagement, will barely, with the strictest economy, furnish you a subsistence, and your BENEFITS, if you are hardy enough to take any, will invariably be LOSSES. Actors are generally censured as leading an idle and dissipated life. Whatever may be their dissipation, you will find that idleness does not form a part of their character. You rise at ten—go to rehearsal at eleven—get home again about three or four—your time is fully occupied in studying your parts and dispatching your meals until six o'clock, when you prepare for the night's performance, and away to the theatre, where you remain until twelve or one. This is the routine of a country actor's life, and I think you will own it is one which does not afford the promise of either idleness or luxury. But here our roads separate. I wish you every success in your new pursuit; my name is W——, and if it can be of the slightest service to you in procuring an engagement, use it without reluctance in whatever way you may think proper. We shall most likely soon meet again in the course of our peregrinations, and I will then settle with you my share of the reckoning, as cash is at present rather a scarce article with me. Good bye, my dear fellow! and prosperity attend you."

After separating from my companion, I made the best of my way to the place of my destination and immediately proceeding to the theatre, I obtained an interview with the manager. The company not being remarkably full, with some small difficulty I succeeded in procuring an engagement, at a salary barely sufficient to provide me with the common necessities of life. It was my only resource, and I was compelled to subscribe to the manager's own terms. I soon found that public and private acting were indeed distinct things. I was not permitted to appear in any of my favourite parts, but even in the minor characters I was required to sustain, I had difficulty in acquitting myself either to the satisfaction of the manager or the audience. My ardour for the profession speedily abated. The theatre was thinly attended, and we frequently played to almost empty benches. Salaries began to be less punctually paid. I will not dwell on the extremities to which I was gradually reduced; suffice it to say, that I was eventually brought to the lowest ebb of poverty and wretchedness, the just reward of my misconduct. I was one evening seated in my miserable garret, poring over an old newspaper published in my na-

tive town, when on looking amongst the deaths, I was startled and awe-struck by an account of my father's decease, who was stated to have died in consequence of the grief occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of his only son. On examining another part of the paper, I saw an advertisement, earnestly entreating me, if by any chance it should meet my sight, to return to my disconsolate and widowed parent. I lost no time in complying with this request, and in a few days, after an absence of more than twelve months, the repentant prodigal was again pressed in the arms of his weeping mother. My father had died in good circumstances, and I found I should have no occasion to engage in business, unless from choice; I accordingly preferred a life of indolence. It is needless to say that ere long my discourse was of Bertha. Great God!—she was married! For some time I disbelieved the evidence of my senses: the information was, however, too true. A villain, a fiend, who had once professed himself my friend, had poisoned her father's ears with tales to my disadvantage. He told her, too, a black and baseless lie, asserting that I had fled with a vile wanton, and when the silence of my parents as to the cause of my absence in some degree sanctioned his story, the wretch preferred his own suit, and being of a wealthy and influential family, he soon ingratiated himself into the old man's favour. He was received with repulsive coldness by Bertha, but his riches and his flattery had tainted the father's heart, and he peremptorily bid his daughter look on him as her future husband, nor think of the worthless wretch who had left her for another. Still she held out against the united attacks of her parent and her suitor, until my continued absence,—her despair of my return, and belief in my falsehood, at length made her indifferent as to her fate. She yielded to the mingled threats and entreaties of her father, and gave her hand where she could not give her heart.

I need not repeat the many extravagancies I committed on receiving this account of the loss of my first and only love—they were such as to occasion in my mother's mind serious apprehensions for my reason. I should have been somewhat more reconciled to my fate if Bertha's marriage had been productive of comfort to her. It was not so. Her husband, I learned, treated her in the most brutal manner; at times taunting her with her attachment to me, and at others even resorting to blows. On my return, his brutality increased, and he would not suffer her to stir abroad lest she should meet with me. Lost as she now was to me for ever, I yet resolved, if possible, to see her once more, to tell her I forgave her, to gaze on the dear features I had loved so, and to bid her a last farewell. I stationed spies in the neighbourhood of her dwelling, to give me notice if she ventured forth. Their watchings were in vain—she never left her home. I had heard that it was her custom to walk in the evening in a particular part of the garden, and I determined to scale the wall and conceal myself until I had an opportunity of accosting her. At the close of a summer's day I accomplished my purpose, and hiding myself behind a large tree, awaited her coming. I had not been long in concealment ere I saw her advancing. Oh, how my frame trembled, and my heart throbbed as I saw that beloved form move gracefully towards me! Every step, every movement was as familiar to me as my own. Not a tone, not a look of her's had faded from my memory. I thought of the many times I had pressed her to my bosom, of the thousand kisses I had imprinted on her lips, on those lips which I had fondly deemed

would never be kissed by another. All but our former love was forgotten. I sprang forward from my hiding-place. "Bertha, dearest Bertha!" burst from my lips, and the next moment we were folded in each other's arms. For an instant, she too had forgotten she was another's—it was only for an instant, and then she tore herself from my embrace, and sank, pale and trembling, on one of the garden-seats.

"Why is this?" she murmured. "What do you here? Begone, begone I conjure you. This is no place for you. Wretch that I am—I am married; and I have yielded to your embrace! Oh, fly, fly, if you value your life; if you value my reputation, fly I entreat you."

"A moment longer," I exclaimed, "a moment longer, Bertha; it is but for a moment. I have sought you for the last time. I shall shortly be on my way to a distant land. I could not depart without one look on her I have loved so long and fervently. Pardon me, I implore you, for we shall never meet again!"

"Is it possible," said she, whilst agitation almost choked her utterance, "is it possible they can have deceived me? Tell me, oh, tell me, did you not fly with a woman; did you not say, you spurned my love, and jest with a wicked, worthless woman on my credulity?"

"Never, so help me Heaven! It was a lie, a base, a wilful lie, the coinage of his brain, who is your husband; and may my curses light upon his perjured soul——"

"Hold, hold! whatever may have been his guilt, remember that he is my husband, and I cannot, must not, hear his name reviled."

"Oh, Bertha, will you not hear me then—will you not suffer me to justify myself? As I hope for mercy, I have never loved but you—I have never ceased to think of you. Through all my wanderings, you have been the star that has cheered the surrounding gloom; your arms have been the haven into which I hoped at last to steer my shattered bark, and find repose and peace. I returned, and found you wedded to another! I do not upbraid you, for you have been deceived, betrayed into this hateful union; but, oh, if you knew the many anxious hours, the sleepless nights, I have passed in the hope of this interview, you would not surely bid me quit you thus, without one kind word at parting!"

As I spoke, I gradually approached nearer to her, until my arms were twined around her frame; and when I concluded, she sank in tears upon my bosom. Thus for a few moments did we remain, weeping in speechless agony and blending our tears together. Suddenly she broke from me. "Hark!" she exclaimed, "did you not hear a footstep?" I did. I sprang on my feet, and the destroyer of our happiness stood before me. At sight of me, his eyes seemed as though they would have burst from their sockets with rage and astonishment. He shouted for help, and so sudden and unlooked for was his appearance, that, ere I thought of endeavouring to escape, I was seized by his servants. His every limb shook with passion, and turning, with the countenance of a demon, to his affrighted wife, with one blow he felled her to the earth. I struggled vainly to free myself from the grasp of those who held me, or I should have taken immediate vengeance on the dastardly oppressor. "Fellows," said he, to the servants, "drag this man before a justice, and I will follow you. His purpose was to rob the house, I doubt not. As I live, the rascal swings for it. Away with him, I say!" Surprise at this strange and unexpected speech kept me mute, and casting on him a look of hatred and

contempt, I suffered myself to be led away. I was taken before a neighbouring justice, where the miscreant actually swore that he found me lurking about his grounds, with an intent to enter and rob his dwelling. The charge was too absurd, and I was liberated.

This circumstance, and the brutality I had seen him display towards his wife, roused me to madness. I vowed to sacrifice all for vengeance. Day after day, night after night, did I wait for an opportunity of meeting my base rival alone. He was aware of my purpose, and contrived for awhile to shun me. Chance at length favoured me. I met him in a lonely spot, as he was one night returning from a revel, flushed with wine. He started when he beheld me, and endeavoured to pass on, but I effectually opposed his passage. I had waited my opportunity too long to let it slip now he was in my power. "Liar! scoundrell! traitor!" I cried, "the hour of retribution hath come at last. The wrongs and indignities thou hast heaped upon me, shall now be atoned for. I have watched for thee long. It has been my nightly prayer thus to confront thee. I scarce can brook to treat thee as a man, yet I will not play the assassin. Here," said I, drawing forth a brace of pistols, which I had of late constantly carried about me, "here—take a weapon, for by the God that made us, either thou or I must die before we part." He attempted to fly. I seized him with a firm grasp by the throat, and stayed his progress. He trembled with fear, and his cheeks and lips were pale as ashes. "Coward!" I articulated, almost suffocated with rage, "take the pistol, and vindicate thy claim to manhood, or, by hell, with one blow will I dash out thy traitorous brains!" Nought could rouse his dastard soul. He dropped powerless from my grasp, and fell grovelling at my feet, shrieking in the most abject terms for mercy, and offering to renounce his wife, to quit the country, any thing so that I would but grant him life. I was deaf to his entreaties, when in a moment, ere I was aware of his intentions, he sprang up from his crouching posture and fled. Infuriated to desperation at the mean and cowardly traducer, I rushed after him, and flinging at him one of the pistols, I fired the other at his head. The bullet entered his brain, and he fell DEAD before me! I stood for several minutes, stupified and motionless, gazing on the corpse of my enemy, as it lay in the moonlight, drenched and soaking in the pool of his own black blood. His ghastly eyes were still dilated, and seemed to glare upon me with wild and fearful light. Never shall I forget their horrid expression. I fled with the speed of lightning—I knew not where. I paused from exhaustion; then my dreadful crime rose before me, in its darkest colours, and, ere morning dawned, I had delivered myself up as a murderer.

My narrative has now reached its close. I do not seek to justify or palliate my crime, for nothing CAN justify it—blood should pay for blood. I was tried and condemned to die; but the disgrace which would fall on my kindred, in the event of my dying on the scaffold, induced me to attempt an escape. My friends furnished me with the means. I cared not for myself, yet, for the sake of my poor mother, I used every exertion, and I succeeded. I am free. In a short time, a vessel will bear me away in a strange disguise; and I shall end my miserable existence beneath a foreign sky.—There was one who might perhaps have even rejoiced at the escape of her husband's murderer; but Bertha sleeps in peace—alas! she died broken-hearted!

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

BY P. C. P. THOMAS STRINGER, OF MOBILE, ALA.

SLEEP lovely one! beside thy peaceful bed,
A father prays for blessings on thine head.
The world shut out to the propitious skies,
Oh! may a father's prayers prevailing rise!
Mays't thou be blest, my child! the dawn that beams
In thy young glanse is sweet:—may living streams
Of heavenly light around thy manhood play,
And bless thee with a bright and glorious day!
Mays't thou be blest, my child! Not what the vain
Call blessing when they wealth or greatness gain,—
Not as the high, the proud—on earth the worst,
With all the objects of their craving curst;—
But virtuous, honest, pious, just and true,
These be the riches heaven reserves for you.
Firm to contest, but patient to endure,
May thy right hand be strong, thine heart be pure.
A mind as strong as upright, may'st thou claim,
As marked my friend's, *my father's* honored name.
Mays't thou—as happy in the nuptial vow—
(And when called to separate as *I have been*)—
Rejoice in *thy* young race—as I do now.
Mays't thou be blest, my child! When fear alarms,
Thy refuge now is, a fond father's arms.
When joy makes light thy footsteps, thou dost roam
But to return more fondly to that home,
And with endearing innocence entwine,
Thy playful limbs—thy happy heart with mine.
More warm—more pure—more sacred be the part,
That cheers and animates thy *manly* heart!
A safer refuge—holier home be given,
When thy young thoughts expand from earth to heaven.
Then mays't thou breathe, amid devotion's flame,
A name thine infant lips have ne'er presumed to name!

SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE,

Delivered before Marion Lodge, No. 2, Charleston, S. C., March 10, 1843, by a Member.

I AM to address you this evening, my brethren, on the benevolent and useful principles of our Order, and to promote, as far as I may be able, a more accurate acquaintance with the mode of working. I the more readily engage in the performance of this duty, from the fact that it is the first of a series of Lectures to be delivered by different members, quarterly, before the Lodge—a plan which has elsewhere been attended with the most beneficial results. The theme is an ample one, and embraces so much in its wide extent, as to render it somewhat difficult to determine where to begin. It will not be expected that I shall enlarge, to any extent, upon the general principles of our institution; the time allotted would be insufficient for this. Besides, these have been so often expatiated upon with a glowing eloquence so far beyond any thing that I can hope to arrive at, that it would be both supererogatory and impertinent in me to attempt it; I shall therefore chiefly confine myself to the duties we owe to each other, and to ourselves, in practical life, as well as when together in the Lodge-room: and then tritely notice some things in the work, which in my humble opinion may admit of a slight improvement.

At every meeting of the Lodge, we are reminded that we hail each other as brothers, and are directed to regard the Lodge as our family. How close and endearing is the fraternal relation! How gladly do we contribute to the happiness and comfort of those who are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh!" What a sympathetic feeling unites together the members of the family circle! And who does not feel at times, thrilling through every fibre of his soul, the hallowed sound of "Home! sweet home!" Such are the sacred ties which unite us together in the bonds of brotherhood. The Lodge is our family; every member of which should be endeared to our hearts by a mysterious consanguinity, cemented by Friendship and Love. Their interests should be our interests—their joys our joys—and their sorrow should call forth our warmest sympathy. This being the nature of the golden chain by which we are linked together, how careful should we be whom we introduce into this endeared relation. Would we hesitate to introduce into our families, the profane reveller—the heartless libertine—the grossly immoral man, destitute of the principles of honour and integrity? We should be equally careful whom we present for a participation in the sacred rites and mysteries of the Order. No member should ever offer the name of an applicant who he does not believe, will cheerfully conform to the precepts here inculcated: and he who, from a false regard to the feelings of an acquaintance—from a want of firmness and independence—or from a vain-glorious desire to add to our numbers, presents one of whose character he has a doubt, is a recreant to his vows, and unworthy the name of Odd-Fellow—for "we are Odd-Fellows only when we act and speak like honest men."

If great care is necessary whom we offer for membership, we should be equally cautious how we reject one who has been recommended by a brother. We profess to esteem no man for his extrinsic qualities. "The

internal, and not the external qualities of a man, is what Odd-Fellowship regards." We ask not if a candidate for admission among us be rich or poor, noble or ignoble by birth; of what creed, sect or party he is a member; but we say to the world, "come and learn the objects, and witness the acts of our institution; and if you bring with you the reputation of an honest, upright man, and good citizen, we cheerfully welcome you to our fellowship." How illy does it become us then, while making such public professions, to wound the feelings, and perhaps the character of a worthy man, by rejecting his application because of some private, and it may be unfounded pique or prejudice. Such a course is well calculated to bring discredit upon our Order in the estimation of all thinking men, as by so doing our acts flatly contradict our public professions. But it may so happen that an unworthy individual is offered for membership, either through ignorance of his real character, or from a false delicacy on the part of the brother who recommends him. In such a case our duty is plain and imperative. He who knows his true character, is sacredly bound, boldly and publicly to denounce him; or at least to use the conservative power with which he is entrusted to prevent imposition. But this should be done in a proper spirit, so that it may be seen that we are influenced purely by love to the Order, and our duty to the brethren, and not by hostility to an individual. In such an event, it is the duty of every member to keep within the limits of the Lodge the circumstances that have here transpired:—For what has the world to do with our internal affairs? And why should a brother be subjected to the enmity of any individual for the discharge of a conscientious duty? He who would betray the secrets of the Lodge, is unworthy of membership, and should be made to suffer the penalty due to his offence.

Our intercourse with each other should be marked with courtesy and affability. While in the Lodge, we should studiously avoid every thing calculated to exasperate or wound the feelings of a brother. How touchingly eloquent and appropriate was the advice of the ancient patriarch to his brethren when there was danger that they would upbraid each other for the bad conduct of which all were guilty—"See that ye fall not out by the way." And how beautiful the language of the sweet singer of Israel when he exclaims,—“Behold! how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” It will unavoidably happen sometimes that we view objects in different lights—that there should be a conflict of opinions on various subjects. But this should cause no estrangement of feeling, or sever the ties of friendship. A difference of sentiment should never be expressed in uncourteous or sarcastic language. Every debate should be conducted with proper feelings of respect for the opinions of others. We are all fallible men, liable to be led astray by our prejudices or preconceived notions; and we should ever be sensible that there is a possibility of our being mistaken, and that consequently we should never presume to pronounce *ex cathedra* upon any subject. Should our own opinions seem to us as dear as a sunbeam, and the evidences on which they rest “as strong as proofs from holy writ,” still a proper regard for the opinions of our brethren, however mistaken, demands from us kind language and a courteous demeanour; and should we not be able to see alike, let us “agree to disagree.” By such a course we shall maintain a spirit of kindness and affection, and be most likely too to succeed in convincing

others, for while "a soft answer turneth away wrath," no man ever really changed his views by the *argumentum ad hominem*.

Our daily intercourse with each other in the common walks of life should be of an urbane and friendly character. Friendship is one of the distinguishing characteristics of our Order; and friendship demands that we should regard each other's interests as our own. It is incumbent upon us to look upon the faults and frailties of a brother with a lenient eye—to strive in a kind and friendly manner to correct those faults, and to bring back to a proper sense of propriety and decorum those who, in some unguarded moment, may have strayed from the path of virtue. True friendship will not retail, much less exaggerate and gloat upon the misconduct of others; it will rather weep over the fallen the tear of sympathy and compassion, and use every exertion to restore him to his forfeited peace of mind, and the good opinion of his fellows. Ah! if such a course were always pursued by the members of the Order toward each other, how often might the prodigal son be brought back to his father's house rejoicing, who might otherwise end his days in penury, wretchedness and disgrace. By thus acting too, we obey the instructions of holy writ—"If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." True friendship will take no advantage of a brother's ignorance or necessity, by trampling upon, or violating his rights, nor will others be suffered to do it; but the ignorant or careless will be warned of approaching danger, whether that danger proceeds from his own imprudence, or the evil designs of others. How often do the young and inexperienced embark in enterprises, and engage in pursuits which tend materially to injure them in purse, in person, or in reputation. It is at such times that the true friend of more advanced age, or greater experience, will step forward and exhibit the genuine feelings of brotherly affection, by consoling and advising the erring, and thus, perhaps, save from destruction the thoughtless and self-secure.

But the evidences of our friendship are not to stop here. It is in time of calamity and distress that the highest and purest principles of our Order are brought into operation. We are to manifest our friendship at the bedside of the suffering brother. I do not mean in the bestowal of that pecuniary relief for which the Lodge has made provision, but to "smooth the wrinkled front of care," and alleviate the pangs of fell disease by kindly sympathy:—To visit him in his sickness—to wipe away the death-sweat from his brow with the hand of affection—to cheer his drooping spirit, and administer to him the balm of consolation. To assure him that when he shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and passed away from the ills of life, he will leave behind kind and affectionate brothers, who will dry up the tear of the weeping widow, and provide for the wants of the fatherless children. Ah! how often has the dying hour of even the good man been beclouded, and his last moments rendered distressing, from dread of the fate of those who are dearer to him than life, when he shall no longer be present to supply their wants—to watch over the dawning intellects of his loved ones, and train the ductile mind in the paths of knowledge and virtue. I regard it as the crowning excellency of our Order that the dying pillow of the departing brother is made easy by the attentions of friendship, and the assurance that he leaves his widow, and orphan children, in the hands of those who will manifest a tender regard for their happiness and welfare.

Another bright and glorious characteristic of our Order is Truth.—“What is Truth?” was the inquiry of one who cared but little for an answer to his question. Let it not be so with us. Man is a rational, intelligent being; endowed with faculties and powers of mind capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood—of soaring above the sordid things of earth, and penetrating the veil which shuts out the future from our mortal vision. The light of inspiration shines upon his pathway; reason and revelation combine to teach him the principles of eternal truth, and to impress upon his mind a knowledge of the doctrines of an immortal state. To point him beyond the sphere of this evanescent existence to the unfading glories of the upper sanctuary. God is Truth, and to Him we owe a perfect obedience. ‘Tis true that religious opinions, and sectarian views, have nothing to do with Odd-Fellowship. No man is here required to conform to any creed, or mode of faith, merely human; but men of the most discordant opinions are brought together in harmony, and friendly intercourse, each allowed to entertain his own religious views, and to practice the rites and ceremonies most accordant with the dictates of his conscience. But all acknowledge the existence and supremacy of an Omnipotent Being; and on our first admission into the Order it is solemnly enjoined upon us “never to mention His holy name, but with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to his Creator; to look upon Him as the proper object of our enjoyment, and according to these views to regulate our conduct.” But I fear all do not act up to this divine command: and it is extremely painful to the feelings of the conscientious Odd-Fellow to hear his brother carelessly profane the name of God, and indulge in language unbecoming his profession. At the same time I rejoice to know that the precepts here inculcated have had a most salutary influence on the conduct of some of our brethren, causing them to refrain from a practice, for the commission of which no valid excuse can be given, and which is highly offensive to God. I know some who, prior to their admission, were guilty of using very profane language, after listening to the P. G.’s charge, in which this practice is so strongly reprobated, have promised to amend their conduct in this particular, and have sacredly adhered to the promise. I would most affectionately and respectfully say to every brother “go thou and do likewise.”

And this brings me to the third general head of duty inculcated by the principles of our Order, which is, the duty we owe to ourselves. Our individual happiness in this world, as well as in that to come, very much depends upon our own conduct. Man is a moral being, containing within him an emanation from the Deity, rendering him capable of choosing the good, and refusing the evil. At the same time he possesses passions and dispositions which, if not carefully controlled, and brought into proper subjection, will become the fruitful sources of misery and unhappiness. Hence the exercise of temperance is so forcibly enjoined upon us. By this term is not meant only a temperate use of, or total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; this of course is included, but it is only a small part of the true meaning. Its proper explication is keeping all our passions, prejudices, pursuits, and enjoyments within proper limits. A thing in itself innocent and useful, may by its abuse be rendered extremely prejudicial. An intemperate use of the blessings of life are frequently productive of the most disastrous consequences. Intemperate and hasty lan-

guage often recoils upon the head of him who uses it. An intemperate pursuit of lawful pleasure is sometimes attended with fatal results. The Order itself is not unfrequently injured by the intemperate zeal of its members; for zeal is not always according to knowledge. Thus we see the force of the exhortation delivered to us upon our initiation, to "keep within due bounds and free from all pollution, lest we be rendered incapable of following our daily labour, or led into a behaviour unbecoming our laudable profession."

But I fear that I have already trespassed upon your time, and shall therefore proceed briefly to notice such parts of the work as in my judgment may admit of some improvement.

Thus I have endeavoured to discharge the duty imposed upon me,—feebly and imperfectly, to be sure—but with an ardent desire to promote the welfare of my brethren, and a wish to see the sublime principles of our institution fully carried out; conscious that they are well calculated to add much to the sum of human happiness, and to pursue that contentment

"Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy;
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

THE THINGS WE LOVE, THEY PASS AWAY.

BY MISS LOUISE, OF BALTIMORE.

THE things we love, they pass away,
With all the hopes that round them cling,
The cheerful birds, the fragrant flowers,
The gentle smile and breath of spring—
The summer's warmer, brighter joys,
The fruits of autumn, winter's mirth,
Perish and pass, like bubbles light
With the same hour that sees their birth.

And e'en the forms that near us move—
The friends, for whom we'd fain resign
Life and its bliss to save one pang,
Crushing the hearts that round them twine,
Pass, pass away down to the grave,
All hush'd in sleep that knows no dream,
Cold as the snows on Alpine heights
That melt not to the sun's warm beam.

'Tis true that time may bring again
The birds, the flowers, the breath of spring,

Waken the summer's myriad charms
And o'er our path her beauties fling;
While autumn's fruits and winter's joys
Follow successively her train,
Yet never, never may the friends
Who fade and fall revive again.

Ah! no—they sleep while seasons change,
And fast recede the long, long years—
We may not rouse them—'tis in vain
From feeling's fount spring up the tears.
Sad, sad 'tis ever to behold
Life's cherish'd objects swift decay;
But there's no sorrow keen as that
We feel when lov'd ones pass away.

MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.

AMONG the evils to be deplored in our land, at the present time, and they are many and great, is the system of female education, which, however refined and ornamental, is devoid of that capability for real usefulness so indispensable to the happiness of families and communities. If the "march of intellect," as it is termed, has brought in its train, as it certainly has, an extent of scientific and literary attainment hitherto unknown to the sterner sex, it has at the same time introduced a tone of feeling adverse to the acquirements that fit the young females of our country to be good wives and mothers, making them more able to figure in a drawing-room than to preside over the, perhaps, more humble but infinitely more important duties of the household. In using the term education it must not be understood as having reference to the mere routine of scholastic studies, but it must be received in its widest and most comprehensive sense, as including *all learning* that qualifies us for the discharge of our duties as members of society. Parents are too apt in bringing up their daughters to confine themselves to the more showy attainments of what is called polite education, forgetting that, after all, they can only be available to an extent limited by the observances of etiquette and entirely useless as regards the vast majority of relations incident to human existence. It is all very well that a young lady shall be able to shine in society by the display of graceful accomplishments. They are the sweeteners of life, and serve to beguile the mind and withdraw it most agreeably, at intervals, from the irksome task of duty, thus enabling it to return to more serious pursuits with renewed vigor and efficiency, and are therefore highly worthy of attention. When we say this however we say all that can be advanced in their behalf, and when an undue portion of care is devoted to the elegancies of social intercourse, we rob the homebred comforts, on which reliance must be placed for enduring happiness, of their just share of attention. It can scarcely be supposed that in advancing these views we would array our-

selves against the acquirement of accomplishments, desirable as we believe them to be to a certain degree, nor should it be imagined that we even prefer the total absence of the lighter attainments, which we esteem in their places as a delightful solace to man's duller pursuits; all that we desire being to see a proper apportionment of time and an equitable share of attention paid to the useful and ornamental branches of knowledge. To ascertain whether we be correct in our views or not, let us take a glance at female education as we find it, and then decide whether it be such as to produce the greatest possible amount of happiness in the relations in which the members of the softer sex are likely hereafter to be placed.

To begin at the beginning, the first lesson taught to a female infant is to pride itself on its pretty frock; and, to shew a readiness in distinguishing between the respective merits, in point of beauty, of the different dresses that it wears, is sure to procure especial marks of commendation from mamma, and be considered as evidence of decided talent. No sooner are the boundaries of the nursery overstepped than dancing is commenced, and the head of the poor little candidate for future fashionable note is filled with *chassez* and *ballottez*, *cross over* and *ladies' chain*; nor is this all, for if there is a ball to take place all sorts of learning must give way to it, for a week before and at least as long a time afterward. We think we hear some one whisper to us in a tone of reprehension, "why it is'n't possible that you object to dancing—it is so graceful, harmless and healthy an amusement." Certainly we do not object to dancing, graceful, harmless and healthy as it certainly is, however we might prefer, at a certain age, when the constitution is to be formed, to see children walking over the hills and breathing the fresh air of heaven, instead of being shut up in warm rooms and thrown into perspirations, the sudden check of which is sure to produce violent colds and thus lay the foundation of future ailments. We not only do not *disapprove* of dancing but we heartily *approve* of it, and feel regret whenever we see a lovely girl who does not know how to dance; there is however room for doubt whether the loss incurred and the taste acquired for idleness, beside the distaste for serious pursuits, do not counteravail any benefit that can possibly arise from extravagant devotion of the attention to it. The next thing to be learned in course is music, charming delightful music! than which we know no more agreeable and fascinating pastime; but it is *only a pastime*, and sinks into utter insignificance as a regular pursuit. The music-master being engaged, nothing is heard of but *crotchets* and *bars*, *lessons* and *practisings* from morning till night. Is the young lady going to school and does her music-lesson come at the same time with her regular classes in book learning, the latter must be set aside for the former, no matter at what sacrifice. She may be ignorant of every branch of useful practical information, but that is nothing, provided she can execute with skill selections from the favorite operas of the day and talk knowingly about *andante* and *con spirito*, or estimate how many semiquavers it will take to make a crotchet. After music come drawing and painting and other similar attainments, and when the young lady arrives at the age of going into company, she is ushered into the world of fashion with the reputation of having received the very *best education* imaginable. Then succeeds her career as a *belle*, the observed of all observers and admired of all admirers. Time rolls on and she has to boast her host of conquests and count over

the suitors who have kneeled at her feet and been in turn rejected, until a good offer, as it is called, induces her to resign herself to the state of matrimony. With marriage come the cares of domestic life, and just at the moment when she had supposed herself supremely blest and about to enter on a scene of unalloyed pleasure, to her surprize and mortification, she finds that, instead of knowing every thing connected with education, she knows nothing that is worth knowing, as the head of a domestic circle and directress of household concerns. In a word, she discovers that she has spent her time in acquiring accomplishments, when she should have been occupied with learning what is useful and will contribute to the solid happiness of the partner of her life.

It may be said that matters of this sort can be learned from practice, and that a little experience will supply any deficiency that may exist. Let us see how this will work. The first thing to be done is *to think*, so as to be able to arrange things systematically, but how is a young lady to do this when she has never been taught to reflect, and whatever may be her natural capabilities, has no starting point at which she may begin the work of systematizing and arranging. Some persons will tell us that the blunders she makes will teach her wisdom, and that if she commits an error once and feels the consequences of it, she will be sure not to go wrong a second time. If she is to acquire knowledge in this way, what, it may be asked, will become of her family concerns in the mean while, for if she is to go wrong before she can know how to go right, it may well be doubted whether her husband, who in marrying expected to have a wife of sound judgment, instead of an inexperienced child to deal with, will fare even tolerably during the process of instruction. All this is bad enough, so far as immediate comfort is involved, but the secondary effects of such a state of things are infinitely worse than any present discomfort can possibly be. Men expect, when they marry, to be associated with wives who are already fitted, in some degree at least, to take the head of an establishment, and when this expectation is disappointed they, very naturally, become soured and vexed with those whose ignorance is the cause of the disappointment. In matrimony, as in all of the weightier concerns of life, the first step is every thing, inasmuch as it gives direction and tone to whatever is to come afterwards. When two young people come together with the ability, as well as the disposition, to help each other, their first united efforts are, in nine cases out of ten, successful, in producing gratifying results; and even should the reverse take place, there being no want of knowledge in the matter, their mutual confidence in each other remains unshaken. Should however the experimental efforts of marriage life be attended by failure and the want of success can be traced to the incompetency of the husband or the wife to discharge the duties of his or her station, the party failing is sure to be blamed, even when blame should not legitimately attach.

It is then at this point that the secondary ill effects of a bad education begin to manifest themselves, and in so doing lay the foundation of incalculable future mischief. The husband, who in the hey-dey of youthful feeling and under the bewitching influence of the tender passion may have regarded the object of his affection as little less than an angel, finds as he advances in life that what in the *girl* was charming artlessness and simplicity, becomes in the *wife* nothing more nor less than downright ig-

norance of matters which she ought to have known. Whilst whirling through the mazes of the dance or listening to the fascinating cadences of a sweet voice, the youth forgets that there are such things as being fed and clothed, and to tell him that the lovely creature whose charms lead all beholders captive, is ever to be occupied in superintending the processes that provide for the one or the other, would be to shock the delicacy of his highly wrought sentiments, and yet, in this country at least, to be a wife involves the necessity of attending to such occupations. There are, it is true, instances in which large wealth enables persons to commit the household cares to servants, and where the losses and expense incident to such a course are easily borne and therefore of little importance, but these instances are so very rare that they are exceptions to the general rule and must be regarded as not coming within its provisions. In America, to be a wife is to be a partaker, in an assigned sphere, of the cares of a husband, and to participate with him in the solitudes and vexations, as well as in the enjoyments of life; a circumstance which, strange as it may seem, appears to have escaped the attention of mothers generally, and led the way to the defectiveness in education of which we speak. It is a thing of every day occurrence to see a mother worried and perplexed with household cares, whilst her daughters are permitted to sit idly in the drawing-room prepared for the reception of visitors, as careless how things may go as if they were not to become in turn subject to the same perplexities and sources of vexation. This circumstance of itself is the cause, in a great measure, of the evils of married life and demands our most serious consideration. Youth is the season for freedom from care, and we may be told that it would be cruel to mar the spring-tide of life, by making the young partakers in the vexations incident to more advanced years. This is all sheer nonsense. Youth, it is true, is the season for enjoyment, but are we to be told that we are to make three-fourths of life uncomfortable in order that the remaining portion of it may not be clouded with a care. Life is a *whole*, and whatever course tends to make that *whole* most comfortable should be adopted—at least so say sound sense and philosophy. Where is the propriety of keeping people in ignorance of what awaits them until its advent shall find them totally unprepared to meet it? Is it not to give additional force to the troubles of life, to suffer those who must of necessity be exposed to them, to remain ignorant of and consequently unprepared for them? Youth is, as has been already said, the season for happiness, but it is also the time for moulding the disposition and providing stores of wisdom for the after years of life; so that when they shall come, bearing along with them their inevitable accompaniments, care and trouble, they shall find us ready to meet and ward off their assaults.

Having already given a sketch, although an imperfect one, of the system of education generally in vogue at the present day, we shall now proceed to give a shadowing forth of what we think female education should be. The first dictate of sound philosophy is, to take life as we find it around and about us every day. It is absurd to figure to ourselves a *beau idéal* of what existence might be under a different order of things. An All-wise Creator has placed us here, and in doing so has ordained that we shall have certain wants and be endowed with certain faculties to provide for those wants. By giving us tastes he has intimated that those

tastes should be gratified, in such manner as not to interfere with the rights of our neighbors, nor to prevent the fullest possible gratification of *all our rational desires*. Whatever is essential to our well-being in our present state, is to be procured in the first place, and that which may promote our comfort, but which is not essential to our existence, claims a secondary degree of consideration. In gratifying our absolute wants, as well as our desires, reference must be had to the extent of their importance; those which tend to exercise a greater influence over our condition, assuming a rank in our esteem superior to that of those which have a minor degree of importance. Looking then to things as we find them, our paramount duty is, *so to educate our children as to enable them to satisfy their absolute wants* first, and then to minister to the greatest possible number of their inclinations and tastes, the gratification of which will not injure ourselves nor others. As our intelligence is the endowment bestowed on our race to the exclusion of other animated beings, the primary effort should be to enlighten that intelligence and enlarge, in the greatest degree practicable, the field of its operation, cultivating at the same time our moral sense, so as, through its agency, to give a proper direction of our intellectual powers, and enable us to comprehend the obligations associated with the various relations that we may be required to maintain in our intercourse with mankind. The branches of education connected with the full developement of the moral and intellectual faculties should, according to our notions, claim paramount consideration. An all-important point in education is to make the young sensible as soon as possible, of the precise nature of the various relations in which they will probably be called upon to act, assigning to each its appropriate degree of importance, and having done so, to cultivate their understandings in such a way as to enable them to comprehend the best mode of attaining the end in view. The moral duties of life being provided for and the best method of satisfying our physical wants ascertained, the next step is to open as many sources of innocent pleasure as may be within our reach. There is an opinion entertained by some that all mere gratifications of the taste are sinful and as such to be avoided. With these persons we cannot agree, believing as we do that our Maker would never have implanted a relish for innocent sources of pleasure in our bosoms and given us the power of satisfying it, had he not intended that they should become the sweeteners of life and our best solace under the ills to which flesh is heir. Such are our general views; but, that they may be fully understood with reference to female education, we will endeavour to make the application of them in as few words as possible. A young lady then should in the first place be instructed in all that concerns her moral relations, particularly those connected with domestic life. She should at the same time be made to acquire such a knowledge of what she sees around, so as to enable her to apply the gifts of providence most advantageously in satisfying her wants, or, in other words, should be instructed in what relates to providing for the wants of a family. These points being first attended to, the accomplishments, or lighter branches of education, should receive their due share of attention, never being permitted to interfere with the objects above mentioned, which are in their nature *essential to happiness*. A woman may be a first rate wife, mother, daughter, or sister, and may know how to direct and govern a family and yet know nothing of music, drawing, or danc-

ing; and, *vice versa*, she may play, draw and dance to admiration, without understanding or practising the qualifications incident to either of the relations named.

A word before we close about the secondary effects of the present system of female education, fruitful as it is of mischief. Let us give a case by way of illustration, and in doing so call in the aid of fiction. William Newcombe was a young man of fine intelligence, great attainments, amiable in his temper and of high moral character. He saw and loved Amy Ratcliffe, whose manners were artless and fascinating, and who had been instructed in all the accomplishments of her sex, but who knew nothing of domestic duties, and had never thought for an instant that it required any thing more than to be good-tempered, dress well, perform on the piano with exquisite skill, and dance with the most bewitching grace, to make her a good wife to the man of her choice. She loved William Newcombe, or thought she did so, and accepted him as her husband. Immediately after their marriage they went to house-keeping, and in the course of a few years were surrounded by lovely children. William's fortune was not large, but, with moderate economy, was sufficient for all reasonable wants. On taking charge of the house, Amy found that she knew nothing of house-wifery, was as ignorant of sewing as if she had never worn a dress, and had no knowledge of the management of children: things that, however useful, had not been included in her course of studies. William was fond of home, he liked his food well prepared, was pleased at seeing his wife and children well dressed, and above all things liked a quiet fireside. Day after day, when he returned from his counting-room Newcombe found his dinner not ready, or badly cooked, his wife *en deshabille*, and his children dirty, cross and ill governed, and soon discovered that he could dine at an eating-house and spend the evening with a club of good-fellows, and thus spare himself the pain of entering his own house, until his wife was dressed to see company, and his children had gone to bed. Unfortunately poor Newcombe was not a man of firm moral principle, and, provided he felt comfortable for the moment, never reflected on the probable consequences of an estrangement from his family, until he found himself habitually the frequenter of a fashionable hotel, where he was sure to find a good meal and pleasant companions. Amy felt chagrined at his absence from home, and sought the society of persons who were willing to play the agreeable with the most dishonorable views. The last that we heard of this ill-fated couple, Amy had fallen a victim to her love of admiration; William had become a sot and a gambler, and their poor children were living, separate from each other, at the houses of relations who had taken them on charity. Such are the consequences that flow from injudicious education. Had Amy been taught to know the duties of a wife and a mother, and understood the art of making his own table agreeable to her husband, *he* would never have been a vagabond, and *she* a wretched outcast from respectable society.

Δ.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BY F. G. ELIAS WARE, OF BALTIMORE.

"Let there be light," Jehovah cries,
 When brooding o'er the deep;
 And bidding earth renewed arise
 From her chaotic sleep.
 Light came, obedient to the call—
 Th' unchanging fiat giv'n,
 And made "this dark terrestrial ball"
 An anti-room of heav'n.

"Let there be light" again the cry
 (By sympathy extorted,)
 In pealing anthems swept the sky
 When erring man revolted.
 When lo! to check corroding fears,
 To dry the fount of grief,
 Th' eternal Source of light appears
 In prominent relief.

"Let there be light" we still should pray,
 With earnest invocation,
 That when death's night succeed the day
 "Of this our visitation,"
 We may the summons gladly hear,
 And willingly obey;
 And find a better hemisphere
 Of an eternal day.

Freemason Lodge, No. 2.

ADDRESS.*

BY REV. BRO. WM. W. CRAWFORD.

RESPECTED LADIES AND BRETHREN:

WERE you favored to-night with a speaker of a finely cultivated mind—with an exuberant and brilliant imagination—with an easy perspicuity, and rich profundity of thought—and were these several qualifica-

*Delivered in Union Lodge, No. 10, Nicholasville, Ky., in the presence of the brethren and ladies who had been invited to attend, and by resolution of the Lodge ordered to be published in the *Covenant*.

tions united and combined, in the one man, still *he would fail to do justice* to the moral sublimity of our Order. I tremble then at the task imposed on me, and frankly confess my utter inadequacy to the performance of that duty assigned me, and must solicit the patient indulgence of this audience.

In an address of this kind, it is doubtless expected of me, that I confine my remarks to the *history, utility* and *general principles* of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. So far as my own feelings are concerned, it is a matter of indifference to me what century, or what age of the world gave birth to our excellent institution. Whether it is antediluvian, or postdiluvian, is at best of minor consideration. Whether it had its origin in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, is of no importance in comparison to the *principles* that it inculcates, and the *objects* that it aims to accomplish. If, however, you revere an institution on account of its antiquity, then *ours* demands your veneration. Its date reaches back almost to time immemorial. Indeed, some of the enthusiastic admirers of our benevolent Order would have its origin almost coeval with time itself! Were we, in looking for its origin, to confine ourselves to the prominent principles of the Order, we might with propriety reach back to the days of Adam in his pristine purity, when "Friendship, Love and Truth" characterized his conduct, and naught had occurred to disturb the harmony of nature. In the primeval simplicity of our forefather there was nothing *adverse* to the principles of our Order. However good, however pious man may be, so far from militating against the principles of Odd-Fellowship, they are the *sure recommendation* to the admission and immunities of our Order. There was, however no organization of the principles of our Order until Anno Domini 55. It was first established by the Roman soldiers in camp, after the order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero. "The name Odd-Fellows was given to them by Titus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, from their singularity of motions, and from their knowing each other by night as well as by day: and their fidelity to their country procured his esteem and friendship."

It is unnecessary to occupy your time with its rise, nor is it compatible with my present purpose to speak of its spread into Germany, Portugal, Spain, France, Wales and England. Upward of twenty years ago, Thomas Wildey having located himself in Baltimore, published in the city papers a notice to all Odd-Fellows who might have emigrated from some foreign country, to meet him on a specified day that they might organize themselves into a Lodge. Four noble Odd-Fellows heard the call, and came to the assistance of Wildey. Without wealth and unknown to fame, they planted their standard in the city of Baltimore, and having obtained a charter from England, denominated their Lodge "Washington Lodge, No. 1." There was a time doubtless in the history of "Washington Lodge," when it was too small an affair to arrest the attention of the public; or if perchance some *keen-sighted bigot*, or *soi-disant patriot*, condescended to give it a passing notice, it was only to charge them with Masonry in disguise,—and that Masonry was being revived under the title of Odd-Fellow. Who could have believed that this little fountain of charity, bubbling in the city of Baltimore, was in so short a time to be a mighty stream; and that so many fountains of the same Order, dotting almost every section of the map of our country, would issue their benignant streams, and in their meanderings fertilizing our republic, and collecting

in one mighty channel, roll onward in majestic grandeur, eliciting the admiration of thousands, and hushing the opposition of its enemies. Were we now speaking of the utility of our Order, we might continue our figure by showing that the indigent widow, the poor orphan and destitute stranger, having alike slaked their thirst from this noble fount of benevolence, with uplifted hearts to heaven, have invoked God's choicest blessings on our institution.

It is said that facts are stubborn things. In a statistical account for the year 1842, reported by the Grand Lodge of the United States of America there was \$46,103.83 expended for the relief of the sick and indigent, and the education of orphan children. There had been 7946 initiations, and we numbered in the United States 24,160 regular contributing members. In a general summary of the Order in England for the year 1841, they numbered 180,000 members, and had expended for charitable purposes the sum of £5,423 15s 6d. However dull and uninteresting these statistics may appear to my auditory, yet it is indispensable to a correct view of both the history and utility of the Order.

This institution is not only charity *systematized*, but carried out in *active benevolence*. It does not turn a deaf ear to the voice of want, but with a liberality in perfect consonance to the moral principles of the bible, is a *doer* of its mandates. Though priests and levites may pass with or without a look of commiseration on their fellow-man naked, wounded and distressed, yet *ours is the duty* to act the part of the good Samaritan by extending a helping-hand, and assuaging his sorrows. The moral principles of the bible are inculcated here. Let no fanatic of religion surmise that in speaking of the active benevolence of Odd-Fellowship, that I would impress the idea on the mind of any individual that this is a religious institution. In regulating our lives by the ethics of the bible, we leave it to the different denominations of our country to teach the regenerating principles of the gospel.

Do you not see in this Lodge members in whom you have the utmost confidence for piety, belonging to different branches of Christ's church, and yet all meeting, and uniting, on the principles of our Order? And can you, under such circumstances, suppose for a moment that there is any evil connected with this institution? or that there is any thing here to offend the cheek of modesty, or corrode the conscience of the Christian? Cast your eye to that arch, and you will see inscribed in large letters,—“In God we trust;” and now look to the one immediately opposite and you will read—“Friendship, Love and Truth.” And this is no mock solemnity. I pledge my honor as a Minister that whatever stands opposed to these grand principles of our Order, is repugnant to the principles of Odd-Fellowship.

To convince you of the utility of this Order, let us suppose a case, quite within the range of probability, and make our own village the theatre of its action. In this bustling, enterprising age of the world, a member of our Order arrives in this town penniless, exhausted and sick. He is a stranger and afar from home. Let this Lodge receive the intelligence, and immediately he will find the hand of “friendship” administering to his wants, and soothing his sorrows. And though he may think of home, and of gentle sisters to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead, yet the anguish of dying from home is greatly assuaged at the recollection that he

is in the midst of brethren. For the information of this audience I will state that we have a fund that is styled the "Orphan Fund." The principle on which this money is funded is deemed so inviolable, that the principal can never be touched, and it must ever accumulate so long as we remain a Lodge; and the interest arising from the fund is for the education of orphan children, whose fathers were Odd-Fellows. I have seen brethren in this room with a noble generosity of soul, after having been allowed a specified sum, according to the constitution of our society, on account of sickness, transfer it all to the orphan fund.

But if this society is so benevolent in its operations, why not spread its principles before the world? They are before the world. You may take our constitution and by-laws and read for yourselves, and if we go astray from these rules we depart from the principles of Odd-Fellowship. But why have a *secret* society? I consider this the strong cement of our union—the cohesive principle that binds us together—the vital spark that animates the body. Destroy this principle and we become as powerless as the grim skeleton of death. Sampson would be shorn of his strength, and we would be as other men. Let that man who would divulge it "dread the wrath of heaven." But another objection is, that we have something to do with "Old Nick!" or in other words, that we have the old devil up here chained fast. No such good luck to the rest of the world. The bible tells us, that he is still gadding up and down the earth. If ever he gets in here he comes unbidden, and I hope our excellent Guardian will tyle the door, and tell him he has no business here. If ever he were to be presented as a candidate we would black-ball him, my brethren, as long as there was a ball in the ballot-box, for he has'nt the first qualification for an Odd-Fellow. But why, says the fastidious coxcomb, or simpering miss, have the name *Odd-Fellow*? Oh, horrid! Don't you know there is every thing in a name? Pope says there is nothing in a name. "That a rose would smell as sweet by any other name." Perhaps there may not be so much euphony of sound in *Odd-Fellow*, as in some other name; but we are Odd-Fellows, and "*Odd-Fellows only when we speak and act like honest men.*"

To be serious. I have answered every objection that I ever heard alleged against our Order. You have them before you, and puerile as they may appear, yet they have been urged against us. It was the remark of an infidel, that if virtue could be embodied the world would fall prostrate and in reverential awe before it. No! retorted a divine, our Saviour when on earth was derided, insulted and finally put to death: If the heavenly maxims of the Lord Jesus Christ met with opposition—if the purity of his life was assailed, let us not, my brethren, be deterred from the path of duty by the clamors of the ignorant, or the hostility of the prejudiced. "Conscious rectitude," exclaimed the eloquent Patrick Henry, "is a powerful consolation." Trusting in God, having for our object the welfare of our fellow-man, let us move onward, courting no vain applause, regardless of all censure, and invoking the smiles of the Great God to rest upon us, and crown our humble efforts with abundant success.

To the credit of this community be it said, that we have not had to encounter any thing like serious opposition. To the intelligence and amiability of our ladies much praise is due. By their conduct they have recognized that important principle in scripture, that it is the duty of their

husbands to *love and govern*, and it is their duty, as their "better half," to *honor and obey*. If Odd-Fellowship made good men bad,—if it converted kind husbands into unkind ones,—if it severed the ties of affection from the wife, the parent or the child,—if it made man forgetful of his duty to his God, himself or his country—then, ladies, throw your influence against us. But if on the contrary we act the part of faithful guardians to the orphans committed to our charge,—if we bestow on them an intellectual and moral training, endeavoring to promote their happiness here and hereafter,—if we take these little ones, friendless and forlorn, and extend to them that fostering care which their situation demands,—if it be our object that the widows of our deceased brethren shall not be exposed to the cold charities of this world, then, ladies, shall we not have your smiles. My heart warms within me when I think of the philanthropic Howard, who expended a very large fortune in seeking and alleviating his fellow-creatures. If ever I sighed for fortune it were only to imitate him. Howard was one of Nature's noblemen, generous and kind. But that mushroom aristocracy of our country, who are ever harping about "society," and who would not condescend to touch a poor man with a ten foot pole, were their extraction traced, in nine cases out of ten they were nurtured in the squalid huts of poverty. We have enlisted, my brethren, in a noble enterprize, and so far from our efforts being discreditable, we ask no higher eulogy than to be called the benefactors of the widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers were Odd-Fellows, and whom we trust have died and will die "good-fellows."

In conclusion permit me to say, that our Lodge which is yet in its infancy, is exerting and will continue to exert a powerful moral influence in this community. Although an infant in age, yet its growth has been exceedingly rapid, and it now possesses all the vigor of manhood. About fifteen months ago Union Lodge was constituted, consisting of brothers Marshall, Keene, Brown, Irvin and Hamilton, and we now number more than 50 members. It has already surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of its early friends in numerical strength and influence, and what it will be futurity alone can develope; and the amount of good accomplished by it can only be estimated in eternity.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Continued from page 180, vol. 1.

THE excitement throughout the Order in Great Britain, which the litigation referred to in the preceding pages of this narrative had produced, did not cease with its triumphant result for the cause of Odd-Fellowship in that kingdom. It was true that the weighty blow which had been aimed at its being as a legal, loyal and commendable community had been by the decision of a competent court of law successfully warded off, and that the spirit of rebellion and insubordination which the former determi-

nation of the same court was calculated to encourage, was now virtually checked, yet the constituted authorities of the Order did not rest in security upon the legal protection which had been thus thrown around their legitimate control of its government, but they earnestly invited to the approaching convention of deputies, in view of this great crisis in Odd-Fellowship, the co-operating counsels of the most distinguished P. G. Masters and Pro. P. G. Masters of the Unity; they had the pleasure of witnessing assembled at Rochdale on Whitmonday in 1838, two hundred and twenty deputies, being the largest meeting of that body which had ever been convened in England. This convention adjourned its meetings from day to day during the 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10th days of June, engaged for the most part at every moment, when relieved from the transaction of district or local business in considering and legislating upon the future maintenance of the integrity of the Unity and the due preservation of its supremacy throughout the jurisdiction.

The proceedings of the Board of Directors in the matter of the trials at law were not only approved but highly commended, and a system of law and discipline was adopted to prevent the possible recurrence of similar difficulties.

Among other decisions of interest made by that body at this session was the acceptance and formal adoption of the Covenant and Golden Rule degrees as a part of the work of the Order.

It had been determined at the last session of the A. M. C. to change a fundamental law of the Order in relation to the manner of appointing the officers of the Unity. In pursuance of this resolution the Grand Officers and Board of Directors were to be elected by ballot in the body of the whole convention of deputies. These distinguished offices had been heretofore enjoyed by a favoured few from the Manchester District and the appointing power was in the hands of brethren, who did not exercise their prerogative in a manner calculated to give satisfaction to the fraternity. The change now made had cast upon the A. M. C. a highly prized privilege. It may be supposed the occasion was one of great interest, being one in which the Representatives of the Lodges were entitled to select their highest officers. P. G. John Peiser, of Appolo Lodge, of the city of Manchester, was the successful candidate of his brethren for the office of Grand Master of the Order, and his administration evidenced the happy discrimination of the A. M. C. in the choice which they made—he was possessed of a high order of intellect, of quick and ready penetration, which combined with thorough business habits, much forbearance, great courtesy and blandness of manners, made him eminently suited for the responsible office to which he had been chosen. This administration of Odd-Fellowship opened a new era in its career in England, and may be regarded as the most successful of all which had preceded it—complete and uninterrupted harmony was now restored throughout the Unity, a large accession in numbers was made to the constituency, and the various auxiliary departments of the Order being kept constantly under the personal review of the Grand Master attained the highest degree of prosperous advancement.*

* We may be permitted to say in this place that this distinguished individual still continues in active connexion with the fraternity in Great Britain, and was honored by his brethren with the special appointment as one of five commissioners to treat with the American depe-

At the close of the session of the Rochdale A. M. C. a liberal donation according to custom was voted to the Public Dispensary of that town, and Birmingham was fixed upon as the place of the next annual meeting.—Fifteen hundred and forty-nine Lodges were reported in regular compliance, numbering one hundred and two thousand six hundred and fourteen members. The Birmingham A. M. C. accordingly assembled in Whitsunweek in the following year, (1839.) Grand Master Peiser and the Board of Directors presented a most gratifying report of the state of the Order at large in the Unity, and the business proceedings of this body were conducted in the most harmonious and agreeable manner. James Davis, of Manchester, was chosen to succeed brother Peiser as Grand Master, a gentleman of great personal popularity in the Order and of high individual worth of character. Although much had been gained by the A. M. C. in so altering the organic law as to take into their own hands the appointment of their Grand Officers, yet it appears that it did not reserve to itself the privilege of selecting the Grand Master from any part of the jurisdiction, but were still obliged in accordance with the old system to select this high officer from the Manchester District—this considering the great extent of the Unity, and the comparative strength of its constituency in many other districts, still continued an anomaly in the proper government of an institution such as Odd-Fellowship is in theory, and such as it should be in practice. The most interesting part of the proceedings of this body will be found to be contained in the affectionate desire manifested to draw still closer the tie between themselves and their American brethren. To use the language of one of the resolutions adopted on this subject at this session, "America" was considered "a most important branch in the fruitful and multiplying vine of Odd-Fellowship," and directions were given to the Grand Master and Board of Directors to renew and earnestly to urge a regular continuance of the American correspondence. A dispensation was authorised by the Board during the year to institute a Lodge at Gibraltar, in the Mediterranean. Eighteen hundred and twenty-one Lodges were present in the Birmingham A. M. C.—representing one hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four members.

ties at Wigan upon the subject of the ever to be regreted differences between the Manchester Unity and the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States. In this commission he manifested the most earnest and anxious solicitude for its successful and harmonious results, and while restrained by his convictions of duty and judgment from yielding his assent to the propositions insisted upon by the American delegation in the body of the conference, did not hesitate to express the most profound regret at the uncalled for legislation of the Wigan A. M. C. upon the report made by himself and colleagues to that body. It is due to this distinguished brother also that on this occasion, in the name and behalf of himself and associate, the writer of the narrative should in this public form announce to his American brethren the fact that P. G. M. Peiser, after the unfortunate close of the conference at Wigan between the English and American commissioners, did not leave unemployed any opportunity to evince his heartfelt attachment to his American brethren, and to extend to them in the person of their deputies the most gratifying attentions and civilities. Having been apprized of the arrival of the American delegation at Liverpool from Paris on their return to the United States, this worthy and estimable brother left his home and extensive manufacturing interests at Manchester and came over to Liverpool to see them once more, and remained with them two days, constantly pressing upon their consideration with great solicitude the English view of the question in the matter of the conference at Wigan. Without meaning to detract in the slightest degree from the gentlemanly and highly complimentary and strictly fraternal deportment of each and every member of the British commission in this important conference towards their American brethren, yet the great devotion and peculiar interest evinced by P. G. M. Peiser in the premises entitles him to the thanks of the whole American family of Odd-Fellows, and we commend to the generous and hospitable attentions of our brotherhood if at any time it should please him to visit the United States.

The profits of the Magazine for the current year above all its expenses exceeded two thousand dollars, and the amount of its patronage was rapidly increasing. The character of this work, although it had acquired great popularity among the brethren, had not really been such as to deserve such a reward from its literary or individual merits, but was the more indebted for its success to the object to which its profits were applied, viz: "The widow and orphan fund." The attention of the considerate and intelligent members of the Board of Directors was now directed to the improvement of the literary character of the Magazine. Heretofore the work had been conducted by a committee of the Board of Directors, whose services were gratuitously rendered, but this labour very generally devolving upon some one better qualified than his colleagues, became irksome and it was determined very properly that a competent editor should be retained, and that in addition the sum of £50 should be distributed in premiums among the best writers for its pages during the year. This arrangement was not however perfected until the following year.

The A. M. C. of Great Britain for 1840 met at York at the usual time, (Whitsunweek,) when two hundred and four deputies were present:—Without fatiguing the reader with a recital of the detail of the local business transacted at the session, it may be proper to observe that the report from every quarter of the kingdom evidenced the gratifying truth that the spread of the benign principles of Odd-Fellowship continued to be almost incredible. Lodges had been in the recess regularly instituted in Ireland and at Hamburgh in Germany: in the former of which countries, the peculiar religious prejudices of the mass of its people had hitherto successfully prevented its introduction. Five thousand five hundred and forty Lodges were present by their respective delegates, representing a constituency which had now swelled to one hundred and eighty thousand members. This vast increase of members, comprising nearly fifty thousand in one year, it is believed is wholly unprecedented in the history of any benevolent association of the age, and affords the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence of the talent and skill with which the affairs of the Order were administered by its presiding officers. From a general review of the balance sheet and auditors' report of the state of the general fund of the Order at this time, the prosperity of the fiscal affairs of the Unity appears to have been commensurate with its augmentation, in strength, numbers and respectability. This general fund arising from sales of regalia, dispensations by the Board of Directors and some few other unimportant sources, and which is subject to the exclusive controul of the A. M. C. now amounted to £4000, and was safely invested in the savings' banks of the country. The York A. M. C. duly appreciating the commendable efforts, which had been for several years previously made in many districts to sever the connexion between Lodges and public houses as places of meeting, appropriated the sum of £100 out of the general fund to assist the Leeds district in procuring an Act of Parliament to free Odd-Fellows from the stamp duty in the transfer of stock in Odd-Fellows' Halls. This stamp duty it will be recollected being by law so onerous, that it amounted in point of fact to an entire prohibition to the formation of joint stock associations for the execution of any other than very large and extensive operations in manufactures, trade, banking or other similar objects. Two hundred and eighteen pounds were distributed among the charities of York

previous to the adjournment of the body, and the next A. M. C. was appointed to assemble at the Isle of Man, in St. George's Channel.

At this memorable assemblage of the A. M. C. in May, 1841, proceedings were adopted by our English brethren in relation to the American jurisdiction which have produced such unhappy results. These proceedings are comprised in the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, We perceive from the American Correspondence that brethren arriving in that country labour under great disadvantages, and can seldom, if ever, avail themselves of the benefits of Odd-Fellowship in American Lodges as at present constituted. We consider it advisable that the Board of Directors be empowered either to open Lodges, or to take such steps as may seem to them better calculated to carry out the principles of our Institution."

"Resolved, That the Grand Master and Board of Directors communicate to the next conference of the United States, that unless arrangements be made in America previous to the next A. M. C., to treat members arriving from England in the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, the Directors will be under the necessity of making such arrangement for the interest and comfort of the members of the Independent Order now in America as may seem to them most proper."

The subject of the improvement of the Magazine was again considered during this year by the Board of Directors, and it was finally determined to issue a new series of that work under the editorial management of brother John Bolton Rogerson, an author of considerable eminence in England, a most estimable gentleman and accomplished scholar. It is to be regretted that with such ample means at their disposal, the Board should have allowed so limited a salary to this officer, (£50.) whose labours and responsibilities appear to be quite equal to those of Grand Secretary Ratcliffe, who receives with the allowance of two clerks £500 per annum.

A MOTHER TO HER LOST ONE.

BY MISS LOUISE, OF BALTIMORE.

KIND angels have borne thee, sweet child of my bosom,
To climes that are lovely and beaming with light,
And though faded on earth thy beauty may blossom
The charms thou hast gain'd are more perfect and bright;
In the garden of glory the Saviour has given—
The home of the seraphs, 'mid the wonders of Heaven.

Oh! God, yield me strength to bear up under sorrow,
To smile that the slumb'rer is freed from life's pain—
To dream of the hopes that the wretched may borrow
From the word of his promise, to meet thee again
Where our union 'mong spirits no rude hand can sever,
And the smiles of his angels are radiant for ever.

From the Charleston Courier.

KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

Odd-Fellows, quotha ! they're odd *enow* in excellence.

Old Play.

THE praises of Odd-Fellowship have been written, spoken and sung, yet the real worth of the institution is not generally known and acknowledged. Perhaps there are but few persons in the community, but what know of some instances where it has extended relief—supported, protected and comforted the weak and distressed. And there are many who have shared its benefits. The sick and distressed—the widow and the orphan, in all parts of our country, bear faithful testimony to the benevolence of the Order, and their prayers ascend as with one voice for its prosperity.

Yet its benefit in a *moral* point of view is no less to be admired than in the *benevolent*. The moral influence it has exerted, and still exerts, is perhaps best known to the brotherhood ; still it is also manifest to all who *will see* any thing good in the Order. It requires purity of character on admission, and endeavors to preserve the purity, and improve the moral and social condition of the man. It enjoins the observance of excellent rules, and the practice of good principles. It requires honor, justice, temperance and brotherly kindness. It instructs brethren to watch over and admonish one another for good—it would raise up the worthy when bowed down, restore the down-trodden, and it encourages to deeds of active benevolence, honor and excellence ! Its moral precepts, if properly observed and acted upon, will exalt the character of man, and give to his conscience a security resulting from correct motives and upright conduct.

Around the altar of Odd-Fellowship men of all religious sects may meet as brethren, for controversy on religious subjects is forbidden in the lodge. Here, then, the good and the great can combine their energies, in the inculcation of brotherly kindness and charity.

" In faith and hope the world may disagree,
But *all* mankind's concern is charity ;
All must be false, that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend."

So long as the members observe the rules, and act upon the principles enforced in their lodges, they will commend the Institution, and be "*odd enow* in excellence."

The Order is fast spreading over our country—the east and the west, the north and the south, yield to its influence, and enjoy its blessings.—Link after link is being added to the great chain which binds thousands together,

In social love and harmony.

To the fair sex, both matrons and maidens, (for some of you dislike the idea of *our* being *Odd-Fellows*,) I would say, as you love morality and

good order; as you would see open-handed charity blessing the widow and the orphan, or desire protection in health, and support and solace in distress, give to the fraternity your sanction—encourage your husbands or lovers and brothers to join it, and thus extend and strengthen the golden chain of Friendship, Love and Truth.

HOWARD.

E N I G M A .

BY MISS. E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

My first, third, fifth, and second
Will form a word much used,
Though its signification
Is very oft abused.
'Tis given for the good, or ill,
Which ever will betide
The destinies of mortals,
As on through life they glide.
My fifth, third, fourth, fifth, second,
A shade o'er all things throws,
It animates, and gilds our way,
If with chaste light it glows.

My second, third, fourth, fifth will give
A word, and name a place
Where man's immortal interests
Are stamp'd on nature's face;
The birth-place of all earthly good,
The scenes most bless'd by Heaven,
Where the worlds Architect once stood,
And angel's food was given.
My whole, if one of reason,
Will prove a flow of soul ;
But if it should be sensual
'Twill prove a poison'd bowl,

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has recently been held in the City of Baltimore, among the proceedings of which body we notice a resolution offered by a certain Rev. J. A. Collins, that upon the examination of character the following question should be propounded to each preacher:—"Are you a member of the Odd-Fellows?"

It is strange indeed that in this enlightened day there could be found in the person of one professing to be a minister of the gospel of the "meek Saviour of man," who could in view of his peculiar calling venture upon a crusade against an institution, wholly unobtrusive in its character, whose single aim is to inculcate a profound veneration for religion, a sacred regard for all the virtues which adorn and dignify man, and especially the practical exercise of that crowning virtue, Charity, so beautifully exemplified in the life of Him whom all Christians delight to honour—above all, it appears to us wholly incomprehensible how a spirit of intolerance, such as this movement displays, can be reconciled with the precepts of a religion, for the advancement of whose empire bigotry nor prejudice are fit arguments here below, or acceptable offerings in the sight of its holy Founder. The Rev. gentleman must have either been grossly ignorant of the character of the fraternity which it was his object to assail, or he must have been betrayed into a distrust of its principles from misrepresentations no doubt honestly made to him, at least we will suppose so.—Allowing him the benefit of either horn of the dilemma he cannot escape from just rebuke, If he was ignorant of the true character of Odd-Fellowship how sinful was it to asperse the reputation of a large and respectable class of his fellow-men, by attempting to shut them out from church privileges, because forsooth he was uninformed in relation to the real design of some of their associated connexions. If he was misinformed upon the subject, he was equally culpable for an indecent haste and precipitancy in condemning a society without giving himself the pains of acquiring correct and authentic knowledge as to its principles and practices.

We live under a government founded emphatically for the establishment of human freedom, and no motive was more potential in stringing the nerves of our forefathers to the contest which secured this blessing, than a just and honourable struggle for free, unrestrained, untrammelled religious, political and associated rights. Indeed this was among the leading causes which produced the revolution, the successful result of which

now privileges the Rev. gentleman to worship his Creator after his own convictions, to form and fearlessly to express his own opinions upon all subjects, or associations of men for whatever object.

This right which we concede to the Rev. Mr. Collins we claim in its fullest and broadest extent for ourselves, admitting that the errors of our association, if any, are legitimate subjects of assault by fair, frank and searching examination and argument; but denying that the spirit which would proscribe us for our opinions sake from church connexions is in consonance with pure Christian institutions—as Odd-Fellows we profess to be engaged in a work of benefaction to man, and to accomplish this great design we have adopted certain means; these means according to our best convictions are not only just and honourable but commendable; shall we therefore be the subjects of intolerance from our fellow-men, and be prevented from ministering in the same temple or worshipping around the same altars in which the Rev. gentleman is privileged to offer up his thanksgiving, especially when the object of our adoration is a “common Father,” ready and willing as we are taught at all times to hear the honest and *unprejudiced* outpourings of his children? If such things may be, and Odd-Fellows many of whom are quite as exemplary Christians as the Rev. Mr. Collins, are to be thus uncereemoniously excluded from the church our boasted privilege of toleration becomes a mere shadow, and the object of government is indeed in this particular sadly perverted.—This is not all, let us suppose that as members of the Methodist Episcopal connexion, Odd-Fellows do not only find any thing in Odd-Fellowship in conflict with the cause of Christianity, but on the contrary discover in its principles and practical tendencies positive and substantial aids in advancing the cause of religion, auxiliaries the most powerful in reclaiming the wayward from vice and leading them back to virtue, admonitions and counsels, constantly and affectionately suading them to an upright and elevated walk before God and man, may they not marvel to find a warfare of proscription waged against them, by the professed followers of Him, the pure intonations of whose voice forever and forever proclaim “*Peace and good will to man on earth.*”

With the church we have ever avoided collision—constituted of members belonging to every sect, of every nation and of every clime, we could not without doing violence to an elementary principle of Odd-Fellowship, take any part in putting up or pulling down this creed or that doctrine; but conceding to all pure intentions, however diversified the means of attaining the same good end, we had hoped at least that we should be dealt with by our fellow-christians in the same spirit, and that Odd-Fellowship might be permitted to pursue the “even tenor of its way,” performing its silent and unostentatious offices of relief and benefaction, upon that consecrated Christian principle which enjoins upon all the sacred obligation of “doing unto others as they would wish that others should do unto them.” In this particular we have been disappointed, but we shall leave the Order to act out its own vindication. We have been for some time past the subject of assault from a few misguided zealots—we say a few, for we have yet to learn that any respectable sect of Christians as a body have ventured to denounce Odd-Fellowship. It is true that among the Roman Catholics and Episcopal Methodists we have found earnest opponents. Singular—extraordinary—wonderful association!! And why is

it? Can any teaching be found in the precepts of pure and undefiled religion, which proclaims war upon the ministrings of man in efforts to ameliorate the condition of his fellow on this earth? Can such a warfare present a sacrifice grateful or acceptable in the sight of Him who has promised to regard those who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sick, succour the widow and provide for the orphan? But we cannot hope to escape from influences which are ever the offspring of *sectarianism* or exclusiveness in Christianity. They blight every thing, mar every subject, and like ever-dropping poison, they deaden every noble impulse of the human heart: they teach that all are wrong but the favoured few who behold the true light, and they indiscriminately consign all others to the fastness of impenetrable error.

Oh! when will mankind cease to regard each other in the light of antagonists, and begin to be governed by enlightened and liberal views! When will those whose calling especially demands a living exemplification of charity and love lay down the unhallowed weapons of assault against their fellow-beings, when there should be nothing but generous and magnanimous rivalry to excel each other in well-doing. Let the bigoted and illiberal spirit of persecution which has and still to some extent continues to pursue our Order, riot if it may in its delusion, we cannot be diverted from the true end of our being and our efforts of benefaction to the human race, although less ostentatious may not be the less successful or grateful to Him under whose outstretched wing our beloved Order has been so long sheltered and protected. Brethren, heedless of the spirit of intolerance or proscription, let us press onward in relieving the needy, sustaining the weak, in comforting the afflicted, cheering the disconsolate, educating the orphan, enlightening the ignorant, counselling the wayward and with the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth flung to the breeze upon every hill-top and in every valley throughout the earth continue to war against vice and its train of evils.

Charleston, S. C.—Having spent a few weeks in the above city and visited the Lodges of our Order, we have thought that a brief account of the condition and prospects of Odd-Fellowship in that jurisdiction might not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. But a little more than two years has elapsed since the standard of the Order was first raised in the State of South Carolina, and already many of her most valued sons have rallied around it, and there is abundant evidence that in no place has the principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth" found a more congenial soil.—There are now under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State six subordinate Lodges, all in a highly prosperous condition, with an aggregate of over one thousand members. There are also two Encampments working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and a petition will soon be presented for the formation of a Grand Encampment. We have some knowledge of the rise and progress of the Order, as well as its present condition in the several States of our Union, that while its growth in this jurisdiction has been far more rapid than in any other State, it has not been less healthful, nor its present condition less cheering and prosperous. The reason for this condition of things is easily perceived. The Order here, in the outset, fell into the hands of

men who could appreciate its principles, and their power for good, and whose character and standing in society afforded a guarantee to the public, that the institution was what it claimed to be. Add to this the fact, that the energies of the Order here have been devoted singly to its legitimate objects, and you will have the reasons why, in this jurisdiction more readily and rapidly than in any other, men of character and influence have sought admission to our Lodges, and why they now number among their most active members the leading names in the City and State. Free from the difficulties that have embarrassed the Order in many other States, our hopes for its future prosperity in this State are sanguine and high. It is well known that in England the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows presents, and has ever presented, the singular phenomenon of a widely extended society founded upon the principles of benevolence, broad as the wants of humanity, and possessing, in *theory*, an elevated and firm morality, yet *practically*, with one hand dispensing its benefactions to the sick and distressed, and with the other ministering at the altar of Bacchus, and beckoning her members to mingle in scenes of conviviality and intemperance. In that guise it crossed the Atlantic, and was first planted upon our shores. Of course, its progress was slow for years, and when at last pure spirits undertook the work of purification, they found it no easy matter to strip off the old garments and clothe the Order in its own proper habiliments. And even when *that* was accomplished, it was suspected of being clad in a cloak of hypocrisy, and its advocates had to battle with a host of prejudices and misapprehensions. These causes have greatly retarded our progress in those places where the Order was first established. But in this State they have begun right, and their past success and present prospects have demonstrated the fact, that a rigid practical adherence to the real principles and objects of the institution affords the best possible guarantee of success. Happy will it be if we learn that the hands should be clean and the hearts pure, to whom the guidance of the good ship is entrusted in her first voyage upon unknown waters. We beg to add our heartfelt acknowledgments for the kind reception we have met from our brethren of the Order in our first visit to this jurisdiction. A stranger as we were, and far from home, it added much, very much to the pleasure of our visit, and could not be otherwise than grateful to our feelings.

I. D. W.

WE are indebted to our respected friend P. G. M. Charles Thomas, of Cincinnati, for a copy of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio during the year 1842. This volume, containing eighty-eight pages, we have read with peculiar pleasure. The strictly parliamentary order in which the business of that body is conducted reflects great credit upon its officers. Among the many interesting topics considered and determined during the year, we find the following most important decision, which as it most conclusively expounds and enforces a fundamental law of Odd-Fellowship, we copy for the benefit of the Order at large.

“The special order for the evening was taken up, being the report of the committee on the case of brother M. The report was again read, and is as follows:

"To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of Ohio:

"Your committee, to whom was referred the memorial of sundry brothers, wherein complaint is made of the conduct of brother C. E. M., in leaving his chair as N. G. of Washington Lodge, No. 2, when a gentleman was presented for initiation, assigning as a reason for so doing, that he could not conscientiously give the charge of his office to a Jew; and the action of Washington Lodge, on his trial for the same,—respectfully report:—

"That they have well and maturely examined and considered the subject, and find that the statements made in said memorial are substantially correct.

"The ground assumed by brother M. is a most extraordinary one, not only in view of the consequences to which it would lead, but as it is in direct and total opposition to every thing taught by Odd-Fellowship. The landmarks laid down for our guidance are, "that the Order is based upon the permanent principles of universal benevolence, friendship and philanthropy," and "that no religious disputes are suffered in any Lodge, but that as Odd-Fellows, we pursue the universal religion of nature, which is the cement which unites in one bond men of the most discordant opinions." The only religious test we have is a belief in the Supreme Being. Under this, no matter what other religious opinions a man may have, he is so far qualified for initiation and for all the degrees of our Order; every care has been taken by the founders and heads of the Order to prevent even the least approach to any thing like sectarianism in all branches of the Order. The grand feature of the institution is Charity in its fullest extent; and yet how little charity would there be in requiring others to believe precisely as we do before we would extend our aid! Every exertion has been and is being made to extend the Order as far and wide as possible, and the more it is extended the more attractive it will become to those who are without the pale, and the more beneficial to those who are already members. Good, moral, industrious men, believing in a Supreme Being, are all that we require; every thing else is left to the conscience of the candidate: and the wisdom of this course may be seen in its effects: we now have among us men probably of every different shade of belief in religious matters, and, heretofore, not the first whisper has been heard upon this subject.

"The innovation now broached is one of the most dangerous to the perpetuity of the institution which could be thought of. If it is once admitted, we turn our Order into a sectarian religious machine, proscribing those who are not of the same faith as the majority of the members and destroying the very life of the institution. No member can be so blind as not to believe that such a course would cut down and ruin us in a very short time.

"This Grand Lodge, as guardian of the Order in the State, is bound to send forth such an expression of opinion as will effectually put down all attempts to introduce any form of sectarianism among us. It is the absolute duty of every good Odd-Fellow to frown down at its first blush, this dangerous doctrine, and it is important to the best interests of the Order that immediate action should be had, and that the question should be permanently settled. That brother M. may have been actuated by conscientious motives, your committee are not disposed to deny; but they believe

that he either did not understand the principles on which our Order is based, or that he suffered himself to be warped by prejudice. Arguments upon this point need not be multiplied; the facts speak for themselves, and every member of this Grand Lodge must know that the spirit of the institution, if not the letter of the law, has been violated. No doubt; when brother M. views the consequences to which his course would lead; he will at once see and acknowledge his error.

"As this is the first time this question has ever come before the Grand Lodge, and as brother M. has always been an efficient and good member, it is as well that the punishment should be as light as strict justice requires. The great point is to establish the precedent; and to let members generally know their rights and duties in such cases.

"Your committee have examined the proceedings of Washington Lodge on the trial of brother M., and find that she proceeded in strict accordance with her Constitution and By-laws. It is true she found brother M. guilty of the charge, and did not fix any punishment; but the blame, if any there be, must be laid to the defect in her laws, by which a bare majority may sustain a charge, but two-thirds are requisite to vote a punishment. In order to avoid difficulty in future this should be altered, by placing both on the same level with regard to the majorities requisite. In the case before us the charge was sustained by a vote of 19 to 16, whilst the vote to punish by reprimand was lost, although 17 were for it and but 12 against. It could not in reason be expected that those who had just voted to acquit, would without further evidence, vote to punish."

[We give the following suggestion a place at the request of the writer, observing only by the way, that we cordially concur with the brother in the opinion expressed, that the Representatives in the Grand Lodge of the United States should be chosen for two sessions, instead of being elected as at present for one year—and the reasons assigned for the change appear to us to have weight in them—we cannot however agree to the classification of Representatives as proposed, nor do we think any further modification of the Constitution of the G. L. of the U. S. would be necessary than the adoption of a provision to create "Terms" of two annual sessions. By this means the benefits of experience in legislation would be obtained, and the injustice of rendering members ineligible, which would follow from the plan of our correspondent, would be avoided.—ED.]

MR. EDITOR:—Through the medium of the "Official Magazine" I wish to make the following suggestions to State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments. By the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States the Grand Sire and other elective officers of that venerable body, are elected for the term of two years, while the Grand Representatives are elected but for one. This plan appears to me to be defective, for I think it highly important that the Grand Representatives should be elected for the same term as the Grand Sire and other Grand Officers. Hence I would suggest, that all those State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments which are entitled to but one Representative, should elect him for the full term of two years; and those Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments which are entitled to two Representatives should continue as at present to elect them annually, but to re-elect at every annual election one of the former

Representatives, thus dropping at every annual election the oldest Representative, or the one who had been elected two successive years, and elect in his place a new one who had never been a Grand Representative and to re-elect the Representative who had been to but one session of the Grand Lodge of the United States—the Lodges would thereby always secure an experienced Representative. This plan could be easily effected after the first two years, and indeed some of the Grand Lodges might carry it into operation at their next annual election, as some of them now have Representatives who have been to the Grand Lodge of the United States more than once. By an arrangement of this kind I conceive that State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments would be much better represented than they are at present; because, in the first place, the Grand Sire would be enabled to become much better acquainted with the capacities and fitness of members to serve on the different committees; and further, the members themselves would become better acquainted with each other—with each other's views and feelings on the different subjects to come up before the Grand Lodge of the United States, and would therefore be enabled to act more efficiently and more effectively. The older members of the G. L. of the U. S. being necessarily better acquainted and experienced in the routine and mode of business of that honorable body, they would be of much service to the younger members in imparting to them such necessary information as the novelty of their situation would from time to time require, which would relieve the initiates of much embarrassment at times. I think that all members of the G. L. of the U. S. who have been to that honorable body but once will admit, that through want of a proper knowledge of the modes of business of that body, they thought themselves more competent at the close of the session to represent their constituents than they were at the beginning. Therefore, by regulating the elections for Grand Representatives according to the above suggestions, I feel assured that State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments would not only be better represented but that the interests of the Order at large would be promoted. The Representatives having more experience, would feel their situation to be one of greater responsibility, and consequently themselves more accountable to their constituents for any neglect or departure from duty. Also, Representatives would be better fitted to receive and carry out the instructions of their respective G. Lodges. Much more might be written in support of the above suggestions, but sufficient has been written I trust, to make them understood. If I be wrong in my views, I would be pleased if some brother would make it appear.

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WE publish the following correspondence only by urgent request.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. OF OHIO, }
Cincinnati, December 17, 1842. }

P. G. M. JAMES L. RIDGELY,
Baltimore, Md.,

Dear Sir and Brother:

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge held this evening it was *unanimously*
“Resolved, That the warmest thanks of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the

Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the State of Ohio, are due and that they be tendered to P. G. M. JAMES L. RIDGELY, of the State of Maryland, for the zeal and ability with which he has served this Grand Lodge for many years, as Proxy Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States.

"Resolved, That the Grand Master and Grand Secretary carry the above into effect."

It gives us great pleasure to tender to you, although at a late day, the above expression of the feelings of this Grand Lodge towards you, for your arduous and long continued services in its behalf.

That your efforts may always be appreciated as they are by the Order in this State, is the sincere wish of

Yours in F. L. & T.,

CHARLES THOMAS, *G. Master.*

SAMUEL W. CORWIN, *G. Sec'y.*

Extract from the Journal of the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary presented the following correspondence which was read and ordered to be recorded:

BALTIMORE, January 5, 1843.

To Charles Thomas, M. W. G. Master, and

R. W. Grand Secretary:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS,

Yours of the 17th December, conveying to me, as the appointed organ of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Ohio, the resolution unanimously adopted by that body commendatory of my poor efforts to represent her in the councils of the Grand Lodge of the United States, has been duly received. Were I to say that the sentiments which they utter have filled me with a deep sense of the high honor conferred upon me, I would but feebly express the pleasing emotions which they have produced. The Grand Lodge of Ohio will accept, through you, my unfeigned acknowledgments, and I may add, my sincere and ardent hope that she will henceforth, as she has heretofore often done, be represented in the Grand Lodge of the United States in her appropriate person. No brother knows, worthy Grand Master, better than yourself the profound interest which the acts and doings of that body should awaken throughout our beloved Order. Upon the mature deliberations and salutary legislation of that Lodge mainly depends the harmony and *unity* of Odd-Fellowship in America, and, perhaps in the world. In view of which allow me to invite your own experience to the dissemination of the importance of personal representation in that honorable body.

Ours is a noble institution—unequalled in this or any other country for its solid benefits and essential moral influences upon society at large.—We have made it a proud edifice from a poor, humble beginning; and now that the waves of bigotry, and the storms of fanaticism have ceased their howl, we are the more called upon to appreciate our cherished *love*, and to bear it on to posterity in all its native purity. During fifteen years have I contributed an humble share to spread its benign principles throughout our happy country,—and, associated for the most part with many distinguished brethren in the higher branches of the Order, have had many op-

portunities of witnessing its trials, difficulties, and struggles; you may well suppose, therefore, that I am among its proudest votaries, now that I have lived to witness the crowning triumph which it has achieved over every enemy, and the bright trophies of its victories in the binding up of broken hearts and the relief of suffering humanity. Indeed, my dear brothers, the cause of Odd-Fellowship has ever had my enthusiastic devotion, and nothing in the history of my life has given me more real pleasure than its glorious march over every obstacle from the north to the south and from the east to the west. May that kind Providence, under whose wing its fortune has been so securely fostered, and to the exaltation of whose Empire it is so well destined largely to contribute, ever continue its guardian protection over its interests and save it from peril. To the Grand Lodge of Ohio a bright link in the chain justly belongs—she has burnished it by untiring efforts, and I know I but utter the sentiments of every brother who worships at her altars, when I proclaim for them a steady determination to keep it as a mirror, reflecting back their virtue and fidelity. To yourself individually, with whom I had the pleasure of co-operating at our last session in the labors of the cause, worthy Grand Master, and to your respected Grand Secretary, the chosen instruments of your Grand Lodge in the office of transmitting the resolutions in question, allow me to present my thanks for the handsome manner in which you have discharged your duty, and to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, collectively and individually, my sincere gratitude for this mark of their confidence and respect.

With sentiments of affectionate regard, I remain, in the bonds of our common beloved Order,

Your friend and brother,

JAMES L. RIDGELY.

Early Reminiscences of Odd-Fellowship.—These notes are resumed in our present number—their previous publication has been arrested by a press of “official” business. The concluding part of the history, from May 1841 to May 1842 inclusive, embracing matter which has already been over and again published in the form of correspondence between the Corresponding Secretary and the Manchester Unity, and the reports of the American Deputies to England, with the message of the Grand Sire and the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States thereon, will not again be inflicted upon our readers in the Covenant; but passing over this period, the Reminiscences, so far as they refer to the history of the Order in England, will for the present be closed with this number, and will proceed in our next with a narrative of the rise and progress of Odd-Fellowship in the United States, tracing its career in all the States. At a future period the entire subject may be reviewed, enlarged and given to the Order in the form of a detailed history of our Order from 1809 to the present period. Any authentic communications relating to the establishment of the Order in the different States, which may not be found in the archives of the Grand Lodge of the United States will be of service in this compilation and may be forwarded to us by mail.

FURTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ENGLISH MISSION.

Union Lodge, No. 7, Richmond, Va. - - - - \$10

TO G. SEC'RY RIDGELY, ESQ.

Dear Sir and Brother :—

In looking over the proceedings of the recent session of the Grand Lodge of the United States I see no mention made of the fact, of our highly respected proxy representative having asked and obtained leave of absence on the last day but one of the session. The omission, together with the subsequent action of the Grand Lodge, might lead to the inference that he was displaced by the representative elect, who did not contemplate taking his seat, but happening in Baltimore on business on the last day, and finding brother Leidy had left, he concluded to present his credentials.

Truly your's, &c.

ZENAS B. GLAZIER, G. M.

[We owe an apology to our respected friend, P. G. Sire Glazier, for not having inserted his note at an earlier period, and also to P. G. N. B. Leidy for the omission referred to. It was one of those accidental oversights which will occur in the press and hurry of business, and we trust will be regarded as having occurred in that way only.]

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Virginia—Extract of a letter from Rev. P. G. Thos. G. Clayton, dated Woodburn, March 21, 1843.

Again, I think in addition to the Manual, a public Lecturer on the Order ought to be appointed to visit the different Lodges and deliver lectures on Odd-Fellowship—this would be a means of greatly spreading our cause. Let him prepare a course of lectures for the public and instruct the Lodges in private. This I throw out as a hint for you to improve on.

Georgia—Extract of a letter from brother G. L. Warren, N. G. of Franklin Lodge, No. 2, dated Macon, March 10, 1843.

Enclosed please receive a blank Card and the seal of Franklin Lodge No. 2, Macon, Ga. This Lodge was instituted on the 27th January last and we number at this time 77 members, good and true. The Order with us has taken a high stand in society—our most worthy and respectable citizens are becoming members.

Louisiana—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire A. Mondelli, dated New Orleans, March 8, 1843.

You will excuse me if I have not written to you as often as I should do; the apparent neglect is owing to business, which left me very little time to spare, and waiting too the opportunity of giving to the letter a satisfactory item, in regard to the progress and welfare of the Order in this district. I am pleased to inform you that I have exerted myself to re-

vive the Louisiana Lodge, No. 1, which was one of the Lodges that was blended with the others into Union Lodge, No. 6, in this city. Several brothers who formerly belonged to the same, made application to the G. Lodge of the State, and after the usual process it was granted, upon condition that the said applicants should pay the sum of \$7 each towards the formation of a contingent fund to start said Lodge. The old charter, with the certificate of the Grand Lodge reviving said Lodge, was granted and is now in full operation. The members are increasing at every meeting, and I hope to see the Order in this State flourishing and equally as strong as any in this meridian.

Mississippi—From Grand Secretary C. C. Delacroix, dated Natchez, February 27, 1843.

The following resolutions were passed by this Grand Lodge during its last quarterly meeting, held on the 20th inst.

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge deeply regrets the failure of the mission deputed by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States to England, for the purpose of effecting uniformity in the Work of our Order throughout the globe—but at the same time they cannot, without doing violence to their feelings, withhold from P. G. M. James L. Ridgely and G. Chap. I. D. Williamson, the deputies appointed to carry out the views of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States on this important subject, an expression of their entire approbation for their able and eloquent vindication of our Order in the United States, and manly resistance of the unjust and extraordinary pretensions and assumption of our brethren in England, disclosed in the correspondence between the parties as published.

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge approves of the action of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, on the subject of the failure of the Mission to England, and pledges herself to sustain that Right Worthy body in such further action as she may deem necessary to adopt in relation thereto.

"Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of the above resolutions to the Grand Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, with a request that he will present the same to that R. W. Lodge at its next session."

It also affords me great pleasure to inform you of the advancing progress of our beloved Order in this State. Since our last report to the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States we have granted charters for two new Lodges, one at Woodville and the other at Jackson. Harmony and good feeling prevail among the brothers throughout the State.

Extract of a letter from P. G. John B. Dicks, dated Natchez, Feb. 17, '43.

On the 7th inst., the introduction of Odd-Fellowship into the State of Mississippi, (being the sixth anniversary,) was celebrated by the members of Wildey Encampment, No. 1, Mississippi Lodge, No. 1, and Washington Lodge, No. 2—also in attendance some visiting brethren from distant parts.

The celebration was in the Odd-Fellows' Hall—none but members of

the Order present. The ceremonies of the evening were—first, an appropriate Ode, assisted by instrumental music. Prayer by the G. Master of the State, brother G. I. Dicks. Ode, composed by brother J. H. McMichael of this city, very appropriate. After which I attempted in a short Address, to give the history of the Order in this State, concluding with some account of the prosperity of the Order generally, and reminded the brothers of the beneficial results, to them individually and to society generally, arising from a strict adherence to the precepts taught them as Odd-Fellows, and the virtuous principles upon which our Order is based.

These principles do not conflict with the precepts contained in the word of God; they accord, they harmonize with those moral laws governing religious and enlightened communities. They are seen to mingle and flow in mutual strength, forming a moral impetus, irresistible in its power, sweeping the channels of society of all impure and immoral associations.

After the address P. G. M. Ruffner, in a very appropriate manner, related his own exertions in establishing the Order in our State—"he felt proud to say, that the Order had increased in strength, both as regarded numbers of members, and the sterling worth of moral character attached to that number beyond his most sanguine expectations."

After brother Ruffner concluded his remarks the ceremonies of the evening were concluded with a hymn, and prayer as before.

It was a happy evening to all present. We had a number of newly initiated members present, men too of the first respectability; they were all much pleased with the design of Odd-Fellowship.

It gives me pleasure to add, that the several Lodges of this City have contributed, under a special arrangement, to create an "Orphan Fund," for the relief of destitute orphans of deceased members of their respective Lodges—10 per cent. quarterly, is set apart from the actual receipts of the Lodges; which fund is under the control of a "Board of Management," five in number, organized by electing a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Charitable Committee, of which I am Secretary, and was instructed to communicate to you the zeal and perseverance manifested by the brotherhood in this city to carry out the benevolent and charitable design of this institution. The Lodges throughout the State are doing as well as could be expected, taking in view the pecuniary distress of our community. The Grand Master some ten days ago, opened Wilkinson Lodge, No. 10, in Woodville, a day's journey south-east of Natchez. From the location, and the character of the brothers who made application for a charter, Wilkinson Lodge, No. 10, must soon become one of the strongest Lodges in the State.

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from Bro. D. P. Watson, dated Nicholasville, February 8, 1843.

Our Lodge is increasing fast in numbers—since the commencement of our fifth lodge quarter (10th January last) we have had ten initiations, of the most influential of our citizens, and seven more petitions to act on—we now number over forty members.

Indiana—Extract of a letter from Rev. Bro. F. H. L. Laird, dated Logansport, January 30, 1843.

On the 21st of November last G. M. James W. Hinds and D. Vander-

belt, D. G. M., opened in our city a lodge of I. O. of O. F. which I had the pleasure of proposing should be hailed "Neilson Lodge, No. 12."—We are particular to admit none but such as promise to become good members.

Delaware.—We are gratified to learn from P. G. Sire Glazier, and through the press, that our Order is rapidly progressing in this State. The Grand Lodge of the United States has reason to congratulate herself upon the revival of Odd-Fellowship in that long neglected jurisdiction—to no one is she more indebted for the present prospects of the Order in Delaware than to P. G. Sire Glazier, to whose industry and perseverance is the result chiefly attributable.

We have great pleasure in adding the names of Miss E. C. HENNINGTON, of New York, and the Rev. WM. H. T. BARNES, of the Methodist Protestant Church, Delaware, to the list of our regular contributors.

The Rainbow.—We have received the number of the 15th March of this well conducted periodical, but having failed to receive the issue of February and the first of March, we beg the favour of the publishers to furnish us with these numbers.

Agents for the Diploma.—We take pleasure in stating that brother Turner, of Louisville, Ky., has made a highly satisfactory response to our call upon this subject.

Our Book.—This number of our book has been vexatiously delayed, awaiting an engraving which we have been daily expecting from New York. The necessity of getting the work out within the present month has compelled us to go to press without it.

Odd-Fellows' Hall.—On Saturday evening last, we visited the Odd-Fellows' Room in the third story of Temperance Hall, and found a splendidly furnished apartment of about 62 feet long and 29 feet wide. The first chair stands at the lower end of the room and is trimmed and supported in a rich and magnificent manner. Before it stands four very beautiful columns over which is the word "Friendship," between two carved and gilded lambs. The architecture is of the pure Doric order, and presents a neat and striking appearance. The Secretary's stand is on the left side of the room—it has a mahogany cap 5 inches high, and as a design two gilded pens are carved in front. Opposite is the Treasurer's desk, which is the same as the Secretary's, only two keys are the design. In the middle is the stand upon which is laid the Bible—it is of mahogany, covered on the top with red cloth and edged with gold fringe—the finest we ever saw.

The second chair is nearly on the same plan as the first, only it is not trimmed so richly. Over the columns are the words "Love and Truth," on either side two doves with the olive branch in their mouth. Two excellent paintings by Woodside adorn the room. The floor is covered by splendid carpets and the windows are curtained very prettily. This is by far the handsomest room in this city, and speaks well for our worthy mechanics. The furniture was made by Mr. John Luff—the carpenter work by Mr. Charles Smith—the carving by Mr. Franklin Fox, and the marble work by Mr. Nelson Cleland.—*Delaware Republican.*

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1843.

No. 5.

LIZA WALLACE,

THE ODD-FELLOW'S DAUGHTER.

BY LOUISE.

Author of "The Daughter," "The Two Christmas Days," &c. &c. &c.

"A maid of sixteen years, of twilight eyes,
Deep set and dark, and fringed with pencil dyes,
Her forehead not too high, where thick black hair
Comb'd smooth and parted, show'd the whiteness there;
Her lips of changelass carmine, often parted
With dimpling smiles, when sweet sensation started
In thoughts so pure an angel's self might choose them,
Robed in the blush that mantled from her bosom;
Her form of rounded symmetry, where art
That makes so many beauties, bore no part—
With mind untutor'd, yet so constituted,
She never spake amiss, nor e'er disputed."

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A woman now, of meek and placid glance;
Past, past the girlish days of wild romance,
A woman of sweet influence, who throws
Over the darkest scenes "colour de rose"—
Protects the orphan's loneliness, and pours
Wealth for the mind, from out her own rich stores—
Takes from the couch of pain one half its woe,
And points to heaven amid the strife below;
Suffers for all, and dies at last to save
The homeward-bound from the lone stranger's grave.

O. MS.

In a small chamber of a dwelling near the suburbs of a large city, lay
a pale, emaciated sufferer whose thoughts were now busy with eternity,

to which he was fast hastening, and anon with gross earth. A beautiful girl, who knelt by his pillow, as some half-murmured sentences fell on her ear, exclaimed with a voice of uncontrollable emotion, "Oh! father, father,—we cannot remain alone in this heartless world; we must follow if you are to leave us. Far away in our own land we *may* have friends, but here, here in this stranger country, this new home, who are to shield and assist the unprotected? None—none! For myself, there is little fear, but oh! father, look at my young brother, so bright, so gay, so warm-hearted," she continued, wildly clasping her hands, and bending her tearful face so low to her parent's that the warm drops bedewed his attenuated features, and hung, glistening, on his hair; "who is to guide him in duty's path, who to watch his growing years, and (though the truth is terrible to dream of) who is to procure him bread?"

"Hush! hush! Liza, dearest, do not waken *him* to the bitter realities that press so heavily on yourself," returned the invalid, gazing with intense affection on a fair boy beside him, hushed in the calm peaceful slumber that makes childhood look so beautiful, so innocent and heaven-like; and then turning with an interest equally as fond to his daughter, he resumed—"I have encountered no friends yet in this new land, but then I have been too ill to seek them, and as accident has deprived us of the little wealth hoarded to procure you a pleasant home in this blessed retreat for the exile, and health seems to have forsaken me forever, it is necessary, love, for you to endeavor to bring to my couch those who can smooth this pillow, whisper soft music-toned words of peace to the failing spirit, and protect and cherish my children. Will you undertake the performance of what I desire, sweet Liza?" he asked, carelessly smoothing with his wasted and trembling fingers his daughter's tresses.

The maiden uttered no reply—she imagined him delirious, and again the fount of sorrow overflowed, while she encircled his neck with her arm, and pressed closer to his side. Friends! he talk of friends who had been but a single season inhaling America's air, and during that period scarce cognizant of the little enacting even in that close chamber where he lay. He talk of friends, who was poor and ill, and from whom the family with whom he resided had shrunk away, as from contamination, because he had murmured in his sleep of sweet mystic relations; of ties sacred and beautiful that bound him to some distant but cherished objects.

After a brief indulgence of her grief, the young girl arose from her recumbent position, and putting back the invalid's hair, bathed his temples, while she soothed him tenderly as a watchful mother soothes her infant, for the thought had obtruded, that her own agitation might produce consequences, perhaps fatal, to his enervated frame. The sick man observed her silently for several minutes and then again asked, "Will you endeavor to perform a duty for your father, Liza, ere his eyes close on life? Will you go out into the streets of this strange city and seek for one who can comprehend the nature of this," he said, placing a paper in his daughter's hands, which he had more than once been attentively regarding.—"You think me wandering, love—that the approaching doom shadows my intellect," he continued, with a faint effort to smile, "but you are wrong, quite wrong. Draw near, sweetest, and I will tell you what a hope is mine at this hour. Do you remember your brother Templer's connexion with a band of brethren on whom we looked suspiciously, because their

mode of initiation and some of their forms were necessarily concealed from public gaze—and can you recall how we became acquainted with their tender charities, their beautiful virtues and the injustice of our suspicions, when he lay suffering for long weeks with that terrible fever, and you too young to be his nurse? Do you mind how those noble-hearted men, fearless of danger, gathered round their brother and ministered to his necessities when even those of his own kindred shrank away terrified from the pestilential chamber; and how, at last, after watching night after night by his side until life failed, what a sweet spot they selected for his resting place, and what groups of attached ones followed him, with slow and solemn steps to the grave, while soft, melancholy music floated on the air for his dirge? Do you remember all this, love,” asked the invalid, whose voice grew faint from exertion.

“Oh! yes, I mind me well when dear Templer pressed his parting kiss on my cheek,” replied the girl, “and bade me tell Stanwood of his cheerful death-bed, and urge him when he grew old enough to join his band of tried and faithful brothers. I would we were among Templer’s woman-like watchers now, dear father, and you were one of them, we should not be so desolate.”

“I *am* one of them, dearest,” said her father. “When I comprehended the motives, the acts, the hopes, the charities that linked Templer with those God-like men, my hand met theirs in a clasp of love, while my lips murmured words of faith never, never to be cancelled. This was far away across the blue ocean, but their ties are the same all over the wide world, and it is yours love, now to endeavor to discover from among the inhabitants of this fair city one who can understand and reply to my mystic language. Whatever may be the standing of such, my Liza, you are safe, for an Odd-Fellow’s truth is inviolate—an Odd-Fellow’s protection sacred as a kindred’s.”

“You dream, father,” exclaimed the maiden, “our sex may not be taught the mystic sign of recognition. How then am I to know one of those whom I must ever love for lost Templer’s sake, and remember for their virtues?”

“I can devise but one method to discover what I desire, my daughter—listen, and do not shrink from it if the task appear somewhat difficult,” said the invalid, to whom an unnatural strength seemed to have been transiently permitted, raising himself and articulating with earnestness, “These are the days of light and knowledge, and this, a land of free privileges, but we have, unfortunately, fallen among those who look on all foreigners with suspicion, and deem their actions faulty, their words treasonable. Ill and suffering as I have been, (though still believing health would be restored,) I could not institute inquiries concerning those whose assistance is needed, so you, dearest, as my only friend, forgetting your maiden timidity and bashfulness, must wander out into the streets of this populous city, accosting those whom you encounter until one recognizes and replies to this card on which is inscribed my name and Order. When such is found he will obey the call of his stranger brother as readily as my Liza would fly to hers, were he sick or suffering. Nay, do not weep love; the mission should not be undertaken with tears since it may bring happiness to you and Stanwood, and protection when this wasted form is laid to rest,” said the sick man, and fatigued with the unusual exertion, his

momentary strength vanishing, he lay with blanched cheek, closed eyes and scarcely perceptible respiration until again roused by the sobs of his child.

Liza Wallace had seldom acted for herself; she had ever been a sweet, petted plaything, docile and obedient to the wishes of those she loved, so when she observed the affliction they caused her father the tears were speedily dried on her pale cheeks—pale from sorrowful watchings and tender anxieties, they were not always pale, for never did sweeter, fairer roses bloom in southern gardens than those that made a bed on Liza's dimpled cheeks, rivalling the inner hue of the ocean's pride, the boasted and rich-tinted sea-shell—and with her pretty bonnet, partially shading, though not concealing her modest face, she prepared to undertake the required mission.

First making more comfortable the position of her father, who prayed for her success, and kissing him tenderly, she roused her young brother from his happy dreams to watch by him, and set out on her singular errand.

It was a clear, bright summer afternoon, and the sky wore its loveliest robe of unspotted azure, while the atmosphere was rendered pleasant by a soft, cool breeze. Long immured in a small chamber, too full of tender sorrow for her sick parent to think of the various scenes in the out-door world, Liza moved like a somnambulist and was many paces from her home (?) ere she recovered from her bewilderment. When she awoke to a consciousness of what was enacting around her, and remembered the object of her errand, she trembled and felt unequal to the task. What! could she who had ever shrunk from strangers—she so bashful and retiring, attract the attention of passers in the public streets, like some half-famished mendicant, to be replied to perhaps in cold and insulting language? No—no. Though the object of her mission was simple and perfectly understood by herself she felt, that situated as she was she could not make others understand her. She gazed with a terrible sensation of utter loneliness on the unfamiliar objects that met her glance. Men, occupied with their own thoughts, their own anticipations, their own employments, pursuits, and cares, hurried by so rapidly that she would have failed to attract their observation had she essayed. Others looked so stately, so proud, so unlike her bland and gentle father, and others again so bold and impertinent that she feared to explain why she gazed about so wistfully even when they addressed her, as several of them did, with "have you lost your way young girl?" or, "whom do you seek pretty one?" staring in her face meantime so rudely that the rich color rose up to her white forehead and tinged even her fair throat with a bright glow. Many of her own sex passed on, but Liza, though she longed to whisper her mission to them yet feared to do so, for she knew that many in her own land, where their numbers were widely diffused, looked distrustfully on the secret institution to which her father was attached.* One fair ma-

* This is true; and in our own America, known as the exile's home, the refuge of the oppressed, Odd-Fellowship, like the chamomile flower, was well trodden upon ere it increased. Idle and ridiculous absurdities were once circulated respecting their rites and rules, and some suspicious ones dared to insinuate that scenes not too innocent, were enacted within their sacred halls, while women catching at the frightful supposition, refused to countenance them; but, happily, few sensible persons of either sex allow themselves, these days, to misjudge what they may not entirely comprehend.—THE AUTHOR.

ternal face was turned on the young stranger as she moved timidly onward, and won by her tender glance she was about to address her, when she disappeared from her view. Again Liza encountered her, but her courage failed and she suffered the lady to pass on, while her features remained impressed on her memory. At length the thought of her father so near to death, her own and her brother's orphanage, together with the remembrance of the numberless petty annoyances they were doomed to endure in the family with whom they resided, acted magically in awakening her to some determination and energy. She stopped a moment, in front of a large and handsome residence, to collect herself, unconscious that two boys, who had followed her steps for some time, were attentively regarding her, and that a young man from a window above was curiously inspecting her charms as she stood, her sweet lips pressed firmly together with new and high resolves, her clear bright eyes bent modestly downward, and her white and ungloved hand still grasping the mystic card, a beautiful representation of girlish thoughtfulness. She was roused from her meditations by a voice remarking, "your eyes deceive you Charley Gibson—the lady may be sick or troubled, but, my word for it, she has her sober reason."

"You are right Leonard, and I am heartily ashamed of having so indiscreetly expressed myself," returned another voice that had evidently made some remark to which the first speaker's words seemed a reply, "and as she appears to be a stranger I will speak to her. Perhaps these crowded walks are new to her and she has lost her way—in that case we can set her right."

"Thank you, dear boy," said our heroine, advancing and laying her hand on the speaker's shoulder, "these crowded streets *are* new to me, for I have not walked abroad since I left my home, on the other side of the ocean, four months ago, but I have not mistaken my way."

Charles Gibson, as his young companion had called him, gazed in Liza's face with deep interest while she uttered the foregoing, and when she added, "my father is ill, we are strangers here and friendless," he thrust his hand with a quick generous movement in his pocket, but, blushing, withdrew it again saying, "I cannot give you the assistance you may require, for money is not all those like you want, but come home with me and mother with her kind voice and soothing words will make your very heart glad—she loves the stranger and feels for the destitute."

Liza smiled faintly, while her thoughts reverted to the sweet matron whom she had met, and whose benignant glance seemed closely to resemble the speaker's, but she shook her head, saying, "I cannot accompany you home, but my heart will never forget its debt of gratitude, or cease to cherish your memory, if you will assist me in the performance of a mission undertaken for a dying parent." She then explained the desire of her father, though with considerable embarrassment, for Liza knew but little of the land where she had sought a home, and Mr. Wallace, though he was confident a few of his tried band existed somewhere in our Republic, yet was he ignorant what blessed spot beheld the commencement of their labor of love.

Scarcely had Liza unfolded her errand than all fear and embarrassment vanished, for grasping her hand with genuine warmth the boy exclaimed, "Leonard Moreland would say 'luck's every thing,' or 'how fortunate,'

but *I* think it Providential, sweet lady, that you were directed to your humble servant, since my dear father numbers one of the few you name. Come," he cried delightfully, "you cannot refuse to bear me company now when I tell you my mother has sweet words for the comfortless and my father will welcome you tenderly." He interpreted the grateful smile that lighted up the girl's face and was hurrying her forward, when from the door of the handsome dwelling above mentioned, a young man emerged, and descending the marble steps passed them, but not until his eyes had drank in the matchless beauty of Liza's face, and called a rich glow to neck, cheek and brow by the earnestness of its enamored glance.

Reader, is there such a thing as love at first sight? If there is, then it must have been that tender emotion, and that alone, that rendered young Eustace Moreland so taciturn and meditative after his *rencontre* with Liza Wallace, for him it was who had passed her with that look of undisguised admiration. Concealed by the ample curtains of the window where he was stationed, he had watched her thoughtful position, heard the remarks of his brother Leonard and Charles Gibson, beheld the maiden's snowy hand placed upon the shoulder of the latter while she confided to him her simple history in language soft, low and musical, and then seizing his hat he had hurried to obtain another glance of the only face he had ever deemed perfect.

Charles Gibson speedily conducted the young stranger to his own dwelling, and led her into the presence of his father, encouraging her with his cheerful voice, and bidding her disclose her errand. Liza attempted but in vain to obey her little guide; the words she would fain have articulated died away on her lips, and all resolution failing, she covered her face with her hands and wept unreservedly. "You speak to her mother and quiet her fears," said the boy, to a lady who entered the room, and he turned aside to hide the sympathizing drops gathering in his own eyes. The trembling Liza looked up as the lady replied, "I will Charles," and encountered the maternal face that had so interested her in the street, the matron whom she had felt tempted to address. Assured by such gentle presence, her fears dissipated, language came fluently, and a few minutes sufficed to acquaint the Odd-Fellow's wife with her little history. "How that they had left the old world to seek an asylum in the new—that in removing from the ship in which they had voyaged, a trunk containing nearly all of their wealth was misplaced or stolen; that her father being too ill to investigate the affair it could not be recovered. How that they had sought a transient home in a small dwelling on the suburbs, hoping the air, less confined and heated than in the midst of the populous city, would be beneficial to the invalid, but that he grew hourly worse, and now that he was near to death, he had commissioned her to bring to his couch those the card she bore named."

Mr. Gibson was a noble-hearted man, just such an one as the "Bard of Avon" thus describes:

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from the heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven and earth."

Need we explain the result of our heroine's application to such an Odd-Fellow? No, for her after life will show, and that,

"The benefits he sowed in her, met not
Unthankful ground."

The brilliant orb of day had disappeared, leaving as a memento of his visit a few soft beams on the spots he had last kissed, when Liza Wallace knelt again by her father's pillow. Within the past hour several manly forms had moved with quiet step about the chamber of disease, and voices modulated to tenderest cadences, had fallen on the ear of the sufferer, conveying peace for the present and calming all apprehension for the future; while, as if the scene had lacked something without her holy presence, a mild-eyed woman had lingered among them, now performing gentle offices for the invalid, and now soothing the stricken mourners—the Odd-Fellow's children. The father and daughter were alone with each other a brief while, and the latter said, raising her head from the bosom that was soon to cease its pulsation, and speaking earnestly, "I know now dear father that I must yield you up, and I have stilled all selfish murmurings, though not without long and severe struggles. My whole thoughts are with you still, and must be until I behold you no longer, but after that time I will live for those who have taken away half the bitterness of this hour, and whatever hopes or wishes I *may* have, they shall be sacrificed on the altar of gratitude."

"Blessings on thee, dearest, for such words," said Wallace, faintly, "may they be kept unbroken, and may Stanwood too, remember how much is due those who, bound by no kindred tie, have yet extended the hand of friendship to the stranger in a strange land." The maiden waited for him to continue but he never spoke again. A tender glance, a gentle pressure of the fingers, and now and then a placid smile were the only evidences of his consciousness.

"Oh! God, it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood,"

Says the poet, but the scene is robbed of half its gloom, when the heart from which life is ebbing is at peace with earth and gladly anticipating heaven—when the hand of friendship removes the death-dews from the brow, while lips trembling with tenderness whisper words of hopeful import to the dying, and sweet promises to those who weep.

Such was the scene that Liza beheld at midnight in her father's chamber; she who but a few hours since deemed herself desolate, now listened to the language of pure affection and truth. The last sigh was uttered, a beautiful tranquillity stole over the attenuated features of Wallace, the limbs grew chill and motionless, and his children were orphans. Soon they wrapped him in his snowy vesture, the last robes poor humanity is doomed to wear; the funeral train glided slowly and mournfully to the place where numbers sleep "the sleep that knows no waking," and the clods of the valley shut out all but his remembrance.

Availing ourself of the liberty allowed the chroniclers of events like these, we pass over some years and again bring before the reader our heroine, the Odd-Fellow's daughter. The benevolent Order to which Mr. Gibson was attached was few in number at the commencement of our story, (so few that with many its existence was a matter of doubt,) and per-

secution and difficulties followed them as they did our Pilgrim fathers, but one and another were added to them in spite of threats and ridicule, invectives and suspicions, until they rapidly increased, and ere Liza had been three years an orphan many a strong arm and generous heart would have striven hard and suffered much for their brother's children. But Mr. Gibson, whose circumstances were prosperous, deemed the task a sweet one wholly to provide for those so singularly committed to his charge without encumbering the oppressed but willing brethren.

Liza Wallace, though neglected, possessed superior talents, and these under the instruction of efficient teachers were rapidly developed. The remembrance of her own vast debt of gratitude, and her father's death-bed, together with the vow breathed beside it, to forget self and live for others, stimulated her, and she acquired more thorough and practical information in a brief period than many have accomplished in a life-time. Nothing could tempt her to withdraw from, or abbreviate these studies, not even the persuasions of Eustace Moreland who, haunted continually by the sweet face and melting tones of the young stranger he had seen on the afternoon of her mission, sought and obtained an introduction to her. The fairest and noblest maiden in his native city would not have scorned an alliance with one so richly gifted as Eustace Moreland, yet he, descending from his lofty station, contemning the will of his proud family, sought with true nobleness of soul to level all distinctions and wed her whose only dower was innocence and beauty. But Liza seemed to have no place in her heart for a warmer sentiment than gratitude, save love for such as were, like herself, orphans. The young man waited patiently while "hope and fear alternate swayed his breast," until Liza's school-days, as he called them, were ended, and then offered her a husband's protection for herself and a brother's for Stanwood, but her answer was a refusal.

"You are welcome to my friendship," she said, "but I shall never marry, for in the hour my father died I vowed to live for others, to endeavor to resemble those who rendered his departure tranquil, and I have not forgotten it. I have been eating the bread of charity thus long that I might be enabled to dispense charity to others, to instruct and assist the unprotected orphan, to watch by the couch of sickness and death, and though my sex forbids an association with them, to be in gentle deeds an Odd-Fellow."

Moreland smiled and answered: "You do not intend me to understand this freak as unchangeable, Liza? You are not in reality going to sacrifice yourself thus because a few benevolent men with a tenderness due man from his fellow, watched and aided a suffering brother and protected his children?"

"And do you call kind words and gentle offices nothing—do you consider such deep, tender interest, such watchful attention to portionless strangers no more than a right—and in such a world as this? Then you are wrong," said Liza. "It may be that I am not formed for such love as you ask," she continued; "it may be that others beside yourself will deem me singular in choosing to remain unmarried, but my heart assures me the title of 'Sister of Charity' will be as dear to *me* as that of wife, and,

'Thou wilt I trust find other hearts to bless,
And other verdant spots in life's dull waste;

And if my years roll on in loneliness,
Still must I tarry where my lot is cast,
A martyr-task perchance—but not the less
Will I fulfil it—”

No persuasion could induce the sweet enthusiast to alter her determination, and after repeated but fruitless efforts to dissuade her from what he termed a bit of romance, after two years unwearied devotion, Eustace Moreland left the side of his first love; and when he deemed the fond attachment had given place to a less warm sentiment; when he thought time and absence had nearly obliterated the remembrance of his beautiful and vain dream, at the solicitation of his kindred, (who, chafed and fretted at the idea of the heir of a noble house remaining a confirmed bachelor,) he won a bride, whose extended line of titled ancestry was the theme of many a tongue. She was fair and gentle, but Eustace gave her only divided affections—the freshness of his heart, the lovely and soft emanations of a first passion had been wrecked, wasted; and although he thought the past could be recalled calmly when he laid his fortune and honors at the lady's feet, yet at the altar a vision rose up before him, glorious in matchless beauty, and he felt that his wedded life could not afford him perfect bliss.

How pure and holy, and how “unmixed with grosser matter” must be the first deep attachment of a true and noble heart. Sweetly has one, whose lyre has oft discoursed of her own outraged affections and blighted hopes, sung,

“Oh! love—love well, but only once! for never shall the dream
Of hopeful youth return again on life's dark rolling stream;
No love can match the early one which young affection nurs'd—
Oh! no—the one you love the best, is the one you lov'd the first.”

Perchance some faithful one is found when love's romance is o'er,
With her you safe through storms may glide, to reach life's faithful shore;
But all too cold and real now you deem your home of rest,
And you sigh for her you loved the first—for her you loved the best.”

But what of Liza Wallace—was she right in supposing her future would be bright and happy—did no regrets follow as years flew on? None—none. She became the orphan's instructress as well as friend—she exerted her talents, sacrificed her youth and its dreams in a glorious cause—the cause of benevolence; and blessed rewards it yielded her. In the abodes of penury, aye, of pollution, she hesitated not to intrude herself, for comfort and virtue speedily replaced them; while to the diseased and suffering, if she brought not Hygeia's smiles, she alleviated pain and whispered hope. We have heard of “Sisters of Charity,” but many have become such after early visions were dissolved, or other anticipations destroyed—perchance in accordance with the rules of some religious society—few have chosen the angel-like office in the very flush of girlhood as did the Odd-Fellow's daughter; few for the one desire, the one hope, that of benefiting mankind, were they Christians, Jews, Mahomedans or Heathen, have cast aside all that earth esteems, and woman holds dear, as she did. 'Twere needless to recount the tender and beautiful ministra-

tions during long years, so, merely informing the reader that they were tireless, we pass to the last scene of our story.

Stanwood Wallace attained manhood—such manhood as one delights to behold, full of honor and wisdom. Success crowned his efforts in the world, and wealth and exalted station became his who commenced life with scarcely a competence. He married in and became a resident of a southern city, and in his family the self-devoted Liza was an object of the tenderest regard, while in every street, in every house her presence was familiar, her influence recognized when pestilence and death, (too often known in southern climates,) made hearts sick and hopes wither.

Once, near midnight, accompanied by her brother, she went to watch by a sick man. He was a stranger, and though he needed careful attendants, (he was an Odd-Fellow,) Liza remembered how, like sunbeams on a darkened scene, a woman's voice and a woman's cheerful smile had appeared in her father's death-hour, and releasing those who had been appointed to pass the night by the stranger's pillow, she took her station there to watch alone. The weather was intensely hot; the very respiration was painfully impeded, and the doors of the several apartments near were left unclosed, together with one opening on the street, to admit, if possible, a tolerable circulation of air. Several times a voice, as of other days, disturbed the quiet of night, but occupied with her duties, Liza knew not that its possessor was in the immediate vicinity. Her patient slumbered awhile, and snatching the opportunity to escape from the confined atmosphere, she rose and stepped out into a balcony that surrounded the building, which was a hotel. As she did so, a gentleman leaning over the railing, changed his attitude and disclosed the countenance of Eustace Moreland. From the hour of their parting she had never beheld him, but men change less easily than women, and she recognized him immediately, while her matronly attire, close cap, and snowy handkerchief completely baffled *his* scrutiny. Unwilling to obtrude, she attempted to return to the sick chamber without disclosing herself, when a question from the gentleman arrested her attention and called for an answer. It was a question of trivial import, of every-day occurrence, and asked in a careless, unconcerned tone, but the reply seemed singularly magical; the gentleman recognizing by the voice, so little changed, the unforgotten speaker. He advanced, extended his hand and said, "so you never revoked the vow, Liza—and have you not labored in vain?"

"In vain! Ah! Mr. Moreland, I only wish others of my sex would be convinced happiness does not consist altogether in a union with yours," she replied. "Had I married it is probable there would have been sufficient care found within my own home, without occupying myself with others, but as it is I can perform much that would have, otherwise, remained undone."

"Well, I will not contradict you, or stay to argue the case, but now that you have given your youth to charity will you not permit me to undertake the care of your future years? I am again free to proffer you the protection and wealth you once refused," said Moreland, in whom the womanly dignity of Liza awakened nearly as lively an interest as her girl-ish loveliness had done.

"Proffer them to the acceptance of one who can appreciate them, Mr. Moreland," she replied. "For me—I have other views—my lot is cast,

farewell!" She extended her hand—the same diminutive hand he had seen laid upon the shoulder of Charles Gibson, when its owner's charms were such as described in the quotation at the opening of this sketch.—It might have been less dimpled, less smooth and snowy at the present moment, but Eustace would have given much to have felt its small fingers pressing his brow even while she spoke, for he had wandered from his chamber, seeking the night air, because that brow was hot and feverish—and yet he took it not.

"I will not utter that sad word, until I make one more effort to move you," he said, "I am but passing through this city on my way to the north, having resigned a situation that called for my presence in the Texian Republic, but I will remain weeks, months, aye years, if you can give me hope."

"I dare not promise what I can never perform," Liza replied, and again offered her hand as she turned to depart. This time it was received, pressed warmly, and relinquished—forever.

The next night, and many succeeding ones saw Liza a watcher by Moreland, who lay on the brink of the grave, and never was sufferer more sweetly and patiently tended. She bathed his burning temples, cooled his parched lips, nor slept until the crisis was safely passed, while he was ignorant of her presence. When health and consciousness returned, and the languor incident to disease in some measure removed, he was visited by Stanwood Wallace, who, in reply to his enquiry, informed him that his angel sister had fallen a victim to the contagion imbibed from him. Moreland uttered no word, but he *thought* it might have been otherwise had she been his wife, but scarcely did the idea intrude ere another followed—he might have found "a stranger's grave" had his desires been accomplished, for *as his wife* she would have been distant from the scene of pestilence and terror.

A beautiful monument, surrounded by well selected and appropriately emblematical trees, flowers, and rich plants, rises in snowy grandeur above the remains of the departed Liza. It was erected by Eustace Moreland, now a prominent member of the brotherhood of —, who, having formed no second connexion, experiences a sad yet pleasant satisfaction in visiting the spot his wealth and taste has embellished, and recalling the innumerable virtues of her who slumbers peacefully there, far, far away from the land of her birth.

Baltimore, Md., April 12th, 1843.

MAN! WHAT IS HE?

WHAT HIS DESTINY? WHAT THE END OF HIS CREATION?

BEING REFLECTIONS ON THE APPROACH OF A NEW YEAR.

A POEM.

BY THOMAS STRINGER, A. C. P. OF MOBILE.

Religion! Providence! an after state!
 Here is firm footing, here is solid rock:
 This can support us; all is sea besides;
 Sinks under us! bestorms and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl—Young.

How oft around the brow of the young year
 Poets have twined their garlands—with sweet song
 Proclaimed the coming blossoms of the spring—
 And Summer's fruits and Autumn's harvests praised.

Sage moralists and grave divines have taught
 (Shaking their heads portentous) "Life is brief
 And death terrific." Yet themselves have lived
 As though eternal were their station here—
 And death an idle, unappalling dream,
 Of which they reck'd not. Solemn mockery!
 To descant on the solemn lapse of time;
 To preach of years that, like the rolling floods,
 Follow on years, till in the boundless deep,
 Eternal, they are buried:—yet to reap
 No harvest—draw no moral from the tale!

'Tis therefore—wielded by such hands—the dart
 Of truth falls powerless, and the unthinking run
 Unchecked their mad career;—till feeble age
 Eats up the vigour of licentious youth,
 Like the lean kine, which, in proud Pharaoh's dream,
 Consumed the strong ones, Yet 'tis true not less
 That life is brief—and death terrific too.
 True—time flows on, and to the boundless deep,
 Eternal! it *will* waft us. Let us pause—
 And trim the vessel for so long a course;
 And call our prudence and our courage up,
 To aid us on the voyage. I confess—
 Weakness it may be—but I still confess
 Myself amongst the number who prefer
 To sail by chart and compass:—who much wish,
 By observation of the lights of heaven,

To guide their course on earth:—and in the night—
 Tempestuous oft, and peril fraught—of life
 To mark Religion's fixed and guiding star.
 Religion! Piety! names much abused
 And little understood by worldly men
 Professing each. Religion! Piety!
 To worship God and love him—if to man
 Love be permitted:—these are glorious themes—
 For meditation fit;—and to be sung
 With loveliness and caution. They reveal
 Man's best possession, and his highest good:—
 They raise his nature—dignify his hopes
 And stamp his Maker's image on his mind.

Mistaken oft (their masks or counterfeits)
 Lo! superstition and fanatic zeal
 Frown o'er the earth, and make a wilderness
 Where nature meant a garden. These degrade
 Man and his nature;—these pervert the will
 Benign of God:—they villify his works,
 And cast sad odium o'er his gracious word.

“How rotten—how corrupt the human heart!
 How desperately wicked! Not one thought
 Attuned to virtue;—not a single act
 But, marked by dire depravity, proclaims
 His fallen being and degraded state.
 Not his a partial sickness:—not the blight
 Which shakes the bloom, but rotten at the root
 He grows:—of flower and fruit devoid;—of good
 Incapable by nature. Child of wrath—
 And worthy to become so! Downward prone
 The reptile licks the dust—nor dares to raise
 His breath towards incensed—indignant Heaven,
 His all of virtue worthless;—each bright act
 Of seeming good—hypocrisy and guile.”

Such—and so hideous—and more fearful still
 (Till we expect abhorring earth will gape
 And whelm the monster to her dark abyss)
 Is man—his Maker's image! as portrayed
 In pulpits—when in sable garb, the priest
 Deals forth anathemas;—and echo's loud
 Threats of damnation in despairing ears.

“Pastor and people—each,” he says “are vile.”
 Who doubts the *doctrine* of the holy man?
 If they be worthless, let us mark them then:
 If vile, let us avoid them. They best know
 The plague-spots on their hearts. If hypocrites,
 Let us beware that we be not deceived.
 But 'tis a libel on the name of God—

Rank blasphemy—to say that man was made
 Incapable of virtue;—that his heart
 Cannot conceive, or his hand execute
 One thought or deed aright. *Was it a dream,*
 Amid the strugglings of my erring youth,
 When o'er the clouds of passion, reason rose,
 The mind's bright day-dawn! gilding all the scene,
 And lighting on to virtue? Passion tossed,
 With care—with crime oppressed, still Truth is dear.
 Yes! Man may wander in the paths of vice
 An exile—and an alien—and a slave;
 But virtue is his Home! It is the hearth
 Paternal, where the heart and its desires
 Will linger. 'Tis that favored, cherished spot,
 Which, absent, we deplore—and, present, love!

Why starts the tear at the sad tale of woe?
 Compassion calls on man to aid his kind.
 'Tis called *humanity*:—it takes our name,
 And marks our nature. Wherefore throbs the pulse,
 Indignant! when the tyrants galling chain
 Entwines his virtue? or the bigot's fires
 Pre-figure hell—himself the torturing fiend—
 But that a love of truth and justice reigns,
 Which flames or fetters cannot burn or bind?
 Why in the historic page, repeated oft,
 And with applause repeated, stands each deed,
 Heroic or sublime? Why noted strong
 With execration every deed of shame—
 But that within their hearts—*deep* in their hearts—
 All men alike applaud the good, and all,
 Though self-condemned—condemn the evil!

Art thou unmoved? By nature sore depraved,
 Doth no enthusiastic glow arise
 At acts like these? Is there no string within
 To vibrate in accordance with such tones?
 No busy thought that whispers to the heart—
 "I too am man, and not incapable
 Of lofty thoughts—and actions great and good?"

If such thou art—there is a theme that speaks—
 Though little heeded—volumes to the heart
 Attuned to truth. There breathed a man who fell—
 Than patriots nobler—to preserve *mankind*!
 A man—above all Greek or Roman lore—
 Yet little sung by bards, and falsely scanned
 By friends who misconceive—and foes who hate
 What either knows not of. A man whose life
 Was virtue's pattern;—whose exalted sense,
 To pride impervious, pierced through error's maze;

Who thought—and spoke—and felt—and loved the truth.
 What laurels decked his brow? A wreath of thorns.
 What was his fate? How walked he, and how fell?
 A lowly life—and an untimely end.
 By priests and hypocrites (the *rabbi's* named,
 The *reverend* of their day) to death pursued,
 He died a martyr in a glorious cause—
 Meet emblem of its nature and its fate,
 By greatness and hypocrisy abhorred.
 He died a martyr! Death, with pangs for all,
 For him had tortures all must not endure:
 Stripes and the cross—rude insults, than the gall
 He drank, more bitter. And his parting prayer—
 Was it for vengeance? For himself? His friends?
 No! his oppressors. They who sought his life—
 Who madly nailed him to the hated tree,
 And scoffed him there: for these he prayed, and cried
 “Forgive them, Father! for they know not what
 They do—unthinking.” Thus A MAN hath prayed—
 Our pattern and example! Say not then
 That man is vile and rotten at the core—
 His nature fallen and his state corrupt.

Reverse the picture. Rather cultivate
 The seeds of good within him. Far to flame
 The embers, deadened oft, yet warm within,
 Of heaven-sent truth. Arouse him from the trance,
 Delusive and enervating of sense.
 Urge him to speed—and thunder in his ear
 The danger and the madness of delay.
 Cloth him in armour;—gird him round with truth;
 With righteousness his breast-plate;—for his shield
 Humility and confidence in God.
 Deliverance his helmet;—and his sword—
 The swift and soul convincing *word of life*.
 Then leave him to his warfare—with the world,
 And the world's greatness;—with (more potent foes!)
Himself—his passions! he shall conquer all,
 And rise triumphant from the arduous strife,
 Quenching the fiery darts of evil men,
 And ruling firm the empire of his mind.
 The peaceful sit him down in that great day,
 When his Creator's glorious kingdom comes,
 And earth and all its phantoms fade away!

Beside the hearth the heathen placed his gods
 Domestic : there they ruled the homely scene,
 Shedding their influence; baneful oft and fierce;—
 Licentious—wrathful—source of varied crimes—
 For man affects the attributes of heaven.

And is, what he believes his God to be.
 So pagan ruffians, in the name of Christ,
 Light persecution's torch;— So Calvin taught
 A wrathful God;—then steeped his hand in blood—
 A cruel faith—in works befitting proved!

The christian worships too beside his hearth—
 A reasonable service;—there he seeks,
 With humble imitation, to observe
 His attributes who made him—and combines
 The duties with the happiness of life:
 Rears a bless'd altar: sacrifices there
 True offerings—in that holiest temple—Home!

There is a sacred influence in the name of home,
 A talismanic virtue—that calls up
 Sweet thoughts—and images of peace and joy.
 Home, that safe shelter from a world of cares!
 That peaceful haven from the storms of life!
 The gourd within whose shadow Nature spreads
 Her freshest verdure, sheds her sweetest bloom:
 Where all the best affections of the heart
 Spring up and flourish, That enchanted ring—
 To vulgar sight invisible—where dance
 The fairy forms of Pleasure—truest called—
 Pure innocence and faithfulness unchanged;
 Affection, with her train of infant loves;
 Whilst Piety, on virtue's lap reclined,
 Smiles o'er the scene;—these cheerful revel there
 'Mid the mild moon-beams of domestic joy.

How good—how noble—how revered—how great
 The man—not flying from the cares of life,
 But filling all its duties—who sits down
 (Firmly resolved, yet patiently resigned)
 At home, and calls it peace;—who looks around
 And his eye dwells on other eyes that speak
 Mutual, with him, esteem—affection—love—
 Connubial love—the truest—chastest—best?
 Who folds to a fond bosom (*firm though fond*)
 The children of his heart, by him upreared
 In paths of truth: or views his younger race,
 As yet unformed, but bursting into life
 (Buds on the grate whener of eternity)
 And, in their infant gambols, tastes a bliss,
 Purer than passion's wildest votaries know.
 Friendship for him has charms—that sacred bond
 That much abused and much neglected name,
 Among the highest virtues of our kind;
 And piety not less;—the love of God
 Whose fruit is love, benevolence to all,

Not a state pageant; not obtuded alms
 At sound of trumpet flung to fawning crowds—
 Bestowed and ta'en 'mid all the pomp of praise—
 But that sweet music of the mind which meets
 And vibrates at each sound of other's woe.
 Which, struck by bounties of indulgent heaven,
 Breaks joyous, like the Theban lyre, that played
 To each arising sun-beam. PIETY
 Hath pleasures which the bigot dreams not of.
 The Christian tastes them at the well of life,
 And finds his pastures watered by the stream.

Society to such a mind has charms
 And solitude a use—which prouder men
 See not or pass regardless and unclaimed.
 Truth has to such a heart a higher worth,
 Knowledge a nobler aim, and science comes
 Hallowed and sanctified to its true end—
 HIS PRAISE—the architect—who framed the skies—
 Whose mind creates—upholds and governs all;—
 Whose plans to guess men deem philosophy—
 Well pleased to seek—and best employed to praise
 When prophets saw or poets feigned a fall,
 'Twas of an Angel from the throne of heaven
 Recoiling headlong down. So deep, so low,
 So abject, so despised, so base his fall—
 The Apostates—who from Truth's high summit hurled,
 Sinks midst the clouds of anger and of pride,
 And in the pit of mental darkness lost,
 Gnashes his teeth, reviling. Folly's sons,
 Light Pleasure's idle votaries, Passion's slaves,—
 These have their sorrows, and their chastisement,
 But no bright beam of former glory shines
 To cast reflected shadows on *their* gloom;
 No—cruel self-reproach, with barbed tooth,
 Brings rankling recollections of the past
 To urge their present madness to despair.
They are but what *they have* been; and their lot
 Is of one tissue, Darker far his doom
 Once to have known, and, having known, to prize
 The holy gift of Truth;—have tasted once
 God's word in power and wisdom, then to fall
 Weakly and vilely: turning renegade
 Against all conscience of his sacred will;
 All just obedience to his holy law;
 And, for some selfish, baser, ignoble, end—
 Some baffled purpose, or malignant aim,—
 For passion—wrath or pride—to sell the pearl,
 The costly pearl of wisdom. To pursue

With restless malice, and unshaken revenge.
(The venom of a wrathful cankered heart)
All who with silent scorn behold his course,
Or pass him as an unregarded thing.
Such the Apostate is! Go view him in the paths of life,
Pursue him to his closet; vain to him
Is all the world calls joy; vain its applause;
And worse than vain its riches and rewards.
These cannot give—what only truth can give—
Peace—self-esteem. He turns within, and feels
No succor there—no refuge—no support.
Amid the warfare of the world he flies
To his own heart—and finds a traitor there!
Conceit itself, too weak to prop him up.
Before his idol—vanity—men bend
With incense of false praise—he knows it all
Mock worship and a cheat—himself despised,
And hated by himself. Go view the man
There, where all men are known, *at home*; no love,
No reverence marks his presence—no esteem,
Than orient offerings richer! The free gifts
Which the fond subjects of a father's sway
Before his throne in rich profusion bring.
Traitor—apostate from the paths of truth;
He cannot teach her lessons; should his lips
But idly prate her dictates, his vain life
The present and the past compared, would rise,
And his own children would convict the man,
And shame him into silence. No fond gaze,
With unquenched confidence, can meet his glance,
Deeming *him* true—who to himself—his friends,
And e'en to heaven is false. The world alone,
The vain, the empty, the ungrateful world,
Receive him as a brother; but still hold
His friendship with distrust, as one who once
Pretended to a higher race, and hold
A holier communion. Still he lives
And mixes with that world, nay, strikes his root,
And like the bay tree, spreads his verdant boughs
Luxuriant, and the summer showers of heaven
Fall on each spreading branch. The psalmist once
Sang such a tree—he passed, and it was not.
What shall the Apostate's latter days record?
Perhaps there yet is mercy—e'en for him.
Some sun-beam may yet strike his darkened sense.
And wake him to new light; affliction's cup
May yet pour blessings; sad adversity
May soften still his barrenness of heart.

Rise, like the dews, to fall again in showers.

Of him no more. The Apostate's fate stands forth
A beacon to direct and warn mankind;
To shew the devious path—the downward course—
The loss of virtue—and the wreck of faith.
Few since the arch traitor, Judas, so have fall'n;
And none can claim a picture thus deformed,
(The offspring rather of my muse's dream)
But those whose recreant hearts, ingrate and false,
Beat conscious—that *its features are their own*.

To other thoughts and purer themes I turn—
To meditate on life, and death, and man.
How wide and various are the paths of life,
But tending each to one appointed goal,
“Where all the travellers meet.” So sang the bard,
His theme the GRAVE—where now himself he lies.
Thus we all muse—and moralize—and die!
The waves of time sweep o'er these mortal shores:
And man is the small sand that, grain by grain,
Is swallowed by the deep. Death comes to all;
Yet few regard his coming, or prepare
For his ungracious presence, until near,
And then behold with terror and despair.
Unwelcome visitor to worldly men,
He comes between them and their hopes—their all;
He wakes them from their dreaming: cuts them off
From the false promise of their futile joys.

Death to the *best* has sorrows. Who can rise
From the full table of luxuriant life,
Leaving the fellowship of kindred—friends—
Affection's cup untasted—and depart
From the rich feast this fertile earth affords
Without a bitter struggle? Wisely given,
Affection leads us down the sharp descent,
And step by step, prepares us for the grave.
Still doubts or terrors haunt. The sceptic sinks
In hopeless apathy. The bigot starts—
Eternal torment blazing in his view.
One finds annihilation—one despair!
The Christian only—he who learns the truth
From scripture and from reason—looks on death
As on his father's will, and bows his head
Resigned—submissive. He who lives to fill,
Active, the duties of this busy world
May die—(though keen the struggle)—peaceful die—
Finding no terrors in death's pilgrimage—
May pass the gulph and say—“It leads to life!”
May look on those he leaves and feel the pang,

The bitter pang, of parting, and yet smile,
 Assured that life, or death, or weal, or woe,
 Equal proceeds from him that governs all;
 Who rules at once the sky—the earth—the grave;
 Whose promise gives eternal life to man,
 And bids him hope where most he might despair.

'Tis healthful to the heart, amid the cares,
 The din and bustle of the world to pause
 For meditation. From the crowd awhile
 To step aside and look on Nature; hold
 Some converse with that parent in whose arms,
 Our earliest, happiest hours were cheerful passed;
 Frequent amid the city's haunts forgot.
 —'Twas evening—and the peaceful waters slept
 Upon the valley's bosom; the high hills,
 On either side, their awful forms upreared,
 Like hostile hosts gigantic; the bright sun
 Sank on the horizon in the midst—then seemed
 To pause e'er he descended; burnished gold
 Was his bright chariot, and the purple clouds,
 Festooned with rays of fiery glory, formed
 A rich pavilion round. His parting beams
 On earth, and water, hill, and vale, and sky,
 Shed tints of beauty, varied, rich, sublime.
 Faint and more faint, the varied scene displayed—
 Each fading beauty vanished from the earth—
 Each lingering glory gradual left the skies—
 And sober night in solemn stillness reigned.

'Mid such a scene I wandered forth, felt
 Its influence on my heart, and feel it still
 Though years have rolled, and that same sun hath set
 Over the graves of thousands, who then breathed,
 And trod the earth in sorrow or in joy.

Night reigned! but other shores saw morning rise
 Gilding new scenes with joy. The Atlantic wave
 Foamed in the noon-tide sun: the hum of men
 Was in the cities of the new found world,
 The hunter in his forest. Morning's dawn
 Rose on the islands of the peaceful sea,
 And saw the swift canoe steered on its way
 In savage stateliness. Rich India sprang,
 Like her own tiger, from the den of night
 To bask in the hot sun-beams. The wide earth,
 At that *one* moment, *all* the hours contained—
 Beauteous variety!—and every clime,
 And every season—and they all were blessed.
 And sun and shade, and morning, noon, and night—
 Spring with her buds and summer with her bloom—

The fruits of autumn, e'en stern winter's snows
Were governed by one sun as his strong rays
Descending, or withheld, informed the scene.

Thus good, and seeming evil, life and death,
The hours and seasons of the days of men;
Our budding, bloom, maturity, decay—
All that delights or chills, impels or charms,
Our wanderings, and our virtues, and our doom,
Are governed by one God—who rules the whole;
Who moulds us to his purpose—for his praise;
To whom we are—as all his creatures are—
The offspring of his bounty and his power.
All nature and all art—matter and mind—
Earth, air, and ocean—insect, bird, beast, man—
But modes of varied being, multiform—
And, where life is, of varied blessing too—
Each working to its end and all for good:
And man the chief, on earth the head of all—
His fortunes several, but his end the same.
For honor some and some dishonor. These
To soar aloft, and those to sink or fall;
(*But for a Season.*) Some to hold their course
Right onward; devious some to stay, or plunge
In vice and folly—wild as ocean's waves?
Eccentric as the rapid comet's course?
But the wild waves obey HIS voice and stay
At their appointed limits; the swift orb
Cast into utter space, wheels round and rolls
Obedient to the finger that directs—
Fulfilled its hidden purpose! So man fills
His Maker's pleasure; and (revealed to man)
Futurity the mystery explains.

Man—and this life—but part of one great whole
Too complex and too high for human thought:
Vast as all space; majestic as the skies;
Pure as the breath of nature; and sublime
As that ETERNAL MIND, whose plastic will
Created first—upholds and governs all.

Mobile, Dec. 30th, 1842.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED LECTURE

ON THE SOCIAL RELATIONS

BY F. H. DAVIDGE, OF BALTIMORE.

THE most simple as well as the most important and endearing of all the social relations, to the parties immediately concerned, is that of marriage, in which two persons of different sexes agree from love and affection to each other to become husband and wife, and live together during the remainder of their respective lives. Such is the intimacy of this connexion, so thoroughly do the interests of the parties become identified, that in the strong language of scripture they become one flesh; and we are told on the same high authority, the wife is to quit father and mother and cleave unto her husband. Those who would place marriage on the footing of a civil contract are guilty of the grossest injustice, and inculcate a doctrine as subversive of all civil government and contrary to the feelings implanted in us by our Maker. We are taught to refer marriage to a higher and holier source, and to regard it as an institution more ancient than any mere civil society of which we can form any idea. If we may credit the sacred record handed down to us by Moses, in the beginning God made man and placed him in the garden of Paradise, and surrounded him with all that was lovely to the eye and delightful to the taste; giving him authority over the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and of every created thing. There yet however remained something to be done.—Without a partner who could participate in his pleasures and share his delights, a being whose faculties and affections should bear a resemblance to his own, Eden itself was a wilderness. It was then that God in perfecting his work of goodness and mercy was pleased to give unto him a helpmate who should be the friend of his bosom and be joined with him in that intellectual union and sympathy which can alone produce true happiness to a rational being. It is in this union, formed by the hand of the Most High, and celebrated amid the grandeur and unsullied beauties of primeval and uncorrupted nature, that we must look for the prototype of marriage. To render this drawing together of two kindred spirits what its author intended it to be, it must be founded in the pure and self-abandoning affection; not the caprice of a moment or the whim of an hour, but the undying love which no vicissitudes can change, and which will grow brighter and warmer as the dark shadows of adversity close around the pathway of human life. This may and probably will be termed romance by some of my hearers, but it is nevertheless and they may rest assured that let them try the experiment whenever they will, marriage without the love of which I speak will be but an empty sound. I must not be understood to say that cases do not occur in which people of good temper and sound sense live together in harmony without one spark of real heartfelt affection, but this I will say, that should difficulties present themselves and misfortunes assail, there is no true happiness for the wedded pair except that which spring from deep-rooted affection. It is not

the lovely face or the graceful step. If I be asked whether differences of opinion may not exist between persons thus united, I answer unhesitatingly yes, but these differences if rightly understood will only serve to show the value and importance of a relation in which, the abandonment of self is the best evidence of the genuineness of the motive that gave rise to it. In this as in all other societies there are rights to be claimed and duties to be performed, but they are of such a character as not to conflict with each other. The fairer portion of my audience will not I trust be offended, if in naming these rights and duties, I give to the husband the right to command and assign to the wife the duty of obedience, as the allotment is made under such provisions as will not detract from the latter nor add to the former what will not be readily conceded. In all societies there must be a court of last resort to determine questions affecting them. Generally a majority of the association determines in such cases, but in marriage there being but two parties, the husband being the more powerful and usually the elder, it would seem no more than proper that to him should attach the right of deciding. In exercising this right, however, the husband is bound to make up his opinion, not from whim or caprice, but should be governed by a regard to the joint welfare, whilst a prompt devotion to his will and pleasure affords an opportunity to the wife for the display of a virtue certainly second to none other, that of self-command. Nor are the occasions in which this concession on the part of the wife is to be made by any means so frequent as might at first be supposed. The spheres in which husband and wife act are essentially different. It is the business of the man to provide for the family and to employ himself out of door, whilst the no less important task is awarded to the woman, of taking care of and using the products of his industry, within. Thus we find that there need be no collision, and as both are aiming at the same object, to wit, mutual happiness, there is every reason to believe that no unpleasant feelings need be engendered. Were I so disposed, and did time permit, I might dilate almost at will on the beauty and excellence of the married state, but as many of you are doubtless experimentally judges in the matter, I shall content myself with repeating a quotation from Cowper's Task, which with a tact and delicacy peculiar to that master of the human heart pictures forth beau ideal of the condition. Perhaps the lovers of novelty will charge me with making use of lines too familiar to my hearers. Should they do so I can only say, so much the better, as if the lines are familiar they will the better convey the idea I wish to impress.

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The next branch of my subject of which I shall speak, as nearly connected with and arising immediately out of the relation of husband and wife, is that of parent and child. In the scheme laid down for the extension of the human race the Almighty has wisely ordered, that whilst the offspring must of necessity be dependent on the parent there shall exist on the part of the latter a right of control, admirably in harmony with the disposition to obey, inculcated by the feeling of gratitude. The first duty that arises on the part of the parent would seem to be the obligation to protect, which attaches from the moment of birth and continues throughout life, but more especially during the time that precedes manhood. If there be on earth a picture of utter helplessness it is the one

presented by a new-born infant. Created with appetites which it is totally unable to gratify, and exposed to ills of which it is entirely unconscious, what an appeal does infancy present to the hearts of those to whom it is indebted for being. Without the watchful care of the mother, an immediate cessation of the life so lately given must inevitably ensue, and were it not for the sense of the duty of protection implanted by nature in the parent's bosom, the condition of the child would be deplorable indeed. As infancy yields to more advanced years there arises on the part of the parent a right to control or govern, a right made the more imperative by the inability of childhood to govern itself. Nor has this right reference to the present alone. It looks to futurity and becomes identified with the responsibility that attaches to the parental condition to fit the child for the position which it has subsequently to hold in the community. It may here be observed, that under the head of protection I place the duties of maintenance and clothing until the child becomes able to take care of itself; duties which are more or less modified according to the condition of the parent. Among the duties here referred to that of education stands most prominent, as without the intellectual improvement essential to a full comprehension of moral, civil and religious obligations, instead of being what it should be, the offspring must in all probability become the instrument of evil to itself and mankind. Of the duties on the part of the child the greatest is that of implicit obedience, not merely because the parent is older and wiser, but because he is a parent; an obligation that can never be set aside, except perhaps in matters of conscience, but which continues in full force up to the period of manhood. Nor will there ever be wanting on the part of a child well brought up, a disposition to obey those who during the years of helplessness, afforded protection and support; and bad indeed must be the disposition which can consider itself relieved from the debt of gratitude thus incurred.

As I am now addressing myself to the young as well as the old, it may not be improper to urge with particular emphasis, on the one hand the necessity on the part of the parent to make a proper use of the control to which filial affection and reverence are naturally induced to yield ready assent, and on the other the deep sense of gratitude which should fill the bosom of every child toward those to whom he owes a debt he never can repay. It is to be feared that few parents estimate as they should do the responsibility under which they labor, with regard to the direction given to the feelings and energies of their children. Some persons seem to think that provided they furnish food and clothing, and a fair proportion of what is called schooling, they do their duty and all of their duty. Never was there a more fatal mistake, nor one which has produced more harm in society. We are told a great deal about natural bent and inclination, and the propriety of letting children follow their inclinations free from parental control. How, I would ask, are inclinations to be properly formed at an age when reason has not yet assumed her command, and when the passions hold the mastery over reason, without the aid of experience and good sense? If then it be right in parents to exercise a salutary control, how wicked must it be in them not only not to exercise that control, but by precept or example to sow the seeds of future vices in the bosom of their offspring? I have never been so forcibly struck with the criminality on the part of a parent in exerting influence to a bad end, than I was

some years since in the discharge of official duties then incumbent on me. I was called on at my dwelling as one of the commissioners of insolvent debtors, by a person who wished to apply for the benefit of the insolvent laws. His papers were already prepared, and he was attended by an officer and his father, a man apparently between sixty and seventy years of age. On examining the papers I found them apparently correct, so far as the statements of property and indebtedness were concerned, and accordingly proceeded to propound the oath prescribed by law.—When I reached that portion of the obligation which states that there had been no transfer of property with a view to ulterior benefit, the applicant requested me to stop for a moment. I did as he requested, and he went on to ask whether the fees in the case would be returned in the event of his not taking the oath. I told him that they certainly would, as they were not to be paid unless the services were rendered; on hearing which he immediately exclaimed, then I will not die a perjured man—"I have not, it is true, any legal right to the property which was conveyed to my brother, but there was an understanding that I should have a future benefit." At this moment I observed the hoary sinner of a father, who was pushing his elbow and doing all in his power to make the son forswear himself. I would ask, had the son cut the throat of such a father would he not have met with a merited punishment?

Here was a parent who was endeavouring to urge a son, just past the verge of manhood, to commit a crime of the blackest die, and one of the blackest on the catalogue of crime, whilst he stood rebuked by the moral sense of that son; and I would ask, by what right could he have complained had he become the victim of the destitution of principle of which he stood there the unprincipled advocate? It must not be alleged against me as an evidence of want of patriotic feeling, if I here notice a difference between my own countrymen and the people of Europe in regard to the relations between the younger and elder members of the same family. In the old world there may be observed every where, but more especially among our British ancestors, a sense of respect to old age, and particularly to parents of which on this side of the Atlantic we I fear know but little. There, should circumstances withdraw the children from the parental roof, there appears to exist a constant desire to return to it when occasion offer, and to recognize in every way possible the tie that binds them to the home of their infancy. To the Briton, whether his lot be cast on the burning climate of India or in the frozen wilds of America; on the field of carnage and death or on the stormy mountain wave, there is a charm in the word home, and the hope of again seeing which makes him undergo toil and danger without a murmur. Should he be fortunately so situated that at intervals he can revisit the house of his forefathers what efforts does he not make to do so, and again be united with those who are endeared by every fond recollection of childhood. If he be successful in life and attain distinction, the first feeling that he has is delight that his parents and those to whom he is nearly related will participate in his honors and share with him the fruits of his exertions. Do I go too far when I say, that in this new world of ours matters are the very reverse? or am I not correct in saying, that to an American the first aspiration is to shake off the trammels that bind to the spot where he was born? Scarcely is he freed from the nurse's arms before he begins to talk of doing for him-

self in the world, and if he can say that he is independent of his father, the height of his ambition is attained. So far as a feeling of independence and thirst for enterprize are concerned this may be, and probably is all very well, but in such a state of society what becomes of those domestic, social affections that serve so much to sweeten life and shed sunshine on human existence. Pecuniary independence is certainly very desirable, but I would ask, is it every thing? and are all the home-bred delights that nestle round the heart and impart to it keener and livelier sensibilities, to be ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon? Yet such is this restless desire to roam abroad into the theatre of worldly action and mingle with those who toil for gain, that as I am told in some portions of our country children actually buy the time of their minority from their parents, and where they have not the means of purchasing regard it as the greatest favor to be released from the obligation under which they stand to those who have nurtured their helplessness and love them with a tenderness that let them go where they may, will never be equalled. This state of feeling is not only unamiable and unfilial, but I do not hesitate to say it is unnatural and contrary to the laws implanted by our Maker in our bosoms. The great Being that gave us life intended that we should not only be dependent on our parents for a time, but also willed that so long as those parents live they are to be the objects of our most tender love and tenderness. Nor is this all. Can it be supposed that persons who are so callous to ties that are interwoven with our very nature can be faithful to the frailer bonds of worldly friendship, or tenacious of the duties imposed by the mere conventional rules of society? or are we not rather justified in the fear that to spirits of so stern a mould life will be but a record of cold expediency, uncontrolled by the dictates of sound moral principle? In the relation of which we have been speaking dependence, in the opprobrious sense in which some would have us to understand it does not exist; the dependence of parent and child is honorable as it is mutual; in early life the child is cherished and fostered by the parent, whilst in later years the latter become in turn the natural objects of love and reverential solicitude to their offspring.

The relation of which we shall next speak, important as it certainly is to the welfare of society, is devoid of the claims of consanguinity and comes more legitimately under the head of civil contract, and derive their claim to consideration from the fact of their being substitutions, in part, for that of parent and child. I allude to the relative positions of preceptor and pupils, and master and apprentice. With regard to the first of these relations, it is much to be apprehended that the responsibilities of the parties embraced in it are not appreciated as they should be. The preceptor who understands the full extent of the responsibility that he assumes, will always bear in mind that so far as his moral and professional obligations go, he stands on the holy ground of parental right, or in other words, that inasmuch as for the time he is the depository of parental authority he is also accountable for a parent's obligation. In imparting instruction, whether it be moral or academical, he is bound by the same laws as a parent would be had no substitution taken place. As the good of the child is, or is presumed to be the object of the parent, so should it be the aim of the instructor; nor should he ever permit any unworthy feelings, such as whim, caprice or prejudice to interfere with the dis-

charge of his duties. Firm but mild and considerate, he is to enforce his precepts by example, and throwing aside all selfishness give himself up entirely to such a course of treatment as may be required by the habits and moral and intellectual constitution of his pupil. In the absence of the parent, whom he represents, he is invested with plenary powers, and must answer here and hereafter for the manner in which he makes use of them; nor can he be relieved of his responsibility unless by the intervention of the principal, whose agent he is. It must not be supposed that I would inculcate on the part of the teacher the exercise of physical force or of mere command, appliances in my opinion suited alone to the government of the inferior sorts of animals. As an intelligent being, endowed by his Maker with moral faculties, man is to be controlled with other influences than those of brute force; influences that address themselves to the intelligence and sense of right, and the moment that an instructor suffers himself to use other means that moment does he degrade himself, and becomes rather the jailer than the friend of his pupil. Reason and affection are the weapons best adapted to the warfare which the teacher is to wage with ignorance; and if I be not sadly deceived, rare indeed will be the occasions in which a discreet use of them will not secure to him the victory. Subject to the limitations above named, the duties of pupils towards their preceptors are precisely those of children to their parents, and if rightly understood will beget the same sort of respect and love. The learner who feels convinced that the requisitions made of him are dictated by sound sense and good feeling, will almost invariably be not only willing but anxious to comply with them. It is a common belief and erroneous as it is common, that children cannot understand the reasons why they should do certain things, and that therefore it is useless to address one's self to their reasoning powers. If indeed children were incapable of appreciating reasons, there can be but little doubt of the justice of the inference; but such, so far as my experience has gone, is not the fact, and if I be not mistaken, it will be found in nine cases out of ten that children can comprehend the simple reasoning about right and wrong far better than their instructors are willing to admit. So far from being deficient in comprehension children, as it appears to me, are surprisingly apt in understanding, provided that the propositions put are in such a form as may suit their tender age, and the deficit lies rather in the mode of stating than the thing stated. It is true, that if teachers converse with their pupils as they would do with persons of matured years, and suffer themselves to be governed rather by a sense of their own dignity, than the relation in which they stand to those placed under their charge as advisers and friends, the distance created between the parties will be such as to produce estrangement, and consequently want of understanding, but whether the deficiency be on the part of the preceptor or the pupil I will leave you to judge.

I now propose to say a few words in regard to a relation, than which none mingles itself more intimately with the concerns of ordinary life, and a proper understanding of which is most essential to our comfort and enjoyment. The relative position in which master and servant stand involves the utmost confidence on the one hand and trustworthiness on the other. The confidence here spoken of is not merely a reliance that the party trusted will do the specific duty imposed, but carries with it a de-

gree of mutual affection without which the relation loses a great portion of its importance. Simply to do is one thing, but to perform with the zeal which kind feeling prompts is another, and the master who has his bidding complied with according to the letter knows but little of the comfort of good service. Nor can this hearty and willing performance of duty be expected, unless there be a corresponding degree of kindness on the part of the one who makes the requisition. How frequently do we see master and servant so related to each other that the only object of the former appears to be to get as much as possible for the wages paid, whilst on that of the latter is to give as little service as may be for the consideration received. This if I be not deceived, is not by any means the spirit of the agreement between the parties, nor should it be the footing on which their contract should rest. To my mind the relation of which we speak should be founded on friendship, not it is true the friendship that exists between equals, but that mutual feeling which arises between superior and inferior, and is founded on the due appreciation entertained of their respective good qualities. Each is to receive what he most requires, and proper feeling would dictate that each should perform his part of the contract in a spirit of liberality and justice. Whilst the servants of foreign countries have been much and perhaps justly lauded by our countrymen, and great blame attaches to those in the same capacity on this side of the Atlantic, I am not sure but that in America employers have to thank themselves for the evil under which they labor. Inasmuch as our political institutions present the recognition of privileged orders in society, and consequently have a tendency to prove a feeling of equality incompatible with every thing like mean subserviency even on the part of the poorest among us, would it not be well so to modify the relation between master and servant as to make the superiority of the one not a thing of mere rank, whilst the inferiority of the other is a thing springing from circumstances rather than abstract right? In other words, would it not tend to improve the condition of masters as well as servants, that the former should secure the faithful attention of the latter by kindness, affability and superior intelligence, whilst the latter would be ready to yield a willing obedience to requests or commands coming from such a source? We cannot contend against the circumstances in which we are placed, and where employment is so readily obtained in some way or other it is unphilosophical to imagine that persons will remain true to any one given pursuit unless that pursuit be made equally desirable with others. I shall perhaps be told that there are abstract duties connected with every calling which should be faithfully performed by all who profess to follow it. This is all very true, but whilst I admit that these abstract duties do exist, yet I cannot help seeing that if the performance of them be irksome they will be abandoned, unless some countervailing motive be created to render them palatable. To give a familiar case by way of illustration. It is notorious to all that in Europe a man must, in the generality of cases, remain in the rank and condition of life in which he is born, and that to place himself among the foremost in his class is all that can be expected. It is also well known that in America there is no such restriction as the one here mentioned, and that to merit and intelligence in whatever rank of life the possessor may have been born, all stations are attainable—that the patent of nobility we recognize is that which man holds from God alone. How then can

it be supposed that a man of integrity and intelligence will confine himself to the duties of a menial when he knows that by a proper exercise of these qualities he can be his own master, and eventually place himself in moderate affluence, unless his present condition be made so comfortable as to reconcile him to its privations, in consideration of the kindness bestowed and confidence reposed in him. It is many years since I heard it as a remark of the late General Brown, of whose gallantry as a soldier and patriotism as a citizen every American has a right to be proud, that the badness of servants was more the fault of others than themselves, and that the only way to secure the best services was to hold out such inducements, on the score of pay and treatment, as would make the condition as comfortable and respectable as the excellence of the parties gave them a right to expect,—and I thought then and think now that the General was right.

Having determined to confine my remarks to such of the relations only as are of most ordinary occurrence, and claim most consideration under our observation, the last of them to which I propose to call your attention this evening is that of master and apprentice. As you all know the term takes its origin from the French word *apprendre*, as being applied to an engagement by virtue of which the master or employer is to instruct the apprentice in a particular art and mystery in consideration of having the benefit of his services up to a specified time. In Europe apprenticeships to trades are looked upon as indispensable, and in many countries no one is permitted to exercise a calling unless he has served a regular apprenticeship. Nor does this regulation attach only to the mechanic arts, but extends itself to commerce and the learned professions, or at least those callings tributary to those professions. Somehow or other an idea seems to prevail among the youths of this country that there is something degrading and humiliating in the condition of an apprentice, and that to be bound to a pursuit is unworthy of a person of respectability. To be convinced of the erroneousness of any such supposition it will only be necessary to reflect on the subject for one moment. In the first place I would ask, does any man of proper feeling or sound sense adopt a pursuit in life which he deems dishonorable or discreditable, or does not his selection of a calling carry with it of necessity an implication that in his opinion the occupation is respectable? I anticipate of course an answer in the affirmative, and ask in the second place, how a contract in virtue of which the parties concerned are respectively to teach and learn a business which is reputable, can be any thing but honorable? What does an apprentice do when he binds himself, or is bound through his next friend by indenture? He becomes party to a written agreement, wherein the trade to be taught and the term during which it is to be learned are stated, together with the allowances to be made on the one hand and the rights to be exercised on the other. This writing, so made, does not and cannot alter the quality of the vocation, but is something tangible and explicit wherefrom the intention of the persons concerned are to be gathered. Then how in the name of common sense can apprenticeship be otherwise than honorable? In my opinion, and I believe in the estimation of every correct thinker, so far from being discreditable the relation of an apprentice, so constituted in due form, is the only proper mode in which a minor can, with the sanction of his nearest of kin, shew his fixed determination to become a mas-

ter of his occupation and at the same time secure to himself the exact performance of the duties incumbent on his employer, or master if you please. Having said so much of the ceremony of becoming an apprentice let us further proceed to examine and ascertain, in as few words as possible, the moral requisitions annexed to the relation. Inasmuch as apprentice is the substitution of another for the parent or next friend, for the purpose of instruction in an art or mystery of which that parent or friend is not cognizant, it carries with it a transfer, to the extent named, of the parental or friendly authority, and to the same degree of the duty of obedience on the part of the apprentice. Such being the case, it is easy to perceive that while the master has a right to make such reasonable requisitions with reference to moral conduct and physical exertion as may be necessary for the acquisition of the object of the contract, it becomes the solemn duty of the person bound to pay implicit respect and obedience to the will of his master. Nor is this all: if the spirit of the relation be preserved, there must be no stinted confidence doled out on the one hand, or a niggardly and careless exercise of faculties on the other. By the very contract between them a master and his apprentice become intimate friends, and are the depositories of each other's interests. When a master, for instance, entrusts his apprentice with the performance of a certain duty, for the proper execution of which he is answerable to society, does he not place himself in the power of that apprentice and stake his own reputation on his competency? Again: when a youth, or his friends for him select a person as instructor and moral director, does it not amount to a declaration in the strongest terms of his or their belief, that he is morally and intellectually fitted for the high responsibilities incurred? If such be the case, and I apprehend that no one within the sound of my voice will dissent from the views here advanced, does not the relation present at its very commencement the most appropriate foundation for a deep-felt, ardent and permanent friendship between the parties? Such my friends is the true spirit of this engagement, and should always be its practical operation. On the part of the master there should be the most untiring and ceaseless vigilance over the conduct, and solicitude for the welfare of one whose future destinies here and hereafter are placed at his disposal, whilst on that of the apprentice, or learner, there should be every effort, physically and morally, to merit the confidence and command the respect of one whose character is in a measure dependent on that of his pupil. The master's will should be the guide of the apprentice in all matters save those of conscience, while the well-being and enlightenment of the apprentice should be the entire object of his employer, free from views of selfishness or mere temporary interest.

From the Constitution of Franklin Lodge, No. 2, Macon, Ga.

Odd-Fellows, quotha! they're odd *enow* in excellence.

Old Play.

It is the glory of nations and societies, as it is of individuals, to increase in wisdom and virtue as they advance in age, and to conduct their concerns, not so much by the result of abstract reasoning as by the dictates of experience. This sentiment will be illustrated by considering the feel-

ings and principles which guide our community, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, that have already flowed, and will forever flow from its institutions.

Our origin is not of yesterday. Monuments and memorials of our Order, have existed from time immemorial; varied indeed by the exigencies of circumstances, or the limited diffusion of knowledge in remote ages; yet ever preserving the essential characteristics of benevolence and good feeling—union of kind thoughts and generous actions. The same great object has actuated noble minds at all periods of time and in all countries. It was this which inspired the chivalrous Templars and other kindred bands, who in the season of feudal darkness, seem to have caught a ray of light divine, guiding them to liberality of principles and practice, far beyond the spirit of their age. They performed their mission and passed away, leaving the records of their glory to stimulate and warn succeeding generations.

Born under happier auspices, and no longer compelled to resist arbitrary aggression, their followers in after ages gradually converted the institutions, by means of which they had so gallantly defended the rights of man, into one of more benevolence and charity, and flung abroad the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Our name, which we are fully aware has been a serious objection to many upright, high-minded and moral men, who might have become both useful and ornamental members of the Order, was adopted in times when the hand of power pressed heavily on all associations calculated to unite the oppressed people, and acquaint them with their real force. Shielded, however, by the apparent insignificance of its pretensions, our society silently pursued its benevolent course, pouring the oil of consolation into many a wound, and offering to all that gentle sympathy which is dearest to the heart; until we now behold it spreading ever the greater part of enlightened Europe, and diffusing its benign influence through every State of our Union.

The question is often asked, why we preserve the solemn secrecy of our rites and meetings? To those who are acquainted with the respectable standard of personal character required in our members, the answer may appear unnecessary; but there are honest men in every community, who attach the character of wrong to all concealment; to such we reply, that from the earliest periods they have descended to us thus protected; and should not both Justice and Charity lead to the supposition, that where so large a class of your fellow-men are interested, there must be something good. "Concealment," says a brother, "is as often resorted to, to guard a treasure as to shield a crime. Is earth prodigal of all her wealth upon the surface?—Does the diamond gleam upon the common highway?—Are all the virtues and duties of life, paraded forth for the public gaze?—Is there no lurking violet in the green lanes of life, that only betrays its presence by its perfume?—Is there no secret in the very heart on which you trustfully rely?"

"Stand free and fast,
And judge us by no more than that you know
Ingeniously, and by the right laid line
Of Truth."

Ours is a system of organized benevolence, untainted by selfish aims.

The sick among our brethren are not abandoned to the cold hand of public charity. They are visited, and their wants provided for, out of funds which they themselves have contributed to raise, and which in time of need they can honorably claim.

The friendless and desolate receive from us, not pecuniary relief alone, but personal and brotherly attention; nor do our duties terminate with life itself. We are pledged to perform, if necessary, the last solemn services of humanity, and to consign the remains of a departed brother, with respectful decency to our mother earth.

Nor do we exercise less fraternal solicitude for the living; we are enjoined to watch over each other even in the ordinary intercourse of society; warning a brother who wanders from the path of honor or rectitude, and exerting every effort to recall him.

By rigidly prohibiting religious or political controversy in our meetings, we also banish the most fruitful subjects of dissention, while we strongly inculcate brotherly love and christian toleration towards all.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Such feelings—such conduct can only emanate from the noblest, the most uncorrupted and steady principles; from principles founded on the immutable laws of virtue, the criterion of whose excellence has been unerring experience.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON OUR COUNTRY.

BY BRO. G. W. MAGERS.

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land!’”

WHAT American can look abroad upon our country, in her present and prospective greatness, without experiencing swelling emotions of pride and gratitude? What is the future destiny of America? What influence will her past glorious achievements exert upon the unveiled future? Who can tell? Who can even form a faint conception of the mighty destinies that await her? When her links of intercommunication, by means of railroads, canals and rivers at home; yet in their infancy; combined with her extensive foreign commercial advantages, shall have united her vast mercantile interests into one almost interminable chain: when the almost innumerable villages, and towns, which have as if by magic sprung up, all over her dominions, shall have swollen into large cities: when, where now the darksome forest holds its shady empire, smiling towns teeming with busy multitudes shall appear: when her millions of freemen shall

have doubled their number, and shall join in swelling the hosts of liberty, resting safely beneath the flag of freedom and blending their voices with the triumphant peans of the free, where shall her condition find a parallel? Who, we ask, shall attempt a description of her glorious career? Miles and miles of uncultivated wastes yet lie scattered out all over her domains, and her resources are as boundless as the sea! Other stars of glory are yet to be set in her flag! Her soaring eagle is yet to spread her broad wings out, and shelter beneath her paternal care other states, and millions more of freemen! And beyond her present glorious condition may be seen the dawnings of a still more brilliant age! And if her sons are true to themselves, true to their country and true to their God, a far more exalted and glorious condition is in reservation for America than has ever yet been even faintly depicted to the imagination!

With regard to the influences which the achievements of our countrymen, and the present exalted position of America are exerting upon the nations of the earth, it requires no eye of a prophet to foresee what will be the final issue. The power of her example is working gradually a revolution in the ranks of those who are suffering under the yoke of despotism, and slowly undermining the systems of power and oppression under which so many men born to be free, are groaning! What mean those internal commotions, that seem to shake almost with earthquake power, the proud establishments of tyranny in the old world? In England, Ireland and other parts of corrupted Europe, the men, men of soul, and daring and genius, are beginning to discover that they are men; that their shackles sit uneasy on them; that their manacles bind them! They begin to feel some of that eagle spirit; some of that locomotive principle which burns in the breasts of American freemen, inspiring them with longings and resolutions to rise up in the majesty and might of freemen; and stand erect and plume their pinions with some of the "growing feathers," plucked from the wing of Columbia's eagle! that they be enabled to mount up and soar an *extraordinary* pitch! Many more centuries shall not have rolled into the tomb of the past, before this bright world of ours shall present one unbroken chain of nations of freemen; and the haughty structures of despotism and tyranny, and the unholy alliances of church and state, shall totter and crumble and fall, and lie mouldering in one common grave! God speed that glorious era, and let all the world enjoy the blessings of civil, political and religious liberty! As an American, I have looked with inexpressible emotions of delight, upon the beautiful and glorious temple of Liberty, lifting its colossal pillars and massy arches and towering domes toward the heavens; and upon entering its revered courts, with my feelings awed by the sacredness of the place, I have paused and listened, and along its beauteous galleries and vaulted arches and sounding aisles I have fancied I heard the triumphant peans of the free, and the dying echoes of the songs our fathers sung in their struggles to lay the foundations of this noble edifice, and to uprear a throne for the insulted and wronged goddess of Liberty, where all her sons in aftertimes might come and worship at her shrine! I have stood beneath the broad spreading branches of the tree of Freedom, and have allowed my mind to go back to the time when it first sprang up an infant scion, on the green shores of Columbia! When the wild beasts of the forest might have crushed its tender stem, and trampled it under foot but for the tender watchings of the genius of

Liberty! I have watched its progressive growth, and have seen it shooting forth its beauteous branches, clad with unwithering leaflets; have observed its broad trunk expanding and enlarging, and though the thunderstorms of foreign aggression have uplifted their power against it, and domestic enthusiasts have wielded the petty axe of intestine strife to cut it down and lay it level with the dust! Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has continued to tower on and tower aloft, until its gigantic summit has reached the regions of the sun, and millions of freemen are sitting quietly and securely beneath the broad shadow of its expansive and over-towering branches! And in gazing upon its beauty I have experienced emotions of pride and patriotic enthusiasm, mingled with gratitude, that I was one of the millions who could sit down beneath the shades of the tree of freedom. In looking up through its branches I have seen the eagle of Columbia careering on in her heavenward flight! looking proudly down from her lofty eminence to guard the millions she shelters beneath her wings! Americans, look up and behold her! See, she hovers over the temple of Liberty; her undazzled eye

"Ne'er shrinks from the sun in the pride of his height!"

She folds not her wing in storm, or wind, or danger; but with the same steady and untiring flight, with the same watchful and guardian eye, she looks ever down, nor does she furl her pinions and seek her mountain home,

While aught appears to mar Columbia's peace!

What heart does not swell with proud and grateful emotions in contemplating so glorious a scene? Are not all the feelings of our hearts entwined about the interests of our country? Yes, though the fair temple of Liberty should by some convulsion be upturned and laid level with the dust; though all its fair proportions, and majestic pillars, and towering arches, should crumble and fall; though the tree of freedom, by some mighty whirlwind of strife, should be upturned and all its beautiful branches be broken and shattered, and its vernal foliage wither and be given to the winds; though the eagle of Columbia should fall from her celestial altitude, and her brilliant eye should become dimmed by the sun, and she should no longer be able to mount above the lofty crags, or scale the mountain peaks, yet in surveying the mighty waste, and in contemplating the ruined hopes and blighted prospects of millions, the language of every American would be,

*"Around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Entwines itself verdantly still!"*

May the God of nations preserve our country from harm! May the bright flag of the free, which this hour floats as proudly, as freely, as majestically, as gloriously, as when it first unfurled its infant pinions to the breezes of heaven, and hung out its dazzling galaxy as a beacon-light over the new-born asylum of Liberty! float on as triumphantly until the nations of tyranny, catching its lustre, shall struggle up the ascent of Freedom's mount, and bask in the meridian sun-blaze of Liberty!

PART II.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE
UNITED STATES.

ALTHOUGH it might reasonably be presumed from the very short period which has elapsed since the institution of Odd-Fellowship in America, that its gradual career should be with great facility and precision traced, yet such is by no means the fact, its early history being encompassed with much obscurity, in consequence of the gross negligence of its founders either in recording its proceedings or of preserving such records if ever made. The fact of its establishment in this country being entered upon by men of lowly and humble pretensions, for the most part foreigners, and having therefore but little influence to hope for upon the public mind, may possibly have induced doubts, and misgivings as to the success of their scheme, and thus made its inception emphatically experimental—hence it is a proper presumption, that no great attention or concern was given to their early movements. For many years the city of Baltimore enjoyed the undisputed honor of being the theatre of its first operations in the United States, and Thomas Wildey, a native of England, who had emigrated to this country in 1818, was conceded to have been its founder in America. But it is now rendered certain, that after the manner of self-institution, which prevailed among the Lodges in England about that period, that a Lodge of Odd-Fellows was constituted in the city of New York as early as the year 1816, styled the "*Prince Regent's Lodge*" of Independent Odd-Fellows. The duration of this body was of a very brief period, composed entirely of foreigners, "instituted immediately at the close of the war with Great Britain, and assuming an offensive and obnoxious title to Americans, it is presumed that it was driven from life by the force of national feeling." No trace of the existence of this self-instituted Lodge is thereafter visible.

In the year 1819, Thomas Wildey, by public notice invited the co-operation of all Odd-Fellows, if any, who might be in the city of Baltimore, to aid him in establishing a Lodge in that city. The call was successful, and a Lodge was formed by self-institution, 26th April, 1819, which was called Washington Lodge, No. 1. This body proceeded to initiate according to the usages of the Independent Order, and continued to act, without legal charter, until the return to England of a certain John Crowder, who had been made in England, and through whom a charter was received from the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, dated February 1, 1820*—the practice then prevailing in England for any one

*No 1. Washington's Lodge. Pluribus Unum. The Grand Lodge of Maryland, and of the United States of America, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellowship. To all whom it may concern this *Warrant or Dispensation*, is a free gift from the Duke of York's Lodge, of the Independent Order of ODD-FELLOWSHIP, holden at Preston, in the County of Lancaster, in Old England, to a number of Brothers residing in the City of Baltimore, to establish a Lodge, at the House of Brother THOMAS WOODWARDS, in South Frederick Street, in the said City; Hail'd by the Title of "No. 1, WASHINGTON'S LODGE, the GRAND LODGE of Maryland, and of the United States of America," that the said Lodge being the first established in the United States, hath power to grant a *Warrant or Dispensation* to a number of Brothers of the Independent Order of ODD-FELLOWSHIP, into any State of the Union, for the encouragement and support of Brothers of the said Order, when on Travel or other-

Lodge to institute others by charter—this charter was received from England 23d October, 1820—there is not, in the English Minute Book of the year 1819 or 1820, any reference to the issue of such a charter by the Duke of York Lodge—no doubt, however, exists of its genuineness, as will be seen in the sequel. On the 7th day of January, 1820, a charter was authorised by the self-styled Abercrombie Grand Lodge to Washington Lodge, No. 1, at the city of Baltimore. This charter was never received, or if received not accepted—probably if not accepted, it was owing to the difficulties which existed in England in relation to the pretensions of Abercrombie Grand Lodge, and which resulted in its expulsion from the Order. The charter from the Duke of York Lodge was, nevertheless, duly received and accepted by the Lodge in Baltimore.—The authority of the Duke of York Lodge to grant the American charter, was considered and confirmed on the 25th June, 1821, by a Grand Committee, and an official copy of said confirmatory act transmitted to this country of the following tenor:—

Special Committee held 25th June, 1821.

Resolved, That the Washington Lodge, Philadelphia, (meaning Baltimore,) be acknowledged No. 1, or Grand Lodge of the Province, (meaning State) of Maryland, in the United States of America; and that they be informed that the usage of Odd-Fellowship in England has confirmed a law that each Grand Lodge shall have a district of 12 miles, but that should any Grand Lodge assume an unbecoming prerogative, we will interfere, if just cause be shewn, and grant further Dispensations to the U. States, and that their legality under these restrictions be confirmed of the Dispensation granted from the Duke of York Lodge, Preston.

For the officers of the Manchester District,

J. HARDMAN, N. G. & C. S.

- The Franklin Lodge are desired to apply to the Washington Lodge for a Dispensation.

From this document it appears that Washington Lodge, No. 1, was first legally instituted by the Duke of York, Preston, and was subsequently confirmed in its grant, with the additional powers of a Grand Lodge. It also appears that Franklin Lodge in Baltimore, at the time of the date of the instrument referred to, was also in existence—whether self-instituted or springing from Washington Lodge before its legal charter existed is not known—but however originated it was directed to apply to the Washington for a Dispensation, which on the 15th of the following September it conformed to, by receiving a charter from Washington Lodge, No. 1.

It is clear from these disconnected references that the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in the United States was the self-created "*Prince Regent's Lodge*," at New York, in the year 1816, which was short-lived, and nev-

wise.—And be it further observed that the said Lodge be not removed from the House of Brother THOMAS WOODWARD so long as five Brothers are agreeable to hold the same.—In testimony hereof we have subjoined our Names and affixed the Seal of our Lodge this the First Day of February, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty.

James Mandsley,	G. M.	John Crowder,	P. G.	George Ward,	P. G.
John Cottam,	N. G.	Wm. Topping,	P. G.	John Walmslies,	P. G.
George Nailor	V. G.	S. Pemberton,	P. G.	George Bell,	P. G.
John Eccles,	S—y,				

er recovered its functions—that Washington Lodge, of the city of Baltimore, was legally chartered from England in the year 1820, and therefore the first legally constituted body of Odd-Fellows in America, as founded by Thos. Wildey.

Having thus fixed the period of the establishment of the Order by the charter of Washington Lodge, No. 1, with Grand Lodge powers, conditionally granted by the special committee of the Manchester District, it will not be practicable without greatly enlarging this narrative to trace the successive creation of subordinate Lodges in every State or District, we shall therefore now proceed to chronicle the progressive career of Odd-Fellowship from this its humble official beginning in 1820. Washington Lodge very soon discovered that the union of Grand Lodge and working Lodge functions in the same body, in view of the subordinates which it was called upon to create, was not only extremely incongruous, but likewise promotive of injury to the Lodges in both branches of this jurisdiction, and it was after deliberation determined to divide its functions by constituting the Past Grands of the Lodge into a Grand Lodge, and leaving its other constituents to exercise its functions as a working Lodge. Pursuant to this decision on the 7th day of February, 1821, the Grand Lodge of Maryland was formed, to which Washington Lodge, by the surrender of its English charter, and Franklin Lodge by the acceptance of a new charter from the Grand Lodge of Maryland, became subordinate.—This body was styled the Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States, and Thomas Wildey was chosen its Grand Master.

Here commenced the relation between subordinate and Grand Lodges, which struck out an entire different mode of government from that of the Manchester District, and modelled as it was upon the form ostensibly of our national confederacy, was likely to be better appreciated by the people whose patronage it was hoped to obtain. The legitimate revenue of Grand Lodges was here also first made to consist of 10 per centum upon receipts from subordinates, and \$30 for charter fees, which has remained since unaltered. In the year 1822 a brother by the name of Entwisle, who had been initiated, and devoted much of his time to the promotion of the interests of the Order, composed the truly beautiful Degrees of the Covenant and Remembrance, which were adopted by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and incorporated into the Work of the Order, and subsequently, as has been seen in the history of the Manchester Unity, approved and adopted by the Order in England. It was now ascertained that self-instituted Lodges, or bodies of Odd-Fellows existed in Massachusetts and New York, and it was proposed that an effort should be made to induce such Lodges to act in legal conformity to the Order by accepting charters from the Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States, then supposed to be the only legal Lodge of Odd-Fellows in America, by virtue of its charter from Washington Lodge, No. 1, of Baltimore. This information was derived from letters received from Massachusetts. Earnest inquiries were made as to the fact, whether a legal charter had really been received by any body denominating themselves Odd-Fellows in this country. To these inquiries prompt responses were made from Baltimore, which led to an application from Boston for a charter, and Thomas Wildey was deputed to repair to that city to confer the same, and duly to institute Lodges. On his way he met in Philadelphia a number of indivi-

duals who informed him that they had in contemplation to apply to New York, where they had understood a legally chartered Lodge existed, for authority to work, but at his instance deferred any movement until his return. Mr. Wildey was aware that there existed several self-instituted Lodges of Odd-Fellows in New York, but for the first time heard that any one of them claimed to work under a legal charter. Upon his arrival in the city of New York he was, therefore, as may be supposed, extremely anxious to ascertain the truth of the information upon that subject which he had received in Philadelphia. He accordingly waited upon the individuals whom he had learned were at the head of these Lodges and was informed that there were several Lodges,—Shakspeare, Franklin, Washington and Columbia,—the last of which claimed to act under a legal charter, which was disputed by the others, all of which admitted that they were self-instituted. With a view to test the certainty of this matter brother Wildey formally invited a meeting of a delegation from each Lodge to confer with him, and by his request Columbia Lodge presented its charter, which upon examination was found to be a genuine one, from the Royal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge, Liverpool, bearing date 14th November, 1822, and which he pronounced authentic.* In view of the great difficulty which was certain to arise in the way of the prosperity of the Order from conflicting jurisdictions in this country, he earnestly requested Columbia Lodge to surrender its charter, and unite under the G. Lodge of Maryland in one family of Odd-Fellows—and having with great pleasure received assurances from the delegation of that Lodge that their exertions and influence would be given to the promotion of that object at the next lodge meeting, he continued his mission to Boston, where in pursuance of the power confided to him by the Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States he established the Order. Upon his return to New York Columbia Lodge had formally determined to surrender its charter and to receive a Grand Charter from the Grand Lodge of Maryland, which was a source of great gratification to him, and readily induced the Odd-Fellows of Philadelphia to follow the same course, by applying to the same source for authority to work. The result of the mission was duly reported at Baltimore—Grand Lodge charters were accordingly authorized and issued to Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, and thus three bright links were added to the chain of Odd-Fellowship in the United States.

*This Dispensation and these presents, granted from the Loyal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge of Independent Odd-Fellows, No. 2, of the Liverpool District, held at the house of brother James Whittaker, Regent Tavern, Scotland Place in the Town of Liverpool in the County Palatine of Lancaster in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to five brothers of the said Independent Order of Odd-Fellows to enable them to open and establish a Lodge under the title of the COLUMBIA Lodge, No.—, to be held at the house of brother James Claridge, No. 49, Main Street, Brooklyn, Long Island, New York, United States.

This Dispensation and these presents are not to be altered or amended without the consent of the Officers and brothers of the Loyal Philanthropic Liverpool District, Grand Lodge No. 1, of Independent Odd-Fellows, as well as of the Officers and brothers of the above mentioned Loyal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge, No. 2, of the Liverpool District (the mother Lodge of the Columbia.) It is hereby enjoined that the brothers of the Columbia Lodge meet at such times and on such conditions, as are expressed in the By-Laws of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. And that they do upon Oath see that this Dispensation and these presents, be not altered or destroyed. That they do not initiate a person into this our Order for a less sum than the Laws (presented to them with this Dispensation by the said Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge) express, so that the Lodge and Order may be kept truly respectable. That they do not open any other Lodge of this Order, without the consent of the aforesaid Grand Lodge. And that they do appoint Officers in the said Lodge to execute these

Under this organization the Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States exercised supreme jurisdiction over the Order as thus established in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland until the year 1824, when it was proposed that Maryland should surrender all claim of jurisdiction, and control over the other State Grand Lodges, and that a Grand Lodge of the United States proper should be formed, to be composed of Representatives chosen from each State Grand Lodge, which should be constituted the highest tribunal in the Order, and supervise its entire work. This suggestion found great favor in all the States, and Maryland cheerfully yielded up its claim, receiving a Grand Charter from the Grand Lodge of the United, which was formed on the 15th April, 1824—a constitution was adopted in the following January when Thomas Wildey was chosen its presiding officer by the title of Grand Sire. From this period the Grand Lodge of the United States convened annually in Baltimore, and the Order appears to have not much advanced in any of the States until the year 1826, when a new impulse was given to it, especially in Pennsylvania, where it progressed with giant strides.

During this year the Patriarchal Order was received from England and formally adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be delivered in State Grand Lodges—and the States of New York and Pennsylvania reported most flatteringly upon the condition of the Order in their respective jurisdictions. Thomas Wildey was deputed to visit England for the purpose of promoting the harmony and uniformity of the work, to receive instruction in the Order, and establish a regular correspondence.—He embarked from the city of Baltimore 26th May, 1826, and after a passage of twenty days arrived at Liverpool. He was cordially welcomed by the brotherhood in that country, every possible attention paid to him, and great pains taken to perfect him in the Work of the Order. Having spent two months in that country, every where partaking of the munificent liberality and hospitality of his friends, and having been presented

presents. In consideration of the sum of two pounds and two shillings to be remitted to the said Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge, for this Dispensation. It is agreed that the Officers and brothers of the Columbia Lodge shall not deviate from the principles of the Grand Lodge. And that should any dispute arise so as to cause a matter in question in the said Columbia Lodge which they cannot conveniently settle, they shall refer the same to a committee of Past Grands to settle and do justice to the parties concerned in the said matter in question. And that the Officers and Brothers of the said Columbia Lodge shall comply with this Dispensation, and these presents, and observe and conform themselves strictly to the Laws of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, according to the purport, principle, true intent and meaning thereof. It is also agreed that the brothers of the said Columbia Lodge, by and with the consent of the Liverpool District Grand Lodge, (hereby given) shall elect, appoint and authorize (from time to time) fit and proper persons as Officers to put in execution and to enforce a due observance (as aforesaid) of the Laws and Regulations of the Independent Order. And should they (the brothers of the said) Columbia Lodge, hereafter wish to remove the Lodge, they shall shew sufficient cause for such removal. Lastly—It is agreed that if at any time hereafter it should happen that the said Columbia Lodge, should be destroyed by fire or otherwise, the said Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge, or any other Lodge of the Independent Order shall relieve their distress in case of necessity.

Granted the Fourteenth day of November, one thousand Eight hundred and twenty-two, by the parties concerned in these presents, who have hereto subscribed their names and affixed the seal of the Liverpool District as witnesses.

P. G. M. John Williamson,	P. G. Isaac Warbeck,
P. G. M. T. C. Stanistreet,	[P. Procuration of G. B.]
G. M. James Clark,	P. G. Wm. Spencer,
D. G. M. Will. Renshaw,	P. G. George Bradgate,
P. D. G. M. John Evans,	P. G. Wm. Renshaw,
P. D. G. M. Wm. Spencer,	P. G. John Davies,
P. G. William Smith,	

N. G. John Dodgson,
V. G. Robert Bulmer,
S. John Ackers,
P. V. G. Joseph Wilkinson,
P. S. Joseph Conolley,
C. S. George Bradgate.

by the Manchester Unity with a charter for the Grand Lodge of the United States, relinquishing entirely all jurisdiction over America in the work, he re-embarked for the United States, and arrived safely in Baltimore early in October, where he had the gratification of being graciously welcomed by his colleagues to the field of his labours in the work of benefaction to man.

It is due to Thomas Wildey, and to the propitiatory circumstances attending his visit to England, to insert the following graphic description of his reception and sojourn in his native country by his fellow Odd-Fellows.

"Thomas Wildey, P. G. M. of the United States.—This highly respected and truly valuable officer, visited this country on Saturday, the 17th of June, 1826, and remained in the Manchester District until the Saturday following. We need not say he had a hearty reception.

"On Sunday afternoon a lecture was held at the Wellington Lodge house, which was attended by a numerous and respectable company of officers and brothers. Grand Sire Wildey took the G. M.'s chair, decorated in a robe far superior to any thing of the kind we ever before beheld, ornamented in the most superb manner, with several medals of massive silver, of the most exquisite workmanship—demonstrating, at one glance, the esteem and estimation in which the 'Founder and Father of American Odd-Fellowship' is held by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

"At the conclusion of the lecture, G. M. Wildey delivered the following Address, in an impressive and feeling manner. He was heard with the most profound attention, and rewarded by the most cordial cheers and applause of all present.

"*Officers and Brothers* :—Were I, on the present occasion, to say that I am happy of the opportunity of meeting so respectable an assemblage of my brethren, it would be but expressing my real feelings in part. A stranger in the land of my birth, to be thus cordially received by those I never saw before,—makes me feel a glow of that heavenly pleasure, which I had never expected to experience on this side the grave,—words are inadequate to do justice to my feelings,—suffice it to say, they amply repay me for the labor and fatigue of my journey; and that I now more than ever have cause to bless the happy hour in which I became an Odd-Fellow.

"An anxious desire to gain all the information possible to be attained, that I might disseminate the same to the different Lodges and brethren under my jurisdiction, as Grand Sire of the United States of America, has induced me twice, since I have been honored with the confidence of my brethren, to visit the different States where Lodges were held, and the happy effect arising from it has now caused me to traverse some thousands of miles of the Atlantic, that I may obtain still more information, which I am confident it is in your power to give,—and that you will bestow it with a liberal hand,—in return for which, any information which may be in my power to communicate will be cheerfully imparted, either to the Lodge, as respects affairs of the Order, or to individual brethren, in any matter of general interest.

"The principal communication which it will be in my power to make, will probably be the Degrees of the *Covenant and Remembrance*, both of which we have found useful and highly instructive. They are the production of our worthy deceased brother, J. P. Entwisle, Past Grand, and

having been adopted by all the Lodges in America, I flatter myself you will also adopt them in this country, and that you will derive much pleasure and information from them.

"As my stay will necessarily be short, I hope the brothers of the Order will not be backward in giving their attendance while I remain among them, as it is the last, as well as the first time that I may be so fortunate as to meet with them.

"I had intended to advert to our rise, progress and standing in America, but as our communications have apprized you, from time to time, of our situation, I shall not now occupy your time on that subject. Our Magazine, published after the plan of the Manchester Magazine, also embraces the same thing;—I shall therefore no longer detain you from business—but shall take every opportunity of accomplishing the object of my visit to this country, which will no doubt be for the general benefit of the Order, in which I know you all feel deep solicitude.

"I cannot conclude these brief remarks without thanking the officers of the Order for the many valuable letters which they have been so kind as to address us, as also for their attention upon every occasion. Should any of your members at any time visit us, we trust we shall not be found wanting in brotherly love.

"I have now nothing further to say,—than that it is my sincere wish, that our brethren throughout the world may so conduct themselves, as when they quit this world, and their mortal part is consigned to the narrow house, that their souls may take rapid flight to yon Eternal Lodge, reared by our heavenly Grand Sire, where we shall never part more.

"After visiting all the Lodges he possibly could, and giving and receiving information relative to the Order, for seven days, the worthy Sire set off for London. We are sorry to observe, that his report of the London Lodges is somewhat unfavourable, but we trust, with him, that the good sense really possessed by some of the officers will shortly put an end to those trifling jealousies and differences which at present disturb the district, and keep those asunder who ought always to be united.

"After an absence of about five weeks, G. M. Wildey returned hither on the Friday night, and visited the Nelson's Ball Lodge, Oldham, on the Saturday evening. We scarcely need to add, that this truly respectable and numerous Lodge received him, and the officers who accompanied him from Manchester, in the spirit of genuine Odd-Fellowship. During the evening many appropriate toasts and sentiments were given, and the Grand Sire gratified the company with an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Independent Order in America. Towards midnight he was permitted to depart, amidst the most heartfelt wishes for his welfare and the prosperity of the Order. On his way to Manchester, he frequently and feelingly declared, that the gratification he had received that evening would alone have been sufficient to repay him for the fatigues and anxiety of his long journey.

"As it was generally known that G. M. Wildey would leave Manchester early on Monday morning, a very numerous and respectable body of brothers attended on Sunday, what we may call his farewell lecture, at the Prince's Tavern. The company began to assemble at two o'clock, soon after which C. S. Wardle, (in the absence of N. G. Prinia,) commenced

lecture, during which the best feeling was perceptible, and the effect correspondingly impressive.

"Soon after the finishing of the lecture, a Lecture Book and a handsome Dispensation, granted to the Grand Lodge of the United States, were presented to G. M. Wildey by G. M. Thomas Derbyshire. After reading the Dispensation aloud, the G. M. of the Order in England placed it in the hands of the G. M. of the Order in America, delivering at the same time a brief but pointed and energetic speech, to the delight and gratification of all who heard and saw him.

"The worthy G. S., evidently much affected, addressed the lecturer, pledging himself to a careful keeping of the important document then in his possession, and to a strict adherence to its precepts. He also pledged himself to see all the instructions he had received here speedily and correctly circulated throughout the whole of the Lodges in America. In the name of the Grand Lodge of the United States, he thanked the officers of the Order for the handsome present he should have the pleasure of carrying home with him, and concluded by proposing, as a sentiment, 'the cause of Odd-Fellowship all over the world.'

"When the applause which these proceedings excited had subsided, C. S. Wardle rose and delivered the following farewell address:—

*"Most Worthy and respected Sire:—*In the name and on behalf of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in England, I rise to address you.

"This task, worthy G. M., should have been in the hands of a more able man than myself—but the lot has fallen upon me, and I will do it all the justice I can.

"Permit me first, to congratulate you on your safe arrival in your native country—for, however ardently you may be attached to the country of your adoption—however much circumstances may have endeared it to you—yet there is a feeling in the human breast never to be forgotten—never to be entirely suppressed, however far we roam—and that feeling is—a love for our native land!

————— dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget tho' there we are forgot!

Hence, Sire, I congratulate you on your safe arrival, and sincerely hope that all those views, and objects, and wishes, which induced you to cross the Atlantic, have been amply and happily realized.

"As an Odd-Fellow, worthy G. M., in the name of the Order I give you their best thanks. To you, and to you only, the United States of America are indebted for the existence of the inestimable blessing of Odd-Fellowship!—But for you that truly great country would have been at this hour without one of the most moral and benevolent institutions ever formed by man.—To you belongs, distinctly and unequivocally, the glorious title of 'Founder and Father of American Odd-Fellowship.'

"This title, most worthy Sire, none can dispute with you—it is clearly, plainly yours—and your name will be revered by future ages, when the memory of heroes and conquerors will have been forgotten.

* * * * *

"The existence of a press among us both here and at Baltimore, renders it unnecessary for me to recapitulate the particulars of the rise and pro-

gress of your undertaking. The Magazines now put every brother in possession of all the leading facts connected with the Order, which were formerly necessarily confined to a few.—To those Magazines I triumphantly refer them, for an account of the almost miraculous marches of Odd-Fellowship in America:—To those Magazines, too, I refer them for an account of the almost miraculous marches which you have made for the good and welfare of your infant institution—exertions which none but a mind most determinedly bent on benevolence could have performed—exertions, I firmly believe, unequalled in the history of any other society—exertions never heard of before, if we except, perhaps, those of the great philanthropist, the immortal Howard!

“Faith, we read, Sire, will remove mountains—but what will not CHARITY achieve! After traversing the various extensive States of the truly great country of your adoption, and rendering all their Lodges as one, you bend your pilgrimage hitherwise—you join them to those of England—removing, as it were, the vast Atlantic, extending and perpetuating the principles of benevolence, and bringing thousands, at an immense distance from each other, under the standard of F. L. and T.

“To you, Sire, we are indebted for all this—you laid the plan—you formed the whole design—you have now the happiness of seeing a new creation rising up around you. I say a new creation, Sire, because no man can become a genuine Odd-Fellow without becoming at the same time a better man.

“However good he may have been before, the duties of an Odd-Fellow will point out to him many sources for the exercise of his goodness, which before were unknown to him—he will necessarily become more useful—the facilities that our beloved Order affords, I may say makes, for the display of that first of virtues, Charity—(without which all pretensions to goodness are mere mummery)—these facilities, I say, will give him an opportunity of putting his goodness in FULL practice.

“I do not mean to confine myself, Sire, to that Charity which giveth only—but to that principle of universal benevolence which embraces ALL the wants of ALL mankind. I do not mean alone their physical necessities—I mean to include their moral inabilities. A really charitable man will feel a greater desire to remove the latter than to relieve the former; because, he knows if a man be not morally right, he cannot be physically happy.

“Worthy G. M., a few more words on this subject—it is the principal pillar of our Order—we have high authority for the fact—‘the first of these is charity’—I know of no delight equal to the luxury of doing good—but the first delight is to find out, succour and relieve the uncomplaining—the half-broken yet proud spirit, that cannot dig and will not beg. Believe me, Sire,

Full many a stolid eye and aspect stern,
Hide hearts where grief has little left to learn.

“I have now, Sire, done with this part of my subject—I will not presume to point out to this assembly the many opportunities that present themselves for the exercise of these virtues—the active and the benevolent will readily perceive them, and to such only can they be of any service.

“In your address, Sire, on your arrival among us, you told us that you had ‘now more than ever cause to bless the happy hour in which you be-

same an Odd-Fellow.' We shall not soon forget the compliment. Long may you live to enjoy such feeling, and may every hour increase its felicity!

"I shall not here particularize the many valuable communications received from you—they shall be cherished among us, and communicated in due time to the respective Lodges throughout the Order; and we are satisfied that what you have received from us will be laid out to the best advantage among your children when you return home.

"It now becomes my painful duty to bid you, most worthy G. M., officially at least, farewell!—A young world of your own creation is now anxiously awaiting your arrival—may the waves and winds of the Atlantic speedily waft you safely home, and may you find 'all well.' You have the wishes and prayers of thousands for your welfare. This audience will bear with me, I am sure, when I exclaim, hail Odd-Fellowship, all hail Columbia—long life and happiness to the Founder and Father of American Odd-Fellowship!

"During the whole of this address the most profound attention was preserved. At the conclusion the worthy G. S. sat down, overwhelmed with feelings more easily imagined than described, and desired the worthy G. M. Derbyshire (his right supporter) to return thanks for him—he could not!

"This task G. M. Derbyshire performed in a manner calculated to raise him in the estimation of all his friends, and to reconcile him to (if it were possible for him to have any) his enemies.

"Some time was now spent in free and open intercourse and conversation, during which the officers and brothers were shaking hands and congratulating each other on the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' which they had that day enjoyed. Others flocked round the worthy Sire to give and receive the last friendly grip, while others were anxious to know how *they* would succeed in America? To these enquiries his reply generally was, 'talent, industry and *sobriety* will succeed any where.' In our estimation he acted on these occasions a judicious and honest part—he did not hold out any inducement—whoever may have been led into an error in their recent trips across the Atlantic, (and we fear there are many) no one can turn round upon Thomas Wildey and say—'thou art the man!'

"After this a supper was given by host Hodgson to the country visitors, &c., and the remainder of the evening was spent in a manner becoming our laudable profession.

"On Monday morning our Pilgrim left Manchester for Liverpool, and sailed, we believe, on the Thursday following for Baltimore.

"Ere this hasty sketch meets the eye of the Order he will, if all be well, have received the gratulations of his friends and family, on his safe arrival among them.—Peace be with them."

The supreme control over Odd-Fellowship, so far as such could be legally delegated by the Manchester Unity, was now formally and solemnly vested in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and whatever irregularity had from necessity been practised in assuming or exercising jurisdiction were now corrected and fully approved, and the Grand Lodge of the United States assembled in 1827 under new auspices.

The Manchester Committee having departed from the ancient signs of the Order and permitted great innovations, the Grand Lodge of the United States firmly refused to co-operate with them, and resolved to maintain Odd-Fellowship in its original integrity, believing that if any extended use-

fulness was designed to be accomplished by its principles and usages, their universality could only be preserved by maintaining them original and unchanged. The Order was now extended to the District of Columbia, by the institution of Central Lodge, No. 1, of Odd-Fellows, which commenced its career with the most flattering prospects. In the following year Georgetown Lodge, No. 2, was chartered and opened formally by Thomas Wildey, then Grand Sire, who made a favorable report of the success of the Order in the District of Columbia.

In 1828 the Encampment of Patriarchs were first instituted, by transferring the degrees of the Patriarchal Order from State Grand Lodges to a separate and distinct functionary. This became necessary in consequence of the difficulty of transacting business in the body of a Grand Lodge, where perhaps many of its members had not received the Patriarchal Degrees, and from the necessity which was obvious, that a Grand Lodge should be confined, *in its jurisdiction*, to legislative functions, and the work of the Order in all its details should be left entirely to distinct and subordinate jurisdictions. The result of establishing Encampments was extremely beneficial, not only as a matter of revenue to the State Grand Lodge, but produced by the creation of a separate organization, great emulation among the votaries of Odd Fellowship to attain to the heights of the Order, the sublime degrees as administered in the Encampment having been designated as the highest elevation in the work of Odd-Fellowship.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CLASSIC, refined tho' neverstudied,
Like forest oaks with acorns budded,
Unmoved his standing firm and true,
Beauty and strength, thus brought to view;
Clothed with a verdure, rich and pure,
A majesty in bearing to endure
Apart, midst hundreds of aspirants nigh,
It soars 'bove all and spreads both broad and high
Basework for fabrics of inferior mould,
Its worth intrinsic, time long since has told.
The pride, the ornament, of forest ground
A shield, a succour, and a shelter found.
Its foliage yielding such a fresh perfume
It strengthens while its presence doth illumine.
Just so, the chaste, pure style and taste of Irving
Whose writings please, delight, without unnerving.

E. C. H.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN our last number we took some notice of the opposition to Odd-Fellowship evidenced in the proposition submitted by the Rev. Mr. Collins in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the object of which was to disqualify Odd-Fellows from clerical privileges in that religious community. Since writing that article we have been informed that the Conference declined acting upon the resolution in consequence of the existence of a standing order, adopted by that body at a former session, which not only prohibits Methodist Episcopal preachers from connexion with our Order, but extends its anathemas also to the laity. As there are very many enlightened, candid and liberal minded gentlemen among the most prominent of the Methodist Episcopal clergy, we would address a word of reason and expostulation to them on this subject. May we ask, under what lights, what information, what counsels as to the character and principles of Odd-Fellowship was the order of the Conference adopted—What was the sin of Odd-Fellowship, the offence to good morals or sound Christian practice which it encouraged—What was the danger to which it exposed its votaries and the peculiar members of that church, that so respectable a body of legislators should have felt called upon thus gravely to divorce themselves and followers from its contaminating influence? We ask these questions in perfect sincerity, and we do hope that we may receive a frank response to them. Let us have the reasons assigned for this unprecedented proscription, and if they be founded on sound principle we proclaim, on behalf of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in the United States, a cheerful conformation of every obnoxious feature of that institution, if any can be shown to exist, to law, order, decorum, good morals and pure religion. If on the other hand, it shall turn out that the order in council which has interdicted Episcopal Methodists from our communion has been originated and passed in ignorance or misapprehension of the true character of Odd-Fellowship, may we not reasonably expect that *black lines* may be drawn around a resolution as offensive as it is unjust to a large and respectable class of their fellow-citizens, whose only sin consists in their honest and unwearied efforts to administer relief to suffering humanity. That the Roman Catholic Church should persist in its war against all secret societies is not a matter of surprise; she could not consistently ground her arms in this crusade—a fundamental point of her faith and church discipline imperatively enforces the confessional, and the permissive existence of any secret which might

be withheld from her clergy would at once strike down that long cherished and potential mean of preserving the supremacy of the priesthood, and thus take from her the commanding influence and control which she exerts over the laity: but with no other Christian denomination can this reason for opposition to secret societies obtain, and those who unite with the Roman Catholic Church in war against secret associations are, little as they may desire to contribute to that end, only lending the weight of their authority indirectly to strengthen and confirm the doctrines of the confessional. We do not wish to be understood in this place as expressing any opinion upon the subject of the Catholic Church or any of its points of faith; it is neither in place, nor is it any part of our business as the conductors of this periodical, to assail or defend any point of Christian belief or practice, and we have only referred on this occasion to the Catholic objection to Odd-Fellowship to illustrate what we consider the gross impropriety of the order adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Conference against Odd-Fellowship. Our Order, strictly speaking, is not a secret society in the well-known acceptation of that term; and it would not require a great deal of argument, if it were necessary, to show that upon the ground of secrecy Odd-Fellowship is not even obnoxious to the proscriptive rule of the Catholic Church, but as we are not at this time called upon to consider that opposition, nothing need be urged upon this point. It is truly painful to recur to this subject, because it is difficult to discuss it without being led into religious controversy, a position which every consideration of duty to our office and to our Order strictly forbids us for a moment to occupy—and we may possibly, in our solicitude to relieve Odd-Fellowship from misrepresentation, be considered as seeking the favor of the religious community—in either point of view we may expose our institution to injustice, and we would therefore gladly avoid the subject if we could do so consistently with what we consider the clear counsels of duty. We promise our brethren that on no account shall we be seduced into a religious controversy, and we assure the clergy of all religious denominations that while Odd-Fellowship appreciates the force of public opinion and cherishes the good-will of mankind at large, she spurns to court and does not desire the estimation of the church, unless that reward is due to her own intrinsic, inherent and unvaunted virtues. Firm in the abiding love and confidence of her thousands and tens of thousands of subjects in America, and of her millions of votaries throughout the globe; blessed by the prayers and supplications of the multitude of widows whose afflictions she has soothed, and cheered by the sublime spectacle which she has spread before the world in the crowds of helpless orphans whom she has educated and trained to virtue and to honor—she is as unaffected by the ebullitions of prejudice, or the outpourings of malice, as the rock-girt shore under the peltings of the roaring sea—equally undisturbed is she by the frowns or favor of religious zealots, and irrespective of their assaults will continue her offices of beneficence to the human race, content and happy that while strife and discord may distract and agitate the church, all is peace and love and harmony within the pale of her extended jurisdiction.

The Covenant.—Our editorial remarks made in the March number of this work, have been quoted with apparent exultation by some of our contemporaries. We beg them to forbear awhile—it is full time to shout

when one is out of the woods—at present we have cause to felicitate the Grand Lodge of the United States that the prospects of the “official magazine” are beginning to brighten.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the United States, be it known, never advanced or expended one dollar in the purchase of the old Covenant—the declaration of some friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. T. Kezer, dated Nashville, April 20, 1843.

Below please find a few resolutions which were introduced last night in the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, and which were passed without a dissenting vote. Our Secretary being absent for a few months, I was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.—it therefore becomes my duty to transmit you a copy.

Resolved by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, I. O. O. F., at its regular communication in April, 1843, that we entertain the most favorable consideration and regard for the Covenant and Official Magazine of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F. as a means of disseminating truth and true official documents throughout her wide extended jurisdiction.

Resolved, “That in a community like that of Odd-Fellowship—covering so vast a jurisdiction, and embracing so many essential and important interests, that the weal of the association requires the dissemination from time to time of valuable official information—that it is due to the elevated rank, and meritorious position of our Order among the benevolent institutions of the day—in view of the large amount of aid which it is continually affording in the great work of benefaction to man, which marks the philanthropic efforts of this enlightened age, that there should be an “official organ,” to collate, condense and proclaim its principles, and their fruits.”

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the Covenant as such an official organ, and that the taste and eminent talents and poetical skill so happily blended in each number, justly entitle it to the support and fostering care of the whole Order.

Resolved, That its discontinuance would be a calamity deeply to be deplored by the entire fraternity.

Resolved, That the assurance given by its enterprising and talented editor, James L. Ridgely, that for the present year, if necessary, it shall be sustained by individual responsibility, merits and receives our warmest thanks and admiration.*

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to each subordinate Lodge in Tennessee, in the hope that many of the brethren may find it convenient and consistent with their views to patronize so highly useful an official organ, at so important a crisis in the affairs of Odd-Fellowship.

*It is due to the Printer of the Official Magazine that it should be known that the work is now being conducted upon his own individual responsibility, having received no aid of any moment from the Grand Lodge of the United States.—Ed.



From life on Stone by J. A. Mc Dougall

James Hook
P. G. M.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1843.

No. 6.

P. G. M. JAMES ALCOCK,

Whose portrait accompanies this number, was born at Wolstanton, Staffordshire, England, on 19th March, 1804, and emigrated to the United States in 1825, when he had attained his majority. On his arrival here he sojourned in a number of the principal cities, as is the usual custom of young foreigners, until in 1831 he finally settled in the city of New York where he is now established as an operative dentist, and a distinguished manufacturer of incorruptible teeth. It was during his travels through the country, and while residing temporarily at Philadelphia, that he connected himself with the Order—he was initiated in General Marion Lodge, No. 6, of that city, sometime in the year 1830, and was chosen to the office of Assistant Secretary—in the latter part of the same year, on his removal to Baltimore, he united himself with Gratitude Lodge, No. 5, in that city, which was then the junior Lodge in Maryland, and held there the humble office of L. H. S. S., but owing to a bad state of health he was induced to return to the city of New York in the following Spring, when he joined Columbia Lodge, No. 1, by card. The condition of the Order in New York at that time was not by any means flourishing. There were but two Lodges in the city, one of which was discreditable to the Order, and its character contributed much to the depression of the other; in the State at large there were but four Lodges in operation, viz: Nos. 1 and 4 in the city of New York; No. 6 at Columbiaville, Columbia County, and No. 8 at Albany—the remaining Nos., one-half of the whole, had already become extinct from the general want of energy on the part of the brethren, and the mistaken policy of those who had the control of the Grand Lodge power in the State. Under such extremely unfavorable auspices brother Alcock became united to the direct interests of the Order in the State of New York, and although his experience in the Order in other places had been very limited, yet he had learned sufficient to convince him of the necessity of great personal effort to save it from entire prostration. His first exertions were directed toward freeing it from the odium of bacchanalian disrepute, but they were met by the most decided oppo-

sition on the part of the supporters of the old order of things, hence with a view to defeat the efforts making for reform, No. 9 was established on the English plan by a withdrawal from No. 4. It was not until the establishment of No. 10, in 1832, that No. 1 was seconded in her movement. Brother Alcock, having passed the chairs in No. 1, continued his efforts among his countrymen until No. 9 also was added to the list of total abstinence Lodges, and during the year 1834 all the Lodges in the State had acquiesced. In the early part of the latter year, with a number of other brothers who were anxious for the further improvement of the condition of the Order, he engaged in the establishment of Gettys Lodge, No. 11, with which Lodge he remained until 1839, when he was again active in the organization of a new Lodge,—Knickerbocker, No. 22, where his membership still remains.

During the first three or four years of his connexion in New York the Order suffered much from a want of energy and system, on the part of the Grand Lodge of the State. The larger portion of the brothers in whose hands that power reposed were men of the highest order of talent, and of distinguished rank in life; but their private affairs, or a mistaken view of their duties, misled them in the mode of action necessary to ensure a successful operation of the Order. Brother Alcock was among those who commenced the contest to remedy the condition in which the prospects of the Order were involved, by infusing a greater activity in the Grand Lodge, rendering its general action more directly accountable, obtaining a more perfect responsibility in the disbursement of its funds, modifying the general character of the Grand Lodge by changing it from a mere executive committee to its true position as a legislative body, adapting its functions to operate over a territory as extensive as its limits of jurisdiction, bringing it back to its primary design of managing and controlling by uniform regulations the general interests of the subordinates, eradicating practices in its own body which the subordinate Lodges had been induced to abstain from on account of their manifest impropriety, and furnishing to the membership satisfactory abstracts of its proceedings. These were the general heads of the matters of difference which in the course of a year or two grew into so fierce a controversy as to threaten the existence of the Order in the State.

Singular as it may at this day seem, yet it is nevertheless true, that nearly all of the proposed improvements were resisted by those in power—and not only one after another voted down, but in the face of those who had appeared in the body to advocate them, votes would be passed to apply the general funds to purposes of refreshment. Under the feelings which this course of things incited, it is not strange that human nature made an effort at resistance, which eventuated in the suspension of the Grand Lodge power in the State, and the subsequent re-establishment of the Grand Lodge in the city of New York. The whole course of these events, and the grounds on which the difficulties arose, have been so grossly misunderstood that it is but justice to all parties who were engaged in them to thus exhibit to the Order their true character.

The controversy between the Lodges in the city of New York and those in Albany had progressed more than a year before it was discovered, by an examination of the records, that the act of the presiding officer of the Grand Lodge of the United States in removing the seat of the Grand Lodge

of New York from the city of New York to Albany in 1829, had never been confirmed and thence legalized, by the body over which he presided. When this was discovered no violence was attempted by those favorable to its return to the city of New York; but, by the slow progress of submitting amendments to the constitution, which were required to be laid over for consideration at least six months, they proposed effecting a restoration of the Grand Lodge to its ancient seat. In due time this was consummated, in August 1836, without deviating from the forms and delay required under existing laws.

The Grand Lodge of the United States, at its ensuing annual session, refused either to confirm or annul the action thus had, until sufficient information could be collected of the true state of the case, and at a subsequent session held specially in the month of May following, finding the contending parties had each an organization as a Grand Lodge, the one under the original grant of 1823, and the other under the unconfirmed dispensation of a former presiding officer, deemed it expedient to formally cancel all Grand Lodge powers, previously conferred in any manner on the Order within the State of New York, and to assume direct government of the subordinate Lodges. This decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States was openly resisted, and the authority of the body issuing it put at defiance by that portion of subordinate Lodges located in the vicinity of Albany, while those about New York instantly yielded to what they esteemed rightful powers brought into exercise by the necessity of the occasion.

Both parties appeared by special delegates at the door of the Grand Lodge at the annual session of 1837: the one in the character of remonstrants against what were assumed to be an unwarrantable act of the special session—the other, embracing a majority of both Lodges and membership, having acquiesced in the decision, presented a petition for the restoration of the Grand Charter to its original location. The Grand Lodge after due deliberation authorized the issue of the charter, and wisely provided for calling the Past Grands of all the Lodges, as well those remonstrating as of those petitioning, to a central position for conference, and to determine on the most appropriate location, under a committee of her own body. This convention was accordingly held on the 21st of November, 1837, in the village of Newburgh. At this meeting it was nearly unanimously determined in favor of locating the Grand Lodge in the city of New York, as the original and rightful seat. It was at this most interesting crisis that brother Alcock was called upon to assume the duties of Grand Master of New York, which office he filled with great credit to himself and honor and advantage to the Order under his charge. Every effort was made to reclaim those who had suffered themselves to become estranged from the fold; enlarged and liberal views of government, suited to the Empire State were adopted and subordination enforced—strict accountability was provided for, and his term closed with the dawn of a brighter condition already breaking in view, than the Order had ever before experienced.

The rapid and glorious advance since made within the limits of that Grand Lodge, affords the best evidence which could be desired of the wisdom of the course taken by the Grand Lodge of the United States. The brethren who were connected with the recusant Lodges have been gradu-

ally falling back into the arms of the legitimate Order, until, as we learn, during the present Grand Lodge year, the last remnant of contumacy has been gathered in, and at the present moment there remains no vestige of that spirit which threatened the perpetuity of the Order, where now it flourishes beyond precedent. Before we leave this portion of the subject there remains one word to be said on behalf of those who took part in the stirring events to which we have briefly alluded. On both sides the utmost honesty of purpose influenced their conduct; each party seemed to rely firmly on the strength of their respective claims—personality was not permitted to embitter the controversy but for a very brief period;—each considering themselves correct in their position and course, contended with manfulness for success, and yielded with corresponding reluctance their pre-conceived views. Among those distinguished brothers with whom these difficulties arose, an extraordinary proportion have since passed from among us. But the names of P. G. Masters Marshall and Dillon, and of brothers Yates, Mowatt and Van Vechten will remain embalmed in the freshest recollections of the brotherhood throughout the State, by the force of their moral worth, and their sincere though various efforts in behalf of the well-being of the Order:—Now when the storm is past, and all which was gloomy has become sunshine, this token of personal regard to departed worth is honestly due from one who was not an idler during the controversy. Since brother Alcock has passed the Grand Master's chair, he has been elected as one of the Grand Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and performed the duties of an important embassy to England during the past year. Nor has he been inattentive to the Patriarchal branch of the Order. He was among those who in 1834 established the first Encampment in the city of New York, and again in 1839 he was one of those on whom the Grand Lodge of the United States conferred the powers of the Grand Encampment of that State.—Thus during the whole period of his connexion with the Order he has been an active, untiring worker in the cause, well meriting the confidence his brethren have uniformly reposed in him.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

“TAKE thy scrip my son!” said a mother once to her son, a fair-haired youth in the full bloom of dawning manhood. “Take thy scrip, gird thyself and prepare for a long and devious journey. Thou hast left the flowery fields of childhood, for the fairy regions of ripening youth; thy young arm is nerved with strength and vigor, thy expanding frame is lithe and hardy as the graceful cedar, and time is it that thou wert away. Gird

thyself, then, ere the morning be wasted, and let thy wanderings begin. This sole scrip is all that is needful for thy journey. One half of it, thou seest, is filled with fruits, the other half with stones. The stones will serve to give exercise to thy strength—bear them patiently and inquire no farther. The fruits are to sustain thee on thy journey; and when toil and weariness weigh heavily upon thy frame, eat of them and thou wilt be strengthened and refreshed. But be temperate in their enjoyment, lest evil overtake thee and thou sicken and faint by the way!”

The mother ceased, and laying the scrip on the shoulders of her son, gave him at the same time a handful of the choicest fruits to taste, lest murmurings at the heaviness of the burden should meet her ear. With a light heart, and a smiling countenance the youth, accompanied by his mother, now left the cottage, undismayed by the thought of the trials and dangers which were to chequer the pathway through which his long wanderings must lead.

A green and beautiful hill was before him. Flowers blossomed on every side, the gay carol of twittering birds came ringing from the lofty trees, and echoing through the fragrant air, and as the morning sun beamed full on the bright face of the graceful youth, he seemed too fair and radiant for earth. They soon stood on the summit of the hill, and wondrous was the beauty of all which they now beheld. Before them lay a land of vast and unmeasurable extent, full of mountains and valleys, sterile rocks and verdant forests, blooming gardens and sandy deserts, all seemingly distinct yet all mingling and blending in mazy confusion together. Here and there, like long delicate threads of shining silver, wound the brawling mountain torrent, the lowland stream, and the slender, noiseless rill; all tending—who knew whither? for the whole vast horizon was shrouded in an impenetrable mist which the eager and dilated eye vainly sought to pierce.

The mother raised her arm, and pointed towards that quarter of the horizon, beyond which lay the far distant and invisible goal, whither the wanderings of her son were to be directed. “Thither goes the way,” said she in a tender voice, “in which thou must wander until thou reachest thy journey’s end. Yon impenetrable veil of mist hides the goal of thy pilgrimage from thy view, but, trust thy mother, it is though unseen, still there. Go forward courageously, yet with heedful footsteps, for henceforth thou must journey alone.”

The youth turned his dark eyes on the face of his mother, and their expression was that of mingled confidence and apprehension. The mother observed it and smiled. “Thou goest alone,” she repeated, “yet, though thou seest me no more, I shall still be ever around thee. When temptations and dangers beset thy path, and thou callest on me for aid, I shall hear thee and grant thy petitions,—if not in the way which thou desirest, at least in a way which shall best accord with my own wise purposes. Farewell, and blessings attend thee!”

The youth stretched out his arms to clasp his severe yet tender mother to his breast, but she was gone. For a moment his heart faltered, while a thought of all the dangers and temptations which might follow him through the journey he was to pursue alone, rose up in threatening shapes before him. Mingled too with the lowering images of the future, came back the memory of the past, until all the yearnings which fill the

heart of the wanderer from the home of his youth, were strong and deep within him. His mother was kind and watchful, but he knew that her command once given was irrevocable, and he endeavored to nerve himself for the trials which were before him.

"She will be ever around thee, even though thou seest her not!" murmured a low musical voice close to his ear. He started and looked around him but there was no one within sight. "She will hear thy voice when in trouble thou callest on her," again murmured the sweet voice, "and will grant thy petition if it be in accordance with her own wise plans. That, thy weak reason may perchance not fully comprehend, but thou knowest that the love of thy mother towards thee is deep and abiding; let thy confidence in her therefore be strong. Depart on thy wanderings in peace, and follow boldly through all its dangers, the path which thy mother hath prescribed!"

The voice ceased, yet with a charmed and open ear, the youth still listened if perchance it might return, but the warblings of the birds, and the murmurings of the trees as their branches swayed in the morning wind was all that met his ear. With a light heart and buoyant footstep he now began to descend the hill, and as his eye roamed delightfully over the fair mountains and valleys and forests before him, he inwardly sighed to be already among them.

He was walking thus gaily on, when suddenly a youth of fair and gentle demeanor leaped from a thicket and stood before him. "Open thy scrip, gay youth!" he exclaimed, and threw into it a rare and precious fruit, "I am here at the behest of thy mother, and many of my brothers with yet more precious fruits than mine will meet thee on thy way!"

"Kind and careful mother!" exclaimed the youth in a voice of gratitude, "I will ever confide in thee; and will follow thee wheresoever the way may lead me!"

Light and buoyant were now the steps of the wanderer as he went gaily down the hill. Light and buoyant as the skiff, which wafted by favorable winds and tides, glides gracefully over the bosom of the waveless stream. Thoughtless was his heart as that of the indolent boatman, who, carelessly reclining by the graceful prow, heeds not the little cloud that will by-and-by overspread the heavens, and, ushering in the storm, will breathe in wind and tempest over the face of the deep, and hurl the frail vessel far away from its destined port.

"Open thy scrip, gay wanderer!" again cried a boy suddenly springing from a neighboring thicket. The scrip was opened, but alas! instead of a fruit as before, a heavy stone flew into it. Emilius shrunk back aghast. "I but obey thy mother's behest!" said the boy, "and many, many of my brothers yet wait for thee on the way!"

Emilius bowed his head. "If it is thy command, my mother," said he in calm and gentle tones, "so be it! I have eaten of the fruits which thou didst send me, the stone also will I bear, if thou layest it upon me!"

Full of courage and confidence, but with a heart no longer joyous, Emilius again pursued his way. He was soon amid the deep shades of the valley and dreamingly paced the banks of a murmuring brook, which went quietly meandering through green meadows and waving fields. Fair and pleasant was now his path; here and there indeed, a stone lay

in his way, but he sprang over it if small or went around it if too large.—Many a lovely prospect opened in the distance, and gave him new courage to press on. When weariness overtook him or sadness stole into his heart, a fruit from one of the graceful ministers of his mother's will, would enter his scrip. Gratefully he partook of it, but remembering the admonition of his mother, moderation presided at every repast.

But it was not always with fruits that the wanderer was greeted on his way. Here a stone and there again another, fell unexpectedly into his scrip. Heavier and heavier grew the burden upon his shoulders, but it was the wise hand of his mother that imposed it, and it must be borne even to his goal. What then remained to him but to endure it patiently and still press on? Meanwhile the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens—large drops of sweat stood on the brow of the wanderer, but the cooling stream still flowed at his right hand, over whose mossy brink, from time to time he stooped to quaff the refreshing draught which gave him new strength to pursue his toilsome journey. On his left grew a dense and shady forest, glancing with bright-winged birds whose cheerful carol beguiled him of his weariness, and made the toilsome way seem short.

But the brook gradually turned from its primal course. Its murmurings and the gay carol of the forest-birds died all at last on his ear. The green grass and the waving forest disappeared, giving place to a parched and blackened soil, while here and there a stunted and solitary tree raised its leafless head, and sighed mournfully in the wailing blast. Among frightful and precipitous rocks and beetling cliffs now stretched his desolate path. Silent and melancholy boys, bearing ponderous stones, became more and more frequent, while those with the cooling fruits were 'few and far between.' High in the heavens now rode the sun, whose fierce and scorching rays beat sorely on his aching head.

"Mother, my mother!" sighed the poor wanderer, "my burden weighs me to the earth. Oh forget not thy son in his weary and desolate path!"

He looked around him as if expecting to behold her on whom he called, but alas, no mother met his eye, while more dreary and desolate grew the path. Still threateningly over his head hung the half-loosened crag. Still fearfully beneath his feet yawned the dark and gloomy abyss, flames fiercely roaring from this, and stormy blasts howling dismally from that. Stunned with the terrific sights and sounds which assailed him, and faint with the inspiration of foul and unwholesome vapors, the poor forsaken wanderer reeled and staggered under his burden. Now tottering on the brink of an abyss, now narrowly escaping another, "Oh, mother," he wildly cried, "why hast thou forsaken me! Is there no kind arm to aid me?" He heard a rushing sound, but it was only the frightful owls that flew over his head, and flapped their foul wings heavily against him. He fancied he heard a call—it was but the hungry raven that croaked impatiently from the ragged cliff, and the bird-of-death which unseen sent out its long melancholy, eternal cry, from the deep fissures of the rock.

"I can go no farther," he exclaimed in a feeble voice, as faint and exhausted he sank, panting for breath against a sharp, jagged rock. "Here must I remain and die! Oh, mother is this thy will?"

In this moment of darkest despair a radiant cloud appeared suddenly in the heavens, slowly descended to the earth, and, parting in the midst,

three forms of strange and unearthly beauty stood before him. They were clad alike in robes of snowy whiteness; their figures were graceful and majestic, and their long fair hair hung in sunny profusion around their gleaming shoulders. But their countenances, though all wearing a sweet and seraphic expression, were yet essentially unlike each other. The aspect of one was grave even to sadness, but calm and placid as a summer's sky. That of the second though less placid was beaming with smiles, and wore a look of melting softness, of haunting sweetness that stole into the heart like the low, remembered music of a morning dream. But the countenance of the third was the most remarkable. It was wanting in that peculiar softness, that alluring sweetness which so distinguished the others, but there was a holy light in the upturned eye which seemed the reflection of that heaven on which it was fixed. It seemed calculated to win the confidence even of those whose love was more tardily gained.

As the wondering Emilius gazed on the fair and radiant beings before him, a thrill of unimagined pleasure shot quivering through his veins. He would have addressed them but speech and motion seemed alike denied him, and his powerless lips strove in vain to give utterance to the crowd of bewildering thoughts which were whirling in his mind.

"We are dwellers of the sky, fair youth," fell in sweet, low, musical accents on his ear. "In our abodes of happiness and bliss we heard the voice of thy distress, and have come to thy relief. Confide in us and we will save thee from the dangers which surround thy path, and conduct thee safely to thy goal."

"Who are ye fair spirits?" answered Emilius with a sudden boldness, "and what are your names? Can ye restore these frightful and desolate wilds to the paradise they seemed when in the far distance I first beheld them?"

"*Friendship* is the name I have in the fair country of my birth!" said she of the sad yet placid brow. "I cannot, indeed, restore these wilds to the beauty which they seemed in the early days of thy inexperience to wear, for that was unreal. But I will teach thee to look upon them with another eye. I will help thee to bear thy heavy burden; I will hold thee up when thy weary frame is sinking with fatigue, and I will, so far as I may, smooth the rugged path which thou, for many a weary day, art yet to tread."

"It shall be mine," said the second, she of the soft and smiling mien, "it shall be mine to dry the tears from thine eyes, and the sweat from thy brow; to scatter flowers along thy rugged path, and when thou art wounded by the flint and the thorn, to pour the healing balsam into thy wounds. When despondency weighs heavily upon thy heart, my smiles shall beam upon thee, till the light of thy spirit is bright and undimmed as the star of thy earliest youth. Gentle and kindly is my office, for I am *Love*."

"They call me *Truth* in the holy clime where first I looked upon the day!" said she of the upturned eye, in a sweet and solemn voice. "It shall be mine to point out the hidden dangers of the way: to show where the path is sure and firm, and to warn thee where the pitfall and the snake are secretly spread for thy feet. I will teach thee how to distinguish between the voice of the friend and that of the smooth deceiver. Listen to my voice and less dangerous shall be thy way."

With a beating heart, and a wondering eye, scarcely knowing whether he were dreaming or waking, Emilius stood till with a deep and long-drawn inspiration, he clasped his hands together and lifted his eyes in speechless gratitude to heaven. Then looking once more around him how was he astonished to perceive that the frowning rocks and yawning abysses had lost the half of their terror. The grass too had sprung up around him, and the wide-spread landscape seemed fair and smiling. Involuntarily he stretched out his hand, but undecided which of the fair visitors to choose, he stood gazing now on one now on another, while each in her turn appeared more beautiful than another. "Choose all!" murmured in his ear the same sweet voice which had counselled him at the commencement of his journey. He started and stretching out his hands towards Friendship and Love, in an instant they were at his side.

"It is ever the choice of inexperience!" said the spirit of the upturned eye, as with a grave smile she laid her hand on the head of the youth. "But I blame thee not. Be the sisters whom thou hast chosen ever dear to thy heart, for they will comfort and soothe thee, and help thee to bear thy burden. But I cannot leave them. I will go ever in advance, that *Friendship* and *Love* may never be seen unattended by *Truth*."

Joyfully was the compact concluded, and harmoniously together did they pursue their onward way. How rugged and dangerous soever the path, the fair sisters, Friendship and Love, forsook not the side of the youthful wanderer. If it was slippery to his feet they supported his faltering steps, if he sunk exhausted to the ground they tenderly raised him up. Their kind and gentle speech soothed his heart and shortened his way, while Truth ever went before to warn of the dangers and point out the snares. With every hour his courage and strength increased, and each new danger was but the harbinger of a new triumph. When faint with the toil and heat of the day, delicious and strengthening fruits from the hands of his companions refreshed and revived him. When scathed and bleeding from the thorny way, they poured balsam into his wounds and they were healed. Thus they journeyed on through parched and sandy deserts, and through boundless and untrodden forests, but their eyes ever directed towards the goal whither their steps were tending.

How changed to the wanderer's eye were now the features of the scene! The weight of his burden he no longer felt. New joys continually danced around him. In the distance which lay behind him the dangers faded away, while brighter and brighter and brighter grew the prospect before him, the nearer he approached the long-sought goal. It was at length reached! The last rays of the setting sun was shining gloriously upon it, and every object around him seemed lighted up with more than earthly splendor. With a look of gratitude towards his faithful companions, which words might not have uttered, he drew near his place of rest. Of how little moment now appeared all the adversity through which he had passed, and how short the backward way! Full of joy he sank into the arms of his gentle companions, and then peacefully laying his head upon a couch of moss and flowers, slept more sweetly than a king upon his silken pillow.

His companions tenderly covered him with the sweetest flowers and the softest moss, then carefully protecting his head from the noontday sun

and the midnight dews, and breathing a blessing upon his rest, they prepared themselves for their return to their dwelling in the skies.

"Sleep sweetly, weary wanderer," they softly whispered, "sleep sweetly on thy mossy couch. Sleep, for thy toils are over and thy journey ended!"

They kissed his cheek and turned to depart, when a tall and graceful form stood suddenly before them.

"Forsake not the earth fair spirits!" she exclaimed, "return not yet to your glorious homes, but make your dwellings among the sons of men. Many are the children who must yet pursue the rugged path through which you have so tenderly led this child, who now sleeps so sweetly on his final pillow. Remain to lead them on also on their journey, until the last wanderer shall have reached the goal of its earthly pilgrimage. Blessed, thrice blessed then shall be your names among the sons of men."

The voice of the mother prevailed. "We will remain," they replied, "and men shall be happier that we dwell among them." Henceforth the three spirits were dwellers in the habitations of the sons of the earth.—They accompanied them in the long and thorny path which all must tread; they sought alike the rich in their palaces and the poor in their lowly cottage, and became their teachers in every virtue. Generation after generation passed away and men learned to love them, and to love each other, more and more. Songs were dedicated to their names,—temples and altars were erected to their worship, and many a holy offering was brought to their shrines.

Ages have gone by and those bright spirits are still on earth, and so long as the light of their presence remains to gladden the horizon of the human heart, man need never despair. Dark and sorrowful may be his lot, heavy the burdens which he may be doomed to bear, but so long as their kindly hands shall sustain him, and their cheering voices soothe his care, let him struggle on and falter not! The songs which have been dedicated to their names may be forgotten; the altars which have been reared to their worship may crumble, and be lost beneath the dust of ages, but so long as man shall bear a human heart, so long will the holy names of "*Friendship, Love and Truth*" be sacredly preserved.

C O L U M B I A .

BY BRO. G. W. MAGERS.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, my own native land;
What pleasing emotions they name doth command;
I love thy green mountains, thy deep sylvan shades,
Thy rock-gushing fountains, bright vallies, and glades!

Columbia, Columbia, fair Freedom's estate,
Sweet Liberty's birth-place, the home of the great;

With every emotion of this throbbing breast,
Let thy sacred name be more deeply imprest.

Columbia, Columbia, when fierce war-clouds lower;
When foreign aggression, arrayeth its power;
With proud indignation, each bosom shall burn,
Columbians each wrong shall contemptuously spurn!

Columbia, Columbia, thy bright flag shall waive,
Forever in triumph high over the wave;
The stars, brilliant beaming, shall chase every gloom,
Liberty's proud beacon the world shall illumine!

Columbia, Columbia, thine eagle shall soar,
Undauntedly ever, as in days of yore;
From her lofty eyrie, she'll proudly look down,
The world is her empire, the heavens her crown!

Baltimore, March, 1843.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

UNDER the institutions of the old world, *the producing or working classes*, as they are denominated, have ever since the times of primeval simplicity, when men ministered to their own limited wants, held an inferior rank in the organization of civil communities. It may appear strange to the superficial observer, that such should be the case, inasmuch as it is on the ground of man's superior intellectual endowments that he claims for himself the first rank in the scale of animated being, but a little reflection will shew that wherever extreme luxury and refinement exist, the laboring many must cater to the wants of the idle few. To be useful is to be industrious and intelligent, but the drudgery of manual labor must of necessity prevent the self-indulgence inseparable from luxurious habits, and bring with it an exercise of *physical powers* that accords but indifferently with the distaste for effort arising from idleness. Such then being the case, it is not strange that, in long established communities, where wealth has been accumulated in the hands of the upper ranks, the producer should be regarded more as a necessary appendage to the *consumer*, than as his compeer. Much has been said of civilization and refinement, but experience has shewn that, under monarchical governments, the masses have been degraded, morally and intellectually, just in proportion to the excess of polish among the titled and the rich; and that, as nations have receded from a state of barbarism, the rich have become richer and the poor poorer. These remarks apply with truth to the institutions of the old world, where the growth of society has been the work of ages, and where, of the thousands on thousands who start together in life, a very small number attain wealth or distinction, while a part of the residue struggle on with very unequal success, and the great mass remain in the same condition in which they may have commenced life. The question then presents it-

self, whether the observations here offered are just, with reference to our own hemisphere, which is with great propriety styled the new world. A little examination will shew that they do not; and further, that the great error of those who have made the constitution of civil communities the subject of their attention, consists in applying the same rule in estimating the condition of nations on this, as on the other side of the Atlantic. In what then consists the difference between the two hemispheres? Let the object of the present article be the solution of this question.

In the first place it has been observed that in the old world, the growth of communities and nations has been the work of centuries, and consequently the inequality of success among individuals and families has, as a matter of course, tended to establish differences of rank. Added to this, the systems of government being monarchical, there has always existed two distinct interests—to wit: that of the governors and that of the governed. At the head of the first of these interests is the chief man of the country; whether he be duke, king, or emperor, is perfectly immaterial, and next to him are the nobles, after whom come the long established and wealthy families dependent upon the chief man, to whom they naturally look as the fountain of honor on whose supremacy depends their own. On the other side are found the *masses*, to whom the great object is to gain their subsistence by the exercise of their ingenuity in the various callings of life. Here then is seen, at once, an antagonist action tending to divide and keep asunder these two great divisions of society, the former looking down upon the latter as inferior, and the latter forced to regard the former as the sources of employment and consequent comfort. Here then is the secret of the *inferiority of the working classes in the old world*, but how does the matter stand in the new? Comparatively speaking, the settlement of the western hemisphere by its present inhabitants, has been the work of a moment. Its population has had its origin in the enterprize of those whose condition in their native countries was such as to make change desirable and, whatever may have been their pursuits, they were all alike in one respect—they were poor and depended on their energy and intelligence in making their way in the world. Happily for us in America, we are all of us the descendants of ancestors who belonged to the working classes and, whatever weak minds may think to the contrary, it is fortunate as well as honorable for us that we are so. It is true that here and there wealth has been accumulated and families have, very foolishly, in some instances assumed to themselves to be better than their neighbors, because it has happened that their *working ancestors* were a generation or two further removed from their present descendants, but, in a national point of view, there exists no distinction between classes in this land of equality. In a country like this where, compared with the *future* the *present* is insignificant, and where our prospective greatness as a nation, depends on the improvements to be wrought upon a vast amount of *raw material*, it is to the working classes that we must look socially and politically, as the chief instruments to be used in the structure of the body politic. No longer only at the foot of the great arch of society, they are to constitute its great whole, and consequently on their enlightenment and intelligence we must depend for the beauty and durability of the entire structure. In former times and in other countries, *science* entered but very little into the formation of a *mechanic* or *artizan*. As the latter name im-

plies, the builder of houses and the constructor of the simple machines of the day worked by the eye, and provided the desired results could be procured by the union of the different parts of the thing to be made, very little or no attention was paid to the mathematical principles on which strength and durability depended, or the chemical affinities by which the different materials were held together. Of this we have an apt illustration of the origin of the glass manufacture. If I remember aright, the incident to which we are indebted for the discovery of a substance which contributes as much as, if not more than any other to the comfort and elegance of our dwellings, was a very simple one. Some mariners having occasion to make a fire on the sea-shore, discovered to their great astonishment that after the heat had subsided, the place, where their fire had been, presented masses of hard and pellucid matter, entirely different in appearance from the sand by which they were surrounded. How to account for this they did not know, and, very naturally, supposed that the change which had been produced depended entirely on the particular locality; and that of the sand there found, glass, for such was the new material, could alone be formed. The consequence was, that for a long time recourse was had to the particular place where the first glass had been made for a supply of material. In the course of time analysis shewed that glass consisted of silex or flint combined with an alkali, and it was ascertained that the union of these two materials produced similar results without reference to the place whence they were procured. This new branch of industry being established glass-makers became more and more numerous and, as experimental observation shewed that the fineness and strength of the product, depended on the proportions in which the elements of which it was made up were united, those of the craft who shewed most skill in producing varieties of the article were of course considered the best.

• The most superficial observer must have been struck with the difference between the common window glass, as it is termed, and the glass of which the richly cut tumblers to be found on the tables of the wealthy are made. Why is this? The chemist will tell you that the difference is caused by the *purity of the materials* used and the proportions in which they are joined. In order then to become a good glass-maker a man must be a practical chemist. How is he to be made such, unless it be by study, or in other words, education? If then the manufacturer of tumblers of the present century must be an *educated man*, how different is he from the first of his trade, who only knew that if they took a portion of sand from a certain shore, and made up a fire with the sea-weed and other combustible material to be found in the same vicinity, the sand would be converted into glass. Of the way in which this change was wrought, or what is called the philosophy of this alteration, they were as ignorant as if the discovery had never been made. To carry our illustrations a little further, let us turn to the history of steam. Every old woman in the country knows that, unless the vapor arising from boiling water be suffered to escape the vessel in which it is contained will be burst. Hence is it that we find a hole in the lid of every tea-pot, to let the steam escape. Ask one of the old cooks in the kitchen if she can keep the lid on a tea-kettle when the spout is stopped, and she will tell you no; but as for giving any reason for it, she will be as entirely unable to do so as if she had

never seen water boil. What, it may be asked, has this to do with our subject; where is your illustration going to lead us? We shall see. *The same observation that led kettle-makers and potters to have an opening, by which the vapor shall escape, also taught a Fulton how to propel a vessel by steam.* Yes! the force of steam being ascertained, a new agent in mechanical science was introduced, and the question at once suggested itself, whether this new force, this new element might not be so directed as to overcome any given amount of resistance. What is a steam-boat boiler but a huge tea-kettle, and what is the pipe that conducts the steam to the piston-rod, but the *spout* to that kettle? Instead of being suffered to pass off uselessly through an aperture, the steam is carried along, until it is brought into contact with a something that yields to a given amount of pressure. This amount of pressure being produced, the obstacle is made to slide in a given direction, until it reaches an opening, at which the vapor escapes, but in doing so it sets in action machinery with which it is connected, and, by means of this machinery, turns wheels, which wheels, revolving in a medium denser than that of the atmosphere, overcome the resistance of air and water, and the *floating palace to which these wheels are attached*, is made to move along on the surface of the waves "like a thing of life." Now who will say that the man who can construct an engine to effect such purposes, is not a *greater*, a more intelligent, a nobler being than the one who first put a spout to a tea-kettle, or inserted a hole in the lid of a tea-pot. These illustrations are intended to shew that the field of mechanical knowledge has been amplified and extended, requiring higher powers and a greater scope of intellect, and that consequently the character of the working man of the present age has been elevated and dignified in proportion to the importance and magnitude of the results which his intelligence can produce.

The peopling of this great western continent, and especially that portion of it where we reside, has, as I have already remarked, been the work of a very short time. The first immigrants were in the general working men, poor but intelligent, who with a view to bettering their condition, civil or religious, sought an asylum in the then wilderness where a field for enterprise commensurate with their capabilities and wants presented itself.— They were indeed *working men*, but not *the working men* of centuries long past, and although their fund of knowledge was very inferior to that possessed by people in the same vocations at the present day, they nevertheless stood high in the scale of moral and intellectual endowment. It is to this superiority of endowment we are indebted for the present condition of this vast republic, renowned as it justly is for the diffusion of knowledge of all sorts among the masses. Learning is not here confined to any privileged orders, nor are the *arcana* of science limited to the affluent and powerful. Go into the dwellings of those who win a livelihood by the sweat of their brow and what do you see? After the labors of the day are finished and the artisan has ceased from his toil, do we see him lying down to sleep like the beasts of the field, or sauntering about in listless idleness, gratifying his mere animal propensities in eating or drinking, or do we not find him engaged in social converse with his fellow-men, discussing matters of state policy, or with some literary production in his hand gleaned information to be applied to useful practical purposes? *The working classes* then are made up of reading and thinking men; of beings to whom

God has given intelligence and virtue, and who feel that they are not and should not be inferior to others of their kind. How then does the working man of the nineteenth century stand? In your next number I will try to solve the question.

Δ.

ORIGIN OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS

IN THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

BY ONE OF FIVE.

The marble monument must fade,
The splendid dome shall also fall:
But he whose monument is made
Of virtue, shall outstand them all.
E'en *Futurer Time* shall strive in vain,
His object he can ne'er obtain;
His rude attacks can ne'er efface
A monument on virtue's base.

If the divine rule for judging men, viz: "*By their fruits ye shall know them*," is the rule by which we are to judge of *principles* and of *associations*, then this society must be "*weighed in the balances of the sanctuary*."—And are Odd-Fellows willing that they shall be judged by their fruits? I answer unhesitatingly, *yes! YES!!* If on an examination it be found that their fruits are good, then it follows as a matter of course that the principles which produce such fruit must be good also; for the divine axiom is, "*A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit*." But, Mr. Editor, it is not my purpose on this occasion to write an apology for Odd-Fellowship, but simply to give a sketch of its introduction into Charleston, S. C. It is now about three years since the first Lodge was organized in said State, under the name of South Carolina Lodge, No. 1. It has been contended by some, that Odd-Fellowship was once before introduced into said city; but this as a fact is *exceedingly doubtful*; such a thing may have once been here under a spurious garb, but it is *absolutely certain* that no *legal* Lodge was ever opened in said city until the opening of South Carolina Lodge No. 1, from the fact that no charter was ever granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States for such a purpose. I think from what I was able to learn from gentlemen on that subject, that at one time there existed something by the name of Odd-Fellowship, or as a gentleman said, an "Odd-Fellows' Club;" but it was basely *spurious*, both in *origin* and *existence*. Be this as it may; enveloped as it is in *doubt* and *gloom*, long since every trace had been obliterated, yea every feature of Odd-Fellowship had been completely effaced from the recollection of all, and but two gentlemen could be found who could remember but faintly the existence of "*such a club*;" but in their case not even a trace was left on the table

of their memory of the features of Odd-Fellowship. Since that time some efforts had been made, but unavailing, to introduce the Order into that city by those who were both strangers and transient citizens. It is a fact, that the citizens of Charleston are rather slow to move in receiving any thing novel. I think this we discovered in them, as we thought, to a fault; in fact they *boast themselves* of this trait in their character by saying, "*the citizens of Charleston are not easily humbugged.*"

All efforts to establish the Order proved unavailing thus far, and until early in the year 1840 no decisive step was taken to introduce Odd-Fellowship into said city. And that which most contributed to its establishment at this time, and which brought it to the favorable notice of the community was the arrival of the Rev. T. G. Clayton in said city, who had complied with the wishes of the M. P. Church in Wentworth street, in becoming their pastor. To him in a great degree is the Order indebted for its favorable reception by, and introduction to the citizens of Charleston.

Mr. Clayton arrived in Charleston early in November, 1839, and had by a train of favorable circumstances become somewhat extensively known in the city as the pastor of the above named church, before any public action was taken in favor of Odd-Fellowship. These circumstances conspired greatly to bring the Order into favorable repute, for more than once have we known objections met when offered against the institution by telling the opposers, "*why, sir, it cannot be as you suppose, for the Rev. Mr. C. belongs to the Order; in fact, he has been the means of introducing it into the city.*" And this we have known in more than one instance to be received as a sufficient argument to satisfy the objectors. Mr. C. had not been long in the city before he ascertained that there were two or three other Odd-Fellows also in the city; with them he succeeded in having an interview, but soon found they were individuals who could do but little, so far as *influence was concerned*, in helping forward the Order. They were all mechanics, *all strangers*, and only known to a few of their associates, but as Odd-Fellows they were competent to perform their part in organizing a Lodge. The requisite number must be had or nothing could be done. After having had several interviews with the individuals referred to above, it was determined forthwith to test the numerical strength of Odd-Fellowship in the city; but now the question to be decided, and which was one of some importance, and also of some *difficulty*, was this—*where shall we meet?* The importance of the *place* grew out of the fact, that it might shape our future course for "*weal or woe.*" The *difficulty* was one in which Mr. C. felt himself alone involved—what would his *church* think of the *move?* would they approve or condemn? was the difficulty presenting itself to his mind—(of this the sequel will further show.) At last resolved on the introduction of the Order he determined to run all hazzard, and promptly offered his study for the purpose, and on the next morning the following card appeared in "*the Mercury,*" which was written by Mr. C.

"*I. O. O. F. The brethren of the above Order in this city are requested to meet at No. 3, Lawrence street, opposite Middle street, on Friday, 14th inst., at 7, P. M. In the meantime they will please report themselves to Mr. L. at this office. Business of importance to the Order will be brought before the meeting.*"

ONE OF THE ORDER."

"February 11th, 1840."

The evening of the 14th came and about ten presented themselves, who were at one time Odd-Fellows; and some of them *were* in fact Odd-Fellows—some had cards, some none; a few were conversant with the language of the Order, others could not *pronounce a word* properly; but as the meeting was merely a meeting of business, at which nothing *secret* was done, all who attended were allowed to sit in communication. After an hour or so in conversation, in reference to what would be the best step to be taken, the meeting adjourned without doing any thing further than to appoint an adjourned meeting to be held on the 21st of the same month. At this meeting, finding it impossible to do any thing in the way of opening a Lodge, as the legal number requisite had not cards, it was deemed expedient to make a further effort, to see if by the next meeting five could not be found in the city having "*clean cards*." With a view to call the attention of all in the city *particularly* to the adjourned meeting, the following card was written by Mr. Clayton and read to the meeting, which they agreed to have published in the "*Mercury*."

"FOR THE MERCURY. I. O. O. F.

"*Mr. Editor* :—I was pleased to find in your paper of yesterday a notice inviting the attention of the brethren of the Order of Independent Odd-Fellows to attend a meeting in Lawrence street on the 14th instant, at 7 o'clock, P. M. This I am glad to see is as it should be, and I hope every Odd-Fellow in the city will attend and use his influence in establishing a Lodge. The principles of the Order are the purest principles of benevolence—Friendship, Love and Truth is the broad basis upon which this edifice is erected; while Charity marks the proportions of the entire superstructure, and stands forth as one of the grand prominences of the Order. Already has the institution done much good—many a tear has it dried—many a heart has it consoled. Never has it been known to hear the cry of distress without lending assistance—in the time of want it has never turned a brother empty away—it is ever wont to comfort the weeping widow and helpless orphan. It is one of those institutions that recommends itself. *It is known by its works, and it is only for it to be understood by the community in order that it may be received with acclaim.*

"I believe at present the Order has made its way into nearly every State and Territory in the Union; and those who follow in her wake number over ten thousand, and dispense annually over fifty thousand dollars for purposes of charity. *It is received by men of every profession—many Ministers of the Gospel are incorporated with the Order, having found its principles so congenial with the tenor of that gospel which bringeth peace to all men!*

AN ODD FELLOW."

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, the first Odd-Fellows' meeting ever held in the city of Charleston was held in the study of a Minister of the Gospel. Sure this ought to have been a sufficient guarantee for the purity of the principles which Odd-Fellows profess; but this was not the case, for after all some *there were* who still spoke evilly of the Order, and suspected those who were its *friends and supporters*. This meeting over, and the above advertisement published, a wider influence was felt in the city—and some inquiry was made by those who noticed the above card what these Odd-Fellows were? what the nature of the society? &c. On the next morning some inquiries were made of Mr. C. in reference to the meeting, and

one gentleman advised him to have nothing more to do with them, as he said he might injure himself by it; but he had put his hands to the plough and would not look back—being satisfied with the correctness of the Order, and conscious of his own sincerity, he was resolved to lend his influence to establish a Lodge.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE COQUETTE.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL SKETCH.

From the German of J. F. Castelli.

BY C. M. SAWYER.

It was one of those dismal equinoctial evenings when the wind, accompanied by a fine cold rain, beats sharply against the face of the wayfarer, when an elderly man, closely wrapped in his cloak, and with his cap drawn low over his eyebrows, stepped rapidly through the street which led to the Luxembourg in Paris. The streets were deserted by all save now and then some hardy watchman, who slowly paraded up and down, while the discordant notes of an asthmatic barrel-organ which occasionally met his ear, were all that interrupted the low monotony of the dreary storm. Eight o'clock had struck, when the man entered the *salon* of his sister, the Marchioness de Pous.

The Marchioness was a lady of honor. She had passed the fairest and gayest portion of her life at the court of the queen Maria Antoinette, and shared in the sorrows of the evil days which followed. At length destiny smiled once more upon her and she was permitted to live peaceably and undisturbedly upon the little property she had been able to save from the general and fatal shipwreck. To many she at first sight appeared haughty and affected, but a nearer acquaintance seldom failed to give the impression of extreme amiability and goodness. Some traces of former beauty still looked out from beneath the wrinkles with which her face was thickly covered, while her majestic and upright form, full of graceful dignity announced any thing rather than the fact, that she was at the period in question eighty years of age. A portion of the gloss of coldness and reserve contracted by her intercourse with the great world in which she had lived, indeed yet remained with her, but, the first compliment over, she was as cheerful, as communicative, sometimes even as light-hearted as a girl of fifteen. All her affections, as well as those of her brother the Chevalier de Vilcour, were centered in a niece of their deceased sister, the gentle Gabrielle.

A family-circle was this evening gathered within the *salon*. The Marchioness still adhering to the habits of her youth, was industriously working at tapestry; Gabrielle sat quietly musing at her feet and occasionally inhaling the sweet odors from a large bouquet of Autumn-flowers which

lay on her lap, and which, although withered by the early frost, perfumed the whole apartment. On the other side of the table sat a young man quietly sketching in an album. His eyes often wandered from his sketch towards the little group opposite to him, and a thoughtful smile was on his face, for in one month Henri de Montmane was to lead the fair Gabrielle to the altar.

Near the fireplace stood the Chevalier Vilcour, and by his side the Count Anatole de St. Servier, whose relationship to Henri warranted his unceremonious entrance into the family-circle whenever it suited his pleasure. He was a young man of unexceptionable morals, but inferior in every respect—one of that class of men whose absence occasions as little regret as his presence does pleasure.

Pleasant dreams of the future filled the mind of the Chevalier as he stood silently regarding the scene before him. Henri was in every respect precisely the man whom he would have chosen as the husband of his niece, for he possessed an honorable name, a generous disposition, a moderate estate, a place of some emolument, and a character which had always been spotless. He saw that he was very dear to Gabrielle, for her modest eye would hang upon him with an expression of indescribable tenderness and confidence, and then turn full of grateful love upon her uncle and count.

"Come here by me, dear uncle," said Gabrielle, holding out her hand with a smile, "Henri must sketch you in the album."

"Sketch me!" he exclaimed, "I see very well, you young rogue, what that is for. You would like my old figure to serve as a foil to heighten your youthful claims. But for that purpose I think the eighty years of your aunt would do much better."

"Indeed, dear uncle," answered Gabrielle, "I did not think of such a thing. You know very well that I am not vain; and why should I be? I am not at all handsome." But in spite of her denial she was at the moment she spoke very beautiful, for a bright blush suffused her smooth cheek, the softest expression stole into her blue eyes, and her dimpling smile was sweet and graceful.

The Chevalier stepped behind Henri; his sketch was excellent and nearly completed, save the head of Gabrielle, which required considerable retouching. "Mademoiselle!" said Henri, as he again erased a line that he might improve it, "will you bow your head a little?" Gabrielle did as she was desired, and her beautiful bland locks fell in graceful profusion over her cheeks. "That is well!" said Henri, and continued his sketching.

At this moment the rain beat furiously against the window. "What a terrible storm!" said the Count Anatole, who for the last half hour had not spoken a word.

"I am very sorry," answered the Marchioness, "for I was expecting a visit this evening, from Madame de las Vermejas."

"Madame de las Vermejas!" exclaimed the Count, completely roused from his indifference. "Madame de las Vermejas, a Spanish lady whose husband was killed at Navarre, and who herself escaped from the insurgents only by a miracle?"

"The same, Count."

"This lady is a heroine; does she speak French?"

"Like a native; she was educated at Paris."

"So much the better. It will give me great pleasure to converse with her. Aunt, if this abominable rain had not interfered she would have come here this evening you say? It is too vexatious; is it not Henri?"

"I do not feel it to be so," answered Henri, looking at Gabrielle with a smile. "This visit would have disturbed the confidential character of our evening. Every thing is so pleasant here around the hearth, and the weather even seems to sympathize with us, for it keeps this stranger away. Besides, I am not at all partial to heroines. I love a soft, timid woman, far better than one who knows how to leap a horse, and speed a bullet without winking. Such a heroine is a monstrosity!"

"Oh, I know you have more sympathy for a tender, graceful womanly form," said the Count, "but I like strong women. I fancy Madame de las Vermejas, large, brown, with a haughty glance and a noble bearing, perhaps even homely, but whose very homeliness has something in it more interesting than beauty. Have I not drawn a true picture of her, my dear Marchioness?"

"Very exact," answered the Marchioness, laughing, "but I will try to introduce her to you to-morrow, and you will see for yourself."

The water was now pouring like a perfect deluge against the window, but through its deafening sound the noise of wheels was heard, and the next moment a carriage drew up at the door.

"That is probably Madame de las Vermejas," said Gabrielle, and smiled at Henri as if she wished to comfort him for his disappointment.

"I believe it is her truly. How my heart beats!" said Count Anatole, running his fingers through his hair and smoothing his eyebrows, when the door opened and Madame de las Vermejas was announced.

She entered, raised her black veil, and gracefully saluting the company seated herself by the Marchioness.

A general silence prevailed after the first greetings, for upon all, particularly the Chevalier, who now saw her for the first time, the appearance of Ivez de las Vermejas produced an impression of wonder and admiration. Fancy to yourself a head such as the imagination of the artist in his happiest moments may sometimes conceive, but which his pencil strives in vain to transfer to the canvas; a majestic stature, a queenly neck, whose delicate whiteness flashes through the drapery of black lace with which it is covered, and two soft, white hands somewhat coquettishly crossed over her mourning garments, and you have a faint idea of Ivez de las Vermejas.

The Chevalier scarcely heard what this lady uttered, so intently was he absorbed in silent contemplation of her beauty. The tones of her voice affected him in an indescribable manner,—they were soft and melodious, and, although she spoke pure French, her accent had a slightly foreign cast, which gave an added charm to her speech. Henri, also, regarded the heroine at first with much surprise, but he soon went on with his sketch again. Meanwhile the eyes of Madame de las Vermejas were not idle; they were glancing rapidly from the face of Henri to that of the Count Anatole, seemingly to institute a comparison. It was impossible to trace the least similarity between these two men. Henri possessed one of those physiognomies which speaks directly to the imagination of woman—he had a thoughtful and dreamy eye, and a smile of indescrib-

able sweetness. Anatole was fresh-colored, somewhat near-sighted, and in most respects precisely like a thousand others. He made himself as conspicuous as possible, that he might fix upon himself the attention of the beautiful Ivez, who, after her first rapid glances seemed to give herself no farther trouble concerning him, but sat watching, as constantly as her conversation with the Marchioness would permit, the countenance of Henri.

The Marchioness was delighted. She loved surprises, and this was a perfect one. Meanwhile Anatole did not forget that Madame de las Vermejas had a story to relate of which she herself was the heroine, and which—at the time when the public first became acquainted with it, had interested all Paris. He endeavored to direct the conversation in a way which would lead her to speak of it. Perhaps it was not disagreeable to herself to represent a drama in which she played so distinguished a roll, for upon a direct question of Anatole's she replied with the utmost simplicity, "Yes, it is true, that I was already sentenced to death, and was about to be sent out of the world, like a soldier, by powder and lead."

"Sentenced to death?" echoed the Marchioness. "So was I in the year ninety-three, and a death by the guillotine, but I was concealed and made my escape. And did the monsters have pity on you?"

Madame de las Vermejas shook her head. "It was only by the intervention of a miracle," she replied, "that I escaped the frightful danger." She was silent for a few minutes, as if shuddering at the remembrance of the fearful scene, then glancing at Henri, who was still zealously sketching, she again commenced.

"My husband was slain under the walls of Vittoria, and I was left alone and without friends, in a country wasted by fire and sword, and ravaged by two opposing parties, whose sole business it was to murder and destroy each other. When I found myself in this fearful situation, my first decision was to flee to the mountains and conceal myself in some obscure village. But what security should I have found there? Who would have protected me against the numerous banditti who overran the whole mountain districts, and committed with perfect impunity the most frightful atrocities? I decided, therefore, at least to flee to France. One servant only accompanied me, and, taking with us but little baggage, we left Vittoria in my own private carriage, as if we were merely taking a pleasure excursion into the country. My gold and jewelry I had concealed in the sides of the carriage. Never shall I forget that journey! We hastened on through a country seemingly doomed to utter destruction. Ruined and almost impassable roads, fields without culture, villages from which the famishing inhabitants fled before every banner and every conflict,—for they feared alike the Carlist and the Christino,—met us at every turn.

"Meanwhile all with us at first went well; we endeavored by circuitous routes to avoid every neighborhood held in the possession of the guerrilla's, and the two first nights we were so fortunate as to spend in solitary and deserted houses. On the evening of the third day we stopped at a little venta (inn) in the neighborhood of Estella. And such a venta I never saw. It was a kind of little stall, crowded with traders, soldiers, muleteers and beggars; some eating, some talking and swearing, and some sleeping. But my mules were too much exhausted to travel farther without rest, and there was no alternative but to stay. After supper,

which I had no difficulty in procuring, I entered my carriage with the intention of there spending the night, and Perico, my servant, laid himself down under the open sky, upon a bundle of straw. It was one of the loveliest nights of Spain. My carriage stood at the door of the venta under a spreading mulberry tree, where I could enjoy the prospect of the surrounding neighborhood. At midnight the moon arose so clear and bright, that one might have fancied it day. Before me lay stretched a vast plain studded with groups of trees, while in the distance rose the domes and towers of a city, surrounded by black and frowning hills.—Every thing in this lonely neighborhood, even nature herself, seemed to sleep, and the melancholy chirping of the cricket was the only sound that met my ear. I was weary with travel, but somehow slumber came not to my relief, and I reclined against the side of my carriage, buried in vague and changing reflections. How beautiful were the heavens, how peaceful all nature at this moment, how happily might one live in this delightful country! It seemed impossible that robbery, and murder, and fiery carnage could be so near!

"Lost in such thoughts, my eyes, fixed on the scene before me, looked through the clear-darkness, until I felt as if my vision were becoming supernaturally acute. Far before me, from interval to interval small fires seemed to arise. I was startled—every sense was on the alert, and I thought I could distinguish a strange and peculiar cry. The next moment Perico was at my side. 'Senora!' said he, 'the Carlists are on their way from Estella! what is to be done?'

"We must away on the instant! I replied, and in ten minutes we were on the road. We rode the whole night through the most frightful passes, among forests and precipices, and at day-break found ourselves at the entrance of a valley through which roared a mountain-torrent. It was a narrow and fearful pass, walled up on either side by naked, frowning rocks towering heaven-high, and overshadowed by grey old oaks which had withstood the storms of centuries. Ravenous and unseemly birds croaked dismally from the rocky cliffs, and swooped over my head so near that it sent the blood to my heart. Never shall I forget that dismal and awful place. I still behold each giant tree, each shattered trunk, the grey old stones, the wooden cross erected by the wayside, to tell in what places some unfortunate traveller had disappeared and never been heard of again, or had been found weltering in his own gore, done to death by lurking and remorseless bandits.

"It seemed as if I had reached the end of the world, and was henceforth doomed to wander alone in the dreary desert, when suddenly from behind the trees, a fearful 'Halt!' thundered in our ears. Perico applied the whip to the mules, at the same moment I heard shots from each side of the way, and he sank from his seat to the ground; the mules stood still and I was lifted from my carriage."

"And," exclaimed Anatole, interrupting the fair narrator, "you courageously fired upon the robbers?"

"No," answered Madame de las Vermejas, with bewitching *naïveté*, "I was afraid, and began to weep bitterly. Soldiers surrounded my carriage and I immediately recognized the uniform of the Carlists. The officer who commanded them approached me. I had seated myself by the wayside upon a stone, and turned my eyes away from the body of poor

Perico, who lay there bleeding and senseless. To the questions of the officer I answered that I was a Frenchwoman, and that I was returning to my country. Meanwhile the soldiers broke open my trunks and eagerly examined their contents, cursing and yelling with rage at finding no more valuables. I was seized with a mortal terror and was near falling senseless to the ground."

Madame de las Vermejas paused, and placed her hand upon her brow. Henri had laid down his pencil and sat earnestly regarding her, while his look expressed a kind of question, a tormenting anxiety.

"These men were true Spaniards," continued the narrator, as if answering to Henri's thoughts, "they were fanatical, remorseless, inhuman; they were men to murder a woman but not to dishonor her. The officer led me a little aside, two soldiers stood guard over, but at some distance from me, and a council was held in the road. This council consisted of five or six officers, a monk, and two or three other men who wore no uniform. They accompanied their words with violent gestures. Along the road stood a hundred soldiers in immovable silence. It never once entered my mind that my life was in any danger, and yet I trembled and silently prayed to God for myself and for poor Perico, of whose death I felt that I had been the cause. My eyes turned in terror from his corse, and my heart grew cold within me as I thought how soon I might be left alone in this frightful desert, with only this silent vestige of humanity to look upon. At this dreadful thought the presence of the Carlists seemed a blessing rather than a misfortune, for I feared nothing so much as to be left here alone.

"Troops went and came; shots echoed from time to time in the distance, and a few times my ear was startled by reports in my immediate neighborhood. This continued about an hour. At last the soldiers who had guarded me led me into the road again, and the warrior-council surrounded me. Every face was cold and stern, and every eye was turned full upon me.

"'Donna Ivez de las Vermejas draw near!' said an officer who wore the insignia of a high military rank.

"I trembled when I heard my name.

"'Donna Ivez de las Vermejas,' continued the officer, 'thou art accused and found guilty of *espionnage*; commend now thy soul to God, for the court-martial here assembled hath sentenced thee to death!'

"A fearful terror, an indescribable anguish seized me. Die, die, at the age of twenty years! I threw myself upon my knees, I assevered my innocence, I implored with streaming tears that my life might but be spared. I would not, I could not die! I would have consented to the severest terms."

Henri again regarded Madame de las Vermejas with an unquiet, and anxious look.

"Yes!" she continued, "I would have consented to any thing save dishonor. But these men had no compassion on me; they removed themselves, and the monk alone remained by me to administer the last consolations of religion. I sought to address him but voice was denied me: I knelt motionless before him in the dust, and my eyes seemed starting from their sockets as they fell upon a stack of arms which stood in the road. I wept no longer—I no longer implored for mercy—I saw nothing more

save those fearful, glittering arms, and the bright, blue heavens over me. The monk prayed over me but I heard not, until he layed his hand on my shoulder and solemnly said, 'my daughter, pray to God with a contrite spirit, for there is no longer any hope!' Then I looked up to the priest, and saw that he was a venerable old man, and that his eyes were full of tears.

" 'My father!' cried I, as I clung with a deperate grasp to his robe, 'I am innocent! save me! I will cling to thee, I will not loose thee, then they cannot, they will not kill me! Have compassion upon a poor woman! See how young I am, how full of life and health, I cannot die now! How many years I have before me! God will avenge the crime, if they are so fearfully cut off!'

"The monk endeavored to loose my hold, but I clung the faster to him, so that he dragged me upon my knees along in the dust. Then I heard behind me the rattling of muskets and the clicking of locks; I trembled, my hands fell powerless by my side, the priest removed from me, a short stillness, then the report of muskets, and I sunk deprived of consciousness to the ground.

"When I recovered my consciousness I was lying by the side of the road upon the cushions of my *caleshe*; the monk sat by me smoking a cigar. We were alone. As I opened my eyes the remembrance of the dreadful past rushed back upon my mind; I felt that I yet lived, but I believed myself dangerously wounded. The monk endeavored to raise me up, and gave me some wine, which revived and strengthened me. 'My daughter,' said he, with a benevolent smile, 'thy fear was greater than thy misfortune. Take courage, and thank God!'

"I tried to thank Him, for I well understood that He had saved me, but I could only fold my hands and weep!

" 'What wilt thou now do my daughter?' inquired the worthy priest.

"I will strive to reach the boundary of Spain, answered I, and escape into France.

" 'France?' said he, shaking his head. 'All the misfortunes of Spain come from thence. A true Spaniard cannot live there.'

"But death threatens me here! I anxiously replied.

" 'Be it so!' said he, rising and reaching me his hand. 'Then I will be thy guide and so finish my work!'

"My carriage yet stood in the middle of the road, but the mules had vanished. I sought with a glance the body of Perico, and the monk pointed to a fresh-made grave under the wooden cross. Poor Perico! he was so young to die! and in so dreadful a manner!

"I took my gold and my jewels from the carriage, and would have divided them with the monk but he refused them. We slowly went our way on foot, and the next morning I found myself over the borders.

"Before my benefactor left me he gave me his warmest blessing.— 'When thou art over yonder mountains,' said he, 'forget not thy hapless country, and pray for Fra Antonio de Leon!'

Madame de las Vermejas paused, while silently and with tearful eyes Gabrielle and the Marchioness pressed her hand. The Chevalier also was deeply moved. Count Anatole gave vent to his sympathy and wonder, by sundry shrugs and exclamations. Henri was entirely silent.

CHAPTER II.

Madame de las Vermejas was very soon an intimate friend of the family. Few women possessed the art of pleasing so perfectly as she; for with uncommon beauty she united an extraordinary gracefulness of deportment, and the most delightful conversational powers. Add to all these charms the peculiarity of her situation; she was a widow, without family, and at the age of twenty-one, the entire mistress of her will and her destiny. The Chevalier often observed to his sister, that he thought an intimacy between her and Count Anatole was growing up, but he soon remarked that her manners towards the Count had become cold and reserved—far more so than they were towards Henri. Towards him she from the first day had assumed a certain familiarity, and freedom of tone, which he could account for only on the supposition that she considered his title as an engaged man, sufficient to give free liberty for any carelessness of manner towards him. But the Chevalier looked upon it with an uneasy eye; yet trusting to the prudence of Henri, and the near approach of his marriage-day, he concealed his displeasure in his own breast.

Madame de las Vermejas appeared to find much pleasure in constantly admiring Henri's ardent love and matchless fidelity to Gabrielle; but she possessed too much knowledge of mankind, to see a flame where only a faint light glimmered, and the Chevalier could not pardon her for falsehood, whose aim he could not see.

One evening they were all assembled in the house of the Marchioness, when the conversation took a serious turn, and the subject of marriage was discussed. Count Anatole pronounced a union in which the parties loved each other tenderly and truly an earthly paradise, and the Chevalier added, that no man could bring his half-wasted youth to a happier goal than by taking a wife.

Madame de las Vermejas sat playing with that light sceptre in the hand of a beautiful woman, her fan, and listening with a somewhat abstracted mien. Then leaning over towards the Chevalier and looking in his face with a peculiar smile, "a marriage of convenience is a melancholy folly," said she. "I can understand how one can sacrifice his freedom at the shrine of a deep and uncontrollable passion; I can comprehend how one can joyfully bow to an indissoluble yoke when out of it one feels only longings and despair,—that is a marriage of love. I find it easy also to comprehend how one can fetter himself, for the purpose of gaining honor and dignity,—that is a marriage of ambition. But without love, without ambition, to cast his independence at the foot of a woman, to fetter his whole future existence, and coldly and unreservedly to say, 'I neither love nor am beloved—I neither increase my happiness, nor advance my worldly interests—my marriage is merely a marriage of convenience,' this folly I cannot understand."

"Neither can I!" suddenly exclaimed Gabrielle. Poor child, she loved her betrothed far too tenderly and deeply!

"Neither can I!" echoed Count Anatole, in an ardent tone.

Henri said nothing, but throwing a deep melancholy glance upon Madame de las Vermejas, a look which Gabrielle did not observe, turned away.

"In former times," observed the Marchioness de Pous, "there were few marriages save marriages of convenience, and yet there were very happy unions. When I married the Marquis de Pous, I had seen him only twice. Could I love a man whom I did not know? But when we were married we soon learned to love each other heartily and truly."

Count Anatole left the company soon after to attend a ball to which he had been invited, and the little circle drew closer together around the hearth. Henri leaned over the table and began sketching in a careless and abstracted manner on the first leaf of Gabrielle's album. The Chevalier caught a glimpse of his work and instantly recognized in a few strokes the delicate profile of Madame de las Vermejas. Suddenly Henri appeared to awaken from his dream—he sketched more rapidly and the portrait was so skilfully hidden in the branches of a weeping-willow, that no one without the closest attention could discover it.

At about eleven o'clock Madame de las Vermejas arose to return home. It was customary with her to go home in a hackney-coach, and the Chevalier now rung in order to direct a servant to call one. But she stepped to the window, and drawing the curtain aside, "what a delightful night!" she exclaimed. "How soft the moonlight is! A little exercise will be beneficial to my health, and I will walk home to-night."

"Henri will accompany you," said Gabrielle. Madame de las Vermejas bowed, but by a gesture intimated that she declined his services, and would go alone.

"No, no, you cannot go alone," exclaimed Gabrielle, and instantly added with a blush, "you know that as Henri is betrothed no one can possibly find occasion for ill-natured remarks."

Henri appeared undecided, and his first movement seemed to the Marchioness and Gabrielle so singular that neither of them could avoid smiling. "Well, then, Monsieur Henri if you will be so good!" said the fair Spaniard, drawing over her face the black-lace veil in which she was so charming. Henri drew on his gloves but answered not, for the tones of his voice would have betrayed his deep emotion. Madame de las Vermejas laid her rounded arm in his: he trembled and turned pale, but she smiled, and they departed.

The Marchioness went into her cabinet and the Chevalier seated himself by the fire. Gabrielle sat down on a little ottoman at his feet, and appeared lost in deep thought; and the Chevalier could scarcely conceal his agitation, as she took his hand in hers and inquired with an innocent smile "Dear uncle! am I not happy?"

The following day was a busy one, for the Marchioness had prepared a little surprise for Gabrielle.—She had invited a party on her account.—She knew that it would delight her to assemble her young companions together once more in the home of her youth, and perhaps gratify the innocent pride of her heart by showing them her destined husband. There was to be a dance, and for the first time Gabrielle was to be the happy queen of a ball.

The party were assembling, and at 9 o'clock came Madame de las Vermejas. She had laid aside her mourning and appeared in a simple dress of plain white satin; the rich folds of her long silken hair were held back by a wreath of violets—without ornaments; without lace, she was indescribably beautiful. As she entered every eye was fixed upon her, and

she was immediately surrounded by the dancers, all besieging her for her hand. But declining dancing altogether, she seated herself by a table, where two old ladies were engaged in card-playing, and took very little notice of any thing else.

Henri soon entered and his first glance sought Madame de las Vermejas. Gabrielle colored with pleasure as he appeared, for she had not seen him the whole day.

They were dancing in the saloon, and Count Anatole, after vainly endeavoring to overcome Madame de las Vermejas' obstinate refusal to dance, returned to the saloon and consoled himself by fluttering through the dance with two or three pretty ladies who were more compliant.—Henri appeared melancholy but calm. He danced the first cotillion with Gabrielle and then stole away into an ante-chamber, and sat down.

The watchful Chevalier commenced with an old friend a game at *ecarté*. He sat in such a manner that his back was turned towards Madame de las Vermejas, but a mirror before him enabled him to observe her countenance as easily as if they had been seated face to face. She sat leaning quietly back in an arm-chair, smiling but scarcely answering any question that was addressed to her, and apparently quite absorbed in the game before her. At about midnight Henri entered the room and for the first time that evening approached her. She smiled upon him and beckoning him to a chair he sat down by her.

"Have you passed a pleasant day?" enquired she, with a sympathizing air.

"No, Madame," he replied in a low voice, "I have had too many tormenting thoughts which I found it impossible to banish, to pass a pleasant day!"

"Do you begin to doubt your good-fortune?"

"I wish only that I had more love to bestow on her who deserves so much."

"Well, I see no impossibilities in the case. Gabrielle is a charming girl, and I must say that I cannot understand why you are always so cold towards her. Oh, Henri, you know not how blessed it is when two are so wholly one, as to have only one thought, one feeling, one will—it is a blessedness equalled only by that of the angels in heaven!" As she pronounced this in a low voice she turned her eyes upon Henri with a look of such melancholy sweetness, that he trembled, his lips turned pale, and he scarcely breathed. At length in a tremulous and agitated voice he enquired, "and was your love for Monsieur de las Vermejas like this?"

She answered not, but the scornful smile which played for a moment around her mouth, said more plainly than words, "for neither Monsieur de las Vermejas nor any one else have I felt such love!"

"Was yours then a marriage of convenience?" enquired Henri, with a feeling of joy which he could not conceal.

"Yes," answered the lady, "I was at that time only sixteen years of age. Now, that fatal word which binds our whole future life could not be so easily pronounced."

"Then you will not again marry?"

"No!" answered she, after a short silence and with an expression of deep melancholy, "no, dear Henri! I can never again submit to a marriage of convenience."

"But a marriage of love?"

She shook her head sorrowfully. "Love?" sighed she. "Love?—That is a name which one now gives to the manifestations of an idle coquetry, or the attentions of an unmeaning gallantry. Look around you. Do you believe that Count Anatole knows what love is? No, his cheeks are too red, he dances with too much grace, he smiles too much upon all women, to love one truly. Or do you think Gabrielle knows how to love? That gay-hearted child who never yet wept when she waited for you and you came not, and who never trembled and turned pale when she heard your coming footstep? And you yourself Henri, even you do not love Gabrielle—you never will love her. But she will never know her misfortune because she will never know the want of love."

"And do you think that I know what true love is?" enquired Henri.

She fixed her dark eyes on his face for a moment which seemed to him an age, but as she at length turned them away he heard a low-murmured "yes!"

For a moment he concealed his face, then stooping towards her with a whisper of unsuppressed anguish, "Then you can imagine," said he, "what I suffer!"

"Poor Henri!" sighed Madame de las Vermejas, and a tear actually did, or appeared to, glitter on her black eyelashes.

Henri turned pale! He grasped the hand of the beautiful woman, and with a trembling voice, "But I am not yet married," said he, "I am yet free, and I have learned to know how happy I could be!"

The eyes of Madame de las Vermejas sought the floor and she made no answer, but without words she was understood. At this moment Gabrielle, the happy, confiding Gabrielle, tripped by the door in the dance, and her joyous smile beamed like sunlight upon her betrothed.

Madame de las Vermejas soon departed, and Henri taking the chair which she had occupied, sat lost in deep reflection for nearly two hours. At about three o'clock the whole company had departed, and Henri suddenly approached the Chevalier and enquired when he would be at his house, as he had something of importance to communicate.

The day and hour were just agreed upon, when Gabrielle stepped behind him and laying her hand on his arm, "My dear Henri," said she, "you have not enjoyed this evening. To me too our little circle around the hearth is far dearer."

On the following day the visit of the Chevalier to Henri was made.—He was alone in his cabinet, and as he entered Henri arose and sorrowfully but calmly tendered him his hand, and they sat down together.

"My dear Chevalier!" said Henri, offering him an open letter, "my uncle is dead, Anatole is his heir, and I have received a legacy of two hundred thousand francs."

"I wish you much joy!" said the Chevalier. "You were not anticipating this legacy?"

"No, but it increases my little property three-fold, and I rejoice at it more on Gabrielle's account than on my own." And he folded the letter and threw it impatiently upon the secretary.

The Chevalier saw well that in Henri's heart a noble consideration for Gabrielle was yet felt, and, "Henri!" said he, "you told me that you had something of importance to confide to me: I am come to hear it, and to give you my best advice if you need it."

"No! no! it is nothing!" answered Henri. "It was only a moment's whim, and I must beg your pardon if I have given you an instant's uneasiness."

"Henri!" said the Chevalier, with a tone of the deepest sympathy, "if you have any grief can you not without fear pour it into the bosom of an old friend?"

Henri turned his head coldly and reservedly away, and the conversation ended. An almanac was lying upon the table, Henri took it up and pointed with his finger to the 25th of November, "In ten days," said he. "Has no formality been forgotten?"

"No, my friend!" answered the Chevalier, alarmed at the indifference and coldness with which Henri regarded the most important step of his life.

Breakfast was announced, and the confidential discourse was suspended, but the various details of the union were talked over and by Anatole largely discussed. He could not remain to witness the ceremony, as it was necessary for him to proceed immediately to some of his estates, which would yield him an annual income of sixty thousand franks.

It had been long decided that the nuptial ceremony should be performed in the country, at a beautiful country-seat at Meudon. Gabrielle was born there, and the Marchioness insisted with a kind of superstitious pertinacity, that she must be married in the same chapel in which she had been baptized. It was also determined that the occasion should be attended with as little show as possible, only the family-circle being present; and to this particularly the Chevalier firmly adhered, in order that there might be a pretext for excluding Madame de las Vermejas from the festivity.

After leaving Henri the Chevalier proceeded immediately home. Gabrielle ran to meet him, and taking her accustomed seat on a footstool near his chair, "Oh my dear, good uncle!" she exclaimed, "do you know what a piece of good-fortune has fallen upon Henri? He has inherited two hundred thousand franks. But my love for him is no greater; for my heart would have been his if he had been born a beggar." She stopped, and, blushing that she had so freely spoken the feelings of her heart, covered her face with her hands. The Chevalier looked fondly at her. "What is the matter, my dear child?" said he, tenderly kissing her forehead.

"Nothing, uncle!" said she, looking up and smiling through her tears, "but I am so happy—so happy, that I almost fear that some great misfortune will come upon me!"

"Foolish child!" said the Chevalier, "am I not here to watch over you? Your future looks bright as the morning, and in a few days you will be Henri's wife."

"Yes," said Gabrielle, seriously, "only death can destroy my happiness!"

(Concluded in next No.)

C H A R I T Y .

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT.

First Corinthians—c. 13, i to x verse.

THOUGH I have music on my tongue
 As sweet as angel's purest song :
 Though I into the future see,
 Explain all signs, and mystery ;
 Though I have faith to mountains move,
 And have not charity, or love,
 I am become as sounds that pass
 From tinkling cymbals and from brass !

Though I my wordly goods bestow
 To feed the poor, relieve their wo,
 And "give my body to be burned,"
 Endure the pain, for Christ be spurned—
 All this will never profit me
 If I possess not charity !

For charity doth suffer long,
 Though 'round the heart afflictions throng ;
 "'Tis not puffed up," and envieth not,
 But smiles, contented with its lot ;
 Doth not behave itself as though
 The world should not its sweetness know !

Seeks not its own, and ne'er gives way
 To evil thoughts and error's sway ;
 Rejoiceth not in sin's dark ways,
 But gives to truth its hymns of praise ;
 And beareth all things, and believeth,
 Endureth, hopeth, and receiveth !

Oh ! charity doth never fail,
 Like things of earth ephemeral ;
 But prophecies shall be no more,
 Nor hidden mysteries explore :
 Tongues shall be silenced, ceased for aye,
 And knowledge too shall pass away !

Present, in part we only know,
 And prophesy in part also ;
 But when perfection's light shall shine,
 That part shall 'neath its beams decline !

Washington, D. C. May, 1843.

THE SELF.

BY P. C. ROGERSON, ED. OF ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, ENGLAND.

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
 Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
 Resolve me of all ambiguities?
 Perform what desperate enterprize I will?
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
 And search all corners of the new-found world,
 For costly fruits and princely delicata.

Marlowe.

"FROM morning to night do I toil," said Hubert the wood-cutter, as he returned one evening from the forest, "and rags and poverty are my only rewards; but I will endure it no longer: this very night will I betake me to the wizard Grimerius, accept of his terms, and become rich. What care I about having a self? I shall have wealth enough to support a dozen selfs, and my second self shall be a companion to my first self."

Grimerius was a learned and skilful magician, and so wondrous were the powers of his art, that the ministers of darkness tremblingly performed his bidding, and the elements were the slaves of his will. He dwelt alone—alone with respect to earthly companions. He stamped with his foot, and a score of infernal lackeys attended the summons, and were ready to fly at his command to the world's verge. If he wished to vent his wrath on man, away rode his spirits on the wings of the wind, and the tall and stately ship was dashed upon the rocks, or whelmed beneath the furious waves—the fierce volcano opened wide its hot and flaming jaws, and fertile villages became heaps of smoking ashes—the shuddering earth was rent in twain, and the peasant's cottage, and the noble's castle, were hurled indiscriminately into its womb. These, and numerous other pranks of a like nature, were at least ascribed to him by his neighbours; and he indeed would have been deemed a sceptic who had dared to doubt the truth of their assertions. It was also said amongst the peasantry, and for the veracity of this assertion my tale will vouch, that Grimerius would grant a man all he desired, provided he would consent to have a self; that is, a figure of the wizard's creation, exactly like the person who acceded to his terms, and animated by the same feelings and impulses.—What could be his motive for wishing to indulge this strange whim, was beyond his neighbours' comprehension. It is true many explanations were given of the mystery, quite clear and satisfactory to their respective authors, but as they were all different, I shall not trespass upon the patience of my reader by stating them. I candidly confess my own inability to throw any light upon the subject, and therefore the secret is likely to remain one for me. Thus far, however, all accounts agreed;—the wizard was extremely desirous of accomplishing his object, yet could not create the being he wished, without the previous consent of the person in whose likeness it was to appear. Hubert had long pondered over this

matter, and had often thought of applying to Grimerius for "further particulars."

A tradition existed that the wizard's terms had once been accepted, and that he who accepted them soon grew so weary of the unearthly companion who was ever by his side, that, in a fit of despair, he put an end to his existence. This was the principal reason that had hitherto deterred the wood-cutter from making an application to the wizard, for he had long been discontented with his state, and was naturally of a firm and daring disposition. As will be seen by his preceding soliloquy, he now determined, reckless of consequences, to subscribe to the conditions of the magician.

Night had veiled the earth, and the lamps of heaven burned brightly, when Hubert knocked at the door of the wizard's habitation. A clear and full-toned voice bade him come in. The room into which he entered was dark and spacious, and a faint light, emitted by a single taper, vainly struggled to dissipate the surrounding gloom. The walls were ornamented, or rather defaced, with drawings of grotesque and hideous forms, whose distended eyes, seen through the imperfect light, seemed to glare fearfully on the intruder; and around were scattered various necromantic implements. The magician was seated at a desk of ebony, intently perusing a ponderous volume, inscribed with strange and mystic characters. Several minutes elapsed, and still he continued his studies, apparently unconscious of his visitor's presence, the wavering of whose purpose began to be indicated by the trembling of his limbs, and his frequent glances towards the closed door. His prolific imagination, aided by the objects around him, had succeeded in conjuring up such a train of terrific fancies, that he was just preparing to effect an escape, when he beheld the wizard raise his head slowly from the book, and fix on him his piercing eyes. He paused, ere he spoke, and the wood-cutter had leisure to survey his singular and striking countenance. He appeared to be a man little past the middle age of life. His features might almost have been termed faultless, and his raven locks curled closely round his high and expansive forehead.—His eyes were intensely bright, and but for their snake-like expression, and the ashy and cadaverous hue of his complexion, he would have been eminently handsome. His dress was of black velvet, and fitted close to his person. Previously to speaking, he rose from his seat, as if to display his towering and majestic stature, and, folding his arms over his breast, thus addressed his disconcerted guest:—

"What would'st thou of me, that thus thou breakest in upon my meditations?"

"Please your wizardship," said Hubert, "I have been long endeavouring to earn a comfortable subsistence, but, finding all honest means in vain, I am determined——"

"For the future to use dishonest ones," interrupted the magician.

"Why, as to that," said the wood-cutter, "if the world lie not, I am not the only one who prefers wealth and power, however obtained, to despised poverty with all its honesty."

"No prating, sirrah!" cried the wizard testily; for report said that he himself had in other days been acquainted with want and wretchedness: "I am not to be trifled with—what would'st thou with me fellow?"

"Briefly then," replied Hubert, "I am poor, and having heard that, by

fulfilling certain conditions, my poverty might be remedied, I am come to do your bidding."

"Know'st thou the terms on which alone thou can'st become rich?" said the magician.

"In part," said Hubert; "but be they what they may, I will consent to all thou requirest."

"Enough," exclaimed the magician, and a smile of bitter derision played for a moment over his features. He took from his desk the skeleton of a bond, and, filling up the blank spaces, in a lawyer-like manner, he handed it to the wood-cutter for his signature.

As our hero—all the chief personages of tales are heroes, be they princes or peasants, warriors or highwaymen—as our hero, therefore, was unacquainted with the profitless art of writing, he was about to make its customary substitute, a sign of the cross, when his hand was suddenly arrested in its progress by the wizard.

"Hold!" cried he, in an alarmed and quick voice, "give me some other token of approval, some other mark of thy consent; make not that hated sign, or here our treaty ends."

The wood-cutter complied with his request, and made a mark of less obnoxious character, and the magician proceeded to business. He opened a closet, and brought forth a number of nameless ingredients, and, casting them into a caldron in a retired part of the room, under which a fire was previously lighted, he began to stir them with a stick or wand. A mist rose slowly from the caldron. The magician paused in his employment, and the mist instantly dispersed.

"Approach," said he, in a low, subdued tone, and the wood-cutter obeyed. "Bare thine arm—now let the blood flow into the caldron;" and, as he spoke, with a sharp instrument he dexterously opened a vein.

The wood-cutter did as required, and the magician resumed his occupation. Again the mist rose slowly from the caldron. By degrees it gained an appearance somewhat resembling a human being—the ingredients were stirred with redoubled vigour.

"'Tis done!" shouted the wizard. The mist vanished; the blood ceased to flow from the arm of the wood-cutter, and, turning his head, he saw by his side a figure, his exact counterpart in form and feature.

"Away!" cried the magician, "thy wish is accomplished."

"Not so fast, good sir," replied Hubert, "I have performed my part of the contract, and it is but just that you should perform yours. Mean you to play me false? Where is my promised wealth?"

"Slave!" exclaimed the magician, "doubt'st thou me? Begone! hie thee to where thy hut once stood, and thou wilt find wealth in abundance—aye, even to satiety."

When the wood-cutter had left the magician's abode, his heart misgave him.

"How," said he aloud, "if the villain should have made me his dupe!"

"How, if the villain should have made ME his dupe!" echoed a voice by his side.

He turned, and his eyes met those of the newly-created self.

"Gadso!" said he, "I had forgotten I had a companion, and one, too, of the wizard's creating. I suppose now this fellow will be able to tell me all about it."

He proceeded, accordingly, to question the figure, as to the nature of his wealth, but he soon desisted from his inquiries, for the replies he obtained were only repetitions of his own words.

"Thou art a mighty impertinent varlet," said he to the being, "yet if thou wilt play the echo, so be it—thou shalt be a musical one, and assist me in trolling an old ditty."

So saying, he chanted the following strain, in which he was accompanied by the self:—

THE MAIDEN'S FATE.

It was Sir Hugh, the baron bold,
Rode out at break of morn,
With hound, as though to chase the deer,
And glittering bugle horn.

He rode o'er hill, he rode o'er dale,
He rode o'er barren moor,
And sprung o'er crags where horse and hound,
Had never been before.

The morn was fair, the sun shone forth,
The rivers flashed like gold,
And all was gay that met the eye
Of the joyful baron bold.

Oh, it was not so much to chase the deer,
Or to brush the dew away,
That the baron had left his downy couch,
And mounted his courser gray.

The baron he lov'd a maiden bright,
Yet she was of lowly race,
And he rode to meet her at break of day,
As though he had follow'd the chase.

The baron he spurr'd his goodly steed,
And rode with might and main;
And when he had ridden a mile or two,
A deer sprang o'er the plain.

Then drew the baron his fatal bow,
Swift flew the feathery dart;
The arrow it miss'd the bounding deer,
But it pierc'd his true-love's heart!

The knight he leap'd from his foaming horse,
And clasp'd unto his breast
The dying form of the lovely maid,
And her cold, cold lips he press'd.

"And must thou die, mine own true love?
And art thou slain by me?
Thou wert my life, my hope, my all,
And I have murder'd thee!"

The knight return'd unto his hall,
A chang'd and sorrowing man;
And never from that hour, a smile
Pass'd o'er his features wan.

"Well," said Hubert to the self, when the song was finished, "thou wilt not be a quarrelsome companion; actuated by the same thoughts and impulses as myself, thou wilt not be much inclined to wrangle with thine image. Henceforth, then, be thou the partaker of my joys, and the sharer of my sorrows."

They now arrived at the spot where Hubert had left his rude dwelling;

instead of a mean wooden hut, he found a large and magnificent mansion; he gazed around him, rubbed his eyes, and then stared at it again.

"Am I awake," said he, "or is this habitation the work of magic? Be it as it may, awake or asleep, and magic or not, it seems a goodly place, and I will essay to gain an entrance."

He pulled the handle of a bell appended to the gate, and his summons was answered by a porter, who, without awaiting further question, ushered him through a stately hall into a handsome and brilliantly illuminated apartment, in the centre of which was placed a massy and richly gilt table, spread with a profusion of the most costly viands. The goblets were of burnished gold, and the plates and dishes pure and dazzling silver. At the head of the table were two throne-like seats, incased in crimson velvet; in short, all the furniture was of a rare and splendid description. A host of obsequious menials were in attendance: the butler declared he had been particularly careful in selecting the choicest wines; the cook hoped the food provided would suit his palate; and all behaved as though in the presence of a master whose favour they were anxious to secure. Hubert beheld and listened in astonishment, but he made no remark on what he saw and heard. Discovering no other company, he proceeded to take possession of one of the seats before mentioned, and the self, imitating his example, occupied the other. The viands were found to be delicious, and the wine was pronounced excellent. Often were the bright goblets emptied of their glowing contents, and it was past midnight when Hubert left the table.

"This cheer is delightful," said he to his companion, as they staggered away arm in arm, "what thinkest thou?"

The self merely repeated the words. They were shown up a flight of wide and lofty stairs, into a spacious chamber, where stood a couch, whose silken curtains were wrought with figures of gold; and the decorations of the room were in a similar style of elegance to those in the one below.

Hubert's faculties were, however, too much impaired by his recent revel, to enable him to bestow much attention on the fresh novelties which presented themselves to his view, and hastily disrobing himself, he was soon fast asleep.

The morning was far advanced when he awoke; but the draperies of the windows admitted only a dim and uncertain light into the chamber. All recollections of the preceding night's adventures had vanished from Hubert's memory; and, finding he had a bedfellow, he was entirely at a loss how to account for it. He arose, and began to search for his garments, as he thought it must be time for him to proceed to the forest, to commence his daily occupation. His search was fruitless, and, to heighten his displeasure, his companion moved as he moved, and imitated all his actions. A confused remembrance of the events of the foregoing night recurred to his mind.

"Leave me!" said he to the figure.

"Leave me!" it repeated, still keeping close to him.

"Curse thy mockery!" said he, aiming a blow at it.

The blow fell heavily on self, and was as heavily returned. Hubert's patience was now quite exhausted, and, foaming with passion, he began to pummel the self with all his might; the self was not tardy in repaying his cuffs, and a furious battle ensued. The combatants were soon pro-

trate on the floor; still neither relinquished his hold, and Hubert having previously opened the chamber-door for the purpose of admitting light to aid him in his search, in their struggles they dragged each other out of the room, and, rolling along the gallery, both tumbled down stairs. The fall cooled their fury, and, when they arrived at the bottom of the descent, Hubert loosened his grasp, and managed, with difficulty, to lift up his sorely-bruised body.

"I see," said he to the self, with a rueful countenance, "that it is of no use to quarrel with thee, for where both are equal neither can gain an advantage, so even give me thy hand, and let us be friends."

The self echoed his words, and did as required.

"Thou would'st be a good fellow enough," continued Hubert, "if thou had'st not such a plaguy trick of imitation."

They returned to their chamber, and, discovering two rich suits of apparel, each arrayed himself, and they then proceeded to the scene of their last night's banquet, and partook of a collation that awaited them.

Hubert now set on foot preparations for a splendid feast, and dispatched messengers to request the attendance, on the following evening, of all those whom he had known in adversity. The appointed time arrived, and the largest apartment was thronged with people, principally of the lower class. When the company had assembled, Hubert entered the room, clad in the most gorgeous style, and with as much dignity as it was possible for him to assume; the self entered at the same moment, clad in like manner. Both took their seats at the upper end of the table, to the admiration and astonishment of the guests. Neither admiration nor astonishment spoiled the appetites of the visitors, and they ate and drank as if for a wager. No sooner, however, had they satisfied the cravings of their stomachs, than they commenced whispering one to another, and cast curious and inquiring looks at the two Huberts, evidently alarmed at the strange phenomenon. Hubert perceived their curiosity, and, in order to put a stop to their surmises, he addressed them in the following speech, which he had composed for the occasion, and thought sufficiently explicit to do away with all unpleasant suspicions:—

"My friends, I see you are surprised at this sudden change in my circumstances, but I will explain the cause of it in a few words. The person by my side is my twin-brother, whose close resemblance to myself was, even in our childhood, considered extremely remarkable. He left me, when young, for a far distant land, and having amassed a large quantity of wealth, he has returned at last to share it with his only remaining relative; for alas, Time, my dear neighbours, is a sad destroyer of the human race!"

Here Hubert and his image both applied their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

"You no doubt are astonished at his repetition of my words and actions. Owing to a wound received on his head, he is at times afflicted with derangement, in which he is always seized with this odd whim of mimicry. When I inform you that he is now suffering under one of these temporary fits, you will no longer feel so much amazed."

This speech, however, failed in its effects; the guests still continued to stare and whisper, and at an early hour they all slunk away with looks of alarm and horror.

The next day Hubert thought proper to walk abroad, for the first time since the acquirement of his riches. As he paced through the streets the children avoided his path, and the doors and windows were crowded with people, who gathered together to gaze at him. At first he construed the universal sensation excited by his appearance into respect for his superior wealth, and admiration of his jewels and apparel, but he was soon woefully undeceived. There was a loud and continued cry raised after him of "Behold the double man! Death to the wretch who has sold himself to the wizard!" The cry was mixed with hootings and imprecations, and a shower of stones and other missiles were hurled at him. One portion of the multitude armed themselves with various weapons of offence, and pursued him, breathing vengeance. He contrived to get within the precincts of his own gate, ere they came up with him, and he then fled trembling to his chamber; his persecutors, in the meantime, keeping up such a clamour on the outside of his dwelling, that he momentarily expected they would effect an entrance, and proceed to acts of further violence. The self was still with him.

"Accursed monster!" said he, "were it not for thee I might be truly happy; and hast thou no consolation to offer me? no voice save to repeat my own words? Fiend! mocker! canst thou not answer me?"

He hid his face in his hands, and turned from the figure with loathing. In vain did he strive to shun the self—sleeping or waking it was ever by his side. If he stirred abroad, the persecutions of the peasantry rendered his life in peril; if he sought the aid of wine, when about to raise the cup to his lips, his eyes encountered those of the self, and their glance turned the draught to bitterness.

"Fool! madman! that I was," he exclaimed, "to expect happiness from leaguings myself with the powers of darkness! I am a hermit amongst my fellow-men, a prisoner in my own mansion, despised by those that loved me, hated and avoided by all. I will return to the wizard, and implore him to restore me my poor hut, homely fare, and coarse garments."

When darkness was around and sleep had closed the watchful eyes of his neighbours, Hubert again bent his steps to the wizard's dwelling. He entered, and found, as on his previous visit, the magician occupied in poring over a large volume.

"What more dost thou require," said he, "that thou again darest to disturb my solitude? Have I not supplied thee with all thou didst wish? Art thou not satisfied?"

"Thou hast granted me all; nay, more than I desire," replied Hubert, "and still I am not satisfied. Take back thy wealth, take back thy monster, and give me in return, poverty and content."

"Dolt! idiot!" said the magician, "would'st thou again return to rags and wretchedness? Would'st thou relinquish the riches and the splendour with which I have endowed thee, merely because I have given thee a companion in thy good fortune?"

"What is wealth and grandeur to me," said Hubert, "all my former friends shun me—no one will share in my prosperity; no one, except this hated being, who clings to me as a shadow; whose words are but echoes of my own; and whose aspect, though like to mine, I regard with disgust and detestation."

"Thou wastest breath," said the wizard; "I have fulfilled thy request, and it were as easy for thee to alter the course of the sun, as to persuade me to change thy condition."

"Demon as thou art," replied the wretched man, "hast thou no compassion? If I must retain thy fatal gift, at least let this creature have words and actions different from mine; even if it thwart me in all my purposes. Let it be any thing but an echo to myself, and I will bless thee!"

"Ha!" cried the wizard, "dost thou taunt me? Thou askest that which it is beyond my skill to accomplish. Hence, miscreant—thy doom is fixed!"

The wizard stamped violently on the ground, and instantly Hubert was seized by invisible hands, and borne away with such incredible swiftness that his brain grew dizzy, and his senses forsook him. When he recovered, he found himself resting on a couch in one of his own apartments, and the self was still by his side.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed he, "my joys are blasted for ever; sorrow awaits me in this world, and eternal torture in the next!"

A weary year wore away, and each day did the unhappiness of Hubert increase; each day did his hatred to the self become greater. To such an excess at length did his misery arrive, that in an agony of passion and despair he drew a dagger from his girdle, crying, "There is but one way to rid myself of thee, detested fiend, and I will accomplish the deed or perish!" Thus saying, he rushed upon the self, and plunged his weapon in its breast; the arm of the self was uplifted at the same moment, and another weapon clove the heart of the ill-starred Hubert. A loud crash was heard by the surrounding inhabitants, and when they looked towards the place where the stately mansion had so lately stood, they saw nothing but a confused mass of stones, from whence clouds of dust, which they averred had a sulphurous smell, arose in large columns.

The wizard's fate may be briefly told. The sky was one night observed to assume an unusually murky appearance; the stars shone for a few moments with a pale and sickly light, and then were quenched in gloom. The atmosphere became excessively sultry and oppressive, and the peasants gazed on the heavens with looks of horror and dismay; for the white face of the moon had changed to a blood-red hue. Suddenly a broad sheet of bright flame rushed rapidly through the air, loud shrieks of anguish were heard, and it was asserted that two forms might be discerned in a blazing chariot, one of whom was the unfortunate dealer in magic, and the other a personage who shall be unmentionable. At the dawn of morning a number of people repaired to the site of the wizard's abode. There was not a vestige of the dwelling to be seen, but the grass and herbage in its vicinity were scorched and withered, and the leaves had fallen shrivelled from the trees, as if they had been breathed on by autumn, though it was then only the commencement of summer.

The foregoing tale was told to me by an old grey-headed man, and when he had finished his recital, he read me a long sermon, cautioning me never to obtain wealth by unlawful practices, nor ever to wish for that which could only be acquired by evil means. "For," said he, stroking his beard, and looking extremely wise, "what is gotten under the devil's hip always goes under his hoof."

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Continued from page 237.

AT the succeeding session of the Grand Lodge of the United States in 1829, very unfavorable accounts were received of the condition of the Order in the State of Massachusetts, and of difficulties in New York, which had resulted in the necessity of the expulsion of a Lodge from the Order—"Stranger's Refuge." From Pennsylvania and Maryland however the most flattering returns were received, the former having swelled the number of their Lodges to thirteen, and their active contributing members to upwards of one thousand. The expelled Lodge in New York appealed to the fraternity in Great Britain for redress of its grievance, but failing to find any remedy short of submission to the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, it, as became Odd-Fellowship, acknowledged its error, made peace with the Grand Lodge, and at the request of that body was restored to the Order, with the consent of the Grand Lodge of the United States, upon conditions, all of which were complied with. Thomas Wildey, who had been the presiding officer of the Order in America for four years, was re-elected for a second term, not however without the decided opposition of Pennsylvania, which had by its great activity and zeal now become the leading State in Odd-Fellowship, leaving Maryland, the place of its first establishment, far behind.

During this year the Order was extended to New Jersey, by applications from Camden and Patterson in that State: a Moveable Committee was constituted to review the Order, and especially to look to its interest in Massachusetts; Thomas Wildey, as Grand Sire, was placed at the head of that committee and himself performed all its duties—he visited Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and regularly opened New Jersey Lodge, No. 1, at Camden, Benevolent Lodge, No. 2, at Patterson, in the State of New Jersey, and Providence Lodge, No. 1, at Providence, in the State of Rhode Island. This visitation does not appear to have been a happy one for the interest of the Order, if consequences may be considered any index of its value. The Order in Massachusetts had fallen into a state of depression, and was at the brink of dissolution, down the precipice of which it was soon precipitated, leaving no trace whatever of Odd-Fellowship.—This state of things it does not appear was brought about by dissensions, or discord, but by sheer neglect. The Lodges at Roxbury and Taunton struggled on however a short time against all the adverse circumstances which surrounded them by the dissolution of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, but finally yielded to the difficulties in which they were placed and ceased to exist. Nor was Odd-Fellowship in much greater prosperity in New York. Stranger's Refuge Lodge was reinstated and an Encampment of Patriarchs had been instituted, but as will be seen in the sequel the Order contained within itself in New York similar elements of destruction to those which had overthrown it in Massachusetts, to wit: the reckless indifference of its constituents, superadded to which the difficulties growing out of the expulsion of Stranger's Refuge Lodge, although apparently reconciled, were in point of fact festering in the minds of some mal-

contents. Nor, amid these clouds of adversity which had extinguished the light of Odd-Fellowship in Massachusetts and dimmed its lustre in New York, did the great State of Pennsylvania present in the Order a calm and smiling scene of prosperity—a controversy had grown up in that State in relation to a published "*Constitution and by-laws purporting to be by authority of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, established by the Grand Lodge of Maryland and of the United States.*" This publication emanated from a Lodge expelled by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania proper, which in its then predicament had fallen back upon its original charter given by the Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States, for the purpose of maintaining a war against the legitimate Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and had even presumed to declare itself by the publication above referred to, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. This controversy grew warm and exciting, and to add to the incendiary feeling which already animated the spurious Lodge, great indiscretion was committed by the Grand Sire, although from good and honorable motives, by interfering in the controversy so far as to recognize the members of the spurious body in correspondence. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania rightfully regarding her prerogative as supreme over her own subordinates, and considering the interference of any other individual, or department, as an interference with her sovereign authority in the premises, seriously meditated a secession from the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and a declaration of separate independence. This was truly a crisis in Odd-Fellowship in its very infancy, every where waning or decaying saving in Maryland. Great efforts were now required to divert the storm that was gathering in Pennsylvania, and it became necessary for the Grand Lodge of the United States to refuse to sanction the proceedings of its presiding officer during the vacation in reference to Pennsylvania, and solemnly to resolve that "the powers of the Grand Sire are contained in the constitution of the Grand Lodge exclusively"—further, "that the expelled Lodge was a spurious Lodge, and that all legal Lodges in the United States should hold no intercourse with it." This just conception on the part of the Grand Lodge of the United States of the independent right and authority over its own territorial limits, which it had delegated to each State Grand Lodge by the grand charter given them, alone restored harmony between it and its then most prosperous subordinate, Pennsylvania. These proceedings, adopted at September session 1831, so far as Pennsylvania was concerned, gave a new and vigorous impetus to Odd-Fellowship in that State, but from this period the Order in Massachusetts and New York may be considered, in the former as extinguished and in the latter as rapidly retrograding. During this year Delaware and Ohio were added to the unity of Odd-Fellowship by the institution of Delaware Lodge, No. 1, at Wilmington, and Cincinnati Lodge, No. 1, at Cincinnati, Ohio. The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was also established at the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States in September 1831. The reports from Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio and Louisiana, which last had been embraced in the Order, were flattering in the highest degree—New York reported it is true, but only to inform the Grand Lodge of the United States that the subordinate Lodges had made no report to the Grand Lodge—Massachusetts was considered lost, and henceforth those two States appear to have been abandoned for many years.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States will hold its regular annual communication on the third Monday in September next, in the new and splendid hall erected by the Grand Lodge of Maryland in the city of Baltimore. Few of our brethren give to the sessions of that important body the consideration which they so eminently deserve, and indeed it may be added, that few of the State Grand Lodges in the selection of their Representatives look beyond securing the services of some of their distinguished members, who will regard diligently their own particular State interests. When it is recollected that the Grand Lodge of the United States is supreme in all matters which concern the work or language of the Order, that with the consent of State Grand Lodges it has also appellate jurisdiction in matters of grievance between individuals and Lodges, and that its powers are very plenary in all questions where there has been no special relinquishment of authority embodied in the charters of State Grand Lodges or Encampments, it will at once be perceived that its deliberations and legislation should awaken a deep interest throughout the whole Order. The approaching session will be perhaps the most important one which has been held since its institution. Many proposed constitutional amendments are to be acted upon—the decision of the Annual Moveable Committee of Great Britain which assembled on the 5th inst., on the subject of our conflicting relations with that body will be considered and determined—the condition of the “official magazine” and the propriety of its continuance will be the subject of investigation and legislation—propositions for a thorough revision of the work of the Order are now pending—the abolition of the proxy system and the suggestion of ways and means to secure immediate representation from each State will be earnestly pressed—the removal of important qualifications for holding office in that body will again be presented—the appointment of a general inspector of the work, with power to select deputies or to travel at his election, will be advocated—and a hundred other momentous topics will come up incidentally, the determination of which may deeply affect the well-being of Odd-Fellowship. In view then of these exceedingly interesting subjects, we earnestly recommend to the State Grand Lodges and Encampments to select their representatives in season, and by all means to be present *in propria persona*, and not by proxy, on that occasion. The time has been when from the necessity of the case, Grand Lodges at a distance from Baltimore were uniformly represented by proxies; that period it is hoped has gone by forever, and every State will as a matter of pride be henceforth emulous of presenting itself in the person of some of its most distinguished sons.

In addition to the great importance of the session itself, the occasion will be one of extraordinary interest in consequence of the multitude of brethren which it is anticipated the dedication of the new hall in the city of Baltimore will then assemble. The Grand Lodge of Maryland has set apart the third Monday in September for that purpose, and as we learn has invited the Grand Sire of the United States to perform the imposing dedicatory ceremonies. This great festival, according to the arrangements which are already being made, will be celebrated upon the most enlarged and comprehensive scale. It is in contemplation to assemble the brotherhood at an early hour in the day and to move in procession in full regalia, with all the children under the charge of the Standing Committee on Education of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, comprising more than one hundred in number, at the head of the line, and the M. W. Grand Sire, supported by the two oldest Past Grand Sires now living, with all the Officers, Representatives and Past Grand Sires belonging to the Grand Lodge of the United States at the close of the same, to a beautiful park adjacent to the city, where addresses will be pronounced under the wide canopy of the heavens by distinguished and experienced brethren from all sections of the United States. The occasion will truly be a great jubilee in Odd-Fellowship, and afford perhaps the most interesting crisis which has occurred in the history of the Order. If indeed the constituency in England shall have triumphed in the elections which have been held during the year for delegates to the Annual Moveable Committee, holden on Whitmonday last, over the leaders and rulers in that country upon the subject of our relations with the Manchester Unity, it is more than probable that a deputation from that body may also be present, bearing the olive branch of peace and a message of love to their American brethren.

The building itself which is to be consecrated as a temple devoted to Odd-Fellowship, is truly a noble and magnificent structure, presenting an imposing Gothic front of fifty feet, with an elevation of four spacious stories, the whole surmounted with four beautiful octagon towers crowned with granite spires, and the intervening spaces composed of battlements of the same material tastefully and skilfully dressed—and if possible to present a still more ancient and imposing appearance to the eye the windows will be of stained glass, representing the various emblems of the Order. Of the interior of the building we can make no attempt at description, farther than to say that it contains four most spacious working Lodge rooms, a suit of apartments for the Library attached to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, for the Grand Secretary of the State, for the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States with a complete fire-proof vault, built under his own immediate direction, sufficiently large to contain an edition of five thousand copies of the entire work of the Order, together with all the voluminous documents of his office—four convenient committee rooms, and a most splendid hall for the Grand Lodge of the United States, embracing the entire front of fifty feet with a depth of eighty feet and an elevation of twenty feet from the floor to the ceiling, which is constructed with receding pannels the full length extending to a gallery capable of seating two hundred persons. The entire workmanship of this beautiful chamber is strictly of the Egyptian Order, including the chair and furniture. The walls of this apartment when sufficiently dry it is contemplated to have painted in fresco. In a word, the occasion, the temple itself

which is to be dedicated, erected by the munificence of the Lodges of the city of Baltimore at a cost of but little less than \$40,000, the rich intellectual banquet which will be afforded by the brilliant orators that may be expected and the sublime spectacle which will be presented by the crowds of "good men and true" from all quarters of our jurisdiction who will then be in Baltimore, to cheer and animate their brethren of Maryland, and to unite with them in the great celebration, will be such a triumph of the cause of virtue over persecution, of truth over error, of perseverance and integrity over bigotry—of benevolence, of charity, of humanity concentrated in the untiring efforts of plain humble men over the combined influence of wealth, power, intolerance and proscription, as will strike down it is hoped the fell spirit which has warred for years and still continues to some extent to war upon our works of benefaction to the human race. In the name and by authority of the Grand Lodge of Maryland we invite our brethren from the north and the south, from the east and the west, one and all to this interesting festival.

FREE-MASONRY AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THE Free-Mason's Monthly Magazine for March, 1843, contains an article under the above caption which seems to require a passing notice at our hands. It would seem, that there is in Dresden, Tenn., a Lodge of Odd-Fellows, and also one of Free-Masons, and that in some instances at least, the same individuals are members of both Lodges. It is known also, that both institutions are in the habit of following their dead to the grave, and have their own peculiar forms of funeral obsequies. On this account a difficulty might arise upon the question, which should have precedence in case of the death of a person who was a member of both institutions? Whether a case of this kind had actually occurred we are not advised, but certain it is, that it might occur and lead to serious difficulty. The Odd-Fellows' Lodge, therefore, proposed to the Masonic brethren an arrangement substantially as follows:—On the death of a person who was a member of both institutions, the question of precedence shall be determined by the length of time of which the deceased had been a member of the respective Lodges. If he were older in Masonry than in Odd-Fellowship then the Masonic Lodge should take precedence in the procession, and first perform its obsequies, and "vice versa." On this proposal the following action was had:—

"Whereas, this Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, has received from the society calling itself I. O. O. F. a communication dated Dresden, Dec. 5th, 1842, and signed by Jesse Leigh, N. G. and William Landrum, Secretary, proposing certain arrangements between this Lodge and that Society.

"Whereas, the ancient Traditions and Landmarks of Free-Masonry forbid us, as Free and Accepted Masons to acknowledge, commingle with, or in any way support, countenance or assist the pretensions of any secret society or societies, founded upon, moulded or fashioned after the mystic model of our own institution.

"Whereas, any direct action on the part of this Lodge upon the aforesaid communication would amount to an acknowledgment or recognition of the lawful existence of the I. O. O. F.

"Whereas, this acknowledgment, or recognition, would of itself be Anti-Masonic, and at variance with our own principles, views and good understanding.

"*Resolved*, That the aforesaid communication be now and forever laid on the table, and that a copy of the above preamble and resolution signed Jesse Leigh, N. G. and Wm. Landrum, Secretary, be forthwith transmitted to the Grand Lodge of the state of Tennessee."

Now with all due respect to the Masonic fraternity, (and that respect is real and sincere,) we must be allowed to think the members of Dresden Lodge, No. 90, of Free and Accepted Masons have gone very wide of those principles which we have always understood to form the basis of that institution, and but for the sanction given to their act by the Editor of the Free-Masons' Magazine, we should have passed it in silence as one of those isolated acts of indiscretion into which bodies of that kind will frequently be betrayed. But the Magazine gives its "entire approbation to the decided stand taken by the Dresden brethren," and says, "It is the only true and tenable ground, and when our Lodges depart from it they will do it in derogation of their Masonic duties and obligations," and the principle is "that by which the Masonic institution will, in any event, and under all circumstances be governed. *From it she cannot deviate.*" This is of course sufficiently plain to be distinctly understood, and it may be well to look more particularly at this "only true and tenable ground," from which we are certified that the Masonic institution cannot deviate. What is the ground taken by the Dresden brethren? If we read correctly it is as follows:—1. Odd-Fellowship is a secret society, founded upon, moulded or fashioned after the mystic model of Masonry. 2. For this reason Free-Masons are forbidden to acknowledge, recognize, commingle with, or in any way to support, countenance or assist the pretensions of the I. O. O. F. 3. The I. O. O. F. has no lawful existence, and it would be Anti-Masonic to take any direct action even in regard to the funeral of a brother who was also an Odd-Fellow. Not having the honor of hailing as a Free and Accepted Mason, we are of course unable to say whether the I. O. O. F. is, or is not, "founded upon, moulded or fashioned after the mystic model of the Masonic institution." But we have the authority of the Free-Masons' Magazine, in the very article before us, for saying, that "the line of demarkation between them and the Masonic institution is as *distinctly drawn* as it is between any two societies in community;" and yet, the Magazine gives its "entire approbation to the decided stand taken by the Dresden brethren!"

Again: We happen to know many Masons who are also among the most efficient and active members of the I. O. O. F. Their time, and talents, and labor, and money are liberally given for the advancement of its interests. It appears also, that the Magazine is aware of the same fact, for it says, "many of our friends and some of our brethren belong to it," (the I. O. O. F.) and it finds no fault; and yet, it gives its "entire approbation" to the doctrine, that Free and Accepted Masons are "forbidden to acknowledge, recognize, commingle with, or in *any* way support, countenance or assist" the I. O. O. F.!! We really are at a loss to know how the Magazine can reconcile these apparently opposite positions.

Still again: it seems the "Dresden brethren" and the Magazine assume, that the I. O. O. F. has no legal existence. If it be meant that it is not recognized by the laws of the land, it is mistaken; for we are known and chartered by law. But if it be meant that we have no legal MASONIC existence, then our reply is, we claim none. We have never professed to have the least imaginable connexion with the Masonic fraternity, but have at all times presented ourselves as a distinct and different body. Why then are we treated as clandestine, spurious or illegal Masons? It really appears to us, that the "Dresden brethren" and the Magazine have been beating the air, and they would do well to remember, that they were not asked to sit in judgment upon the legality of the I. O. O. F., nor to recognize it in a Masonic character, nor yet to aid nor support it. The case was exceedingly simple. Two societies were, or might be called upon to attend the funeral of a brother. The I. O. O. F. (had it been a military company the case would have been the same,) submits the question of precedence in the procession, whereat the other takes fire, and forthwith lets fly a volley of denunciation, and refuses to entertain the question. Fie on thee, brother Magazine. Thou art mistaken entirely. We think Masonry a more kindly and charitable institution than thou hast represented. We do not believe it will countenance the doctrines of the "Dresden brethren," or of the Magazine in this particular; but we are confident that when a brother Mason is called hence, and another society is to join in following his remains to the silent grave, whether it be a church, a military company or a lodge of Odd-Fellows, the Masons will in all courtesy and kindness consider and adjust the order of procession, and ceremonies, and that too, without fear of countenancing or encouraging bodies that have no lawful existence. This being our view of the subject we recommend the Odd-Fellows interested in the case to forbear any movement founded upon the presumption that the great body of Masons will sanction the doctrines of the Magazine.

In conclusion we will merely say, that it has ever been our desire to cultivate friendly relations with the Masonic fraternity, but we agree that the institutions should be as they are, separate and distinct bodies. We agree with the Magazine also, that the world is wide enough for us both; but we submit, that if all Masons were as testy as the "Dresden brethren" there would be need of a few more degrees of latitude in order to live in perfect peace. Before we close we would fain ask a question. In case a Mason should die, who is also an Odd-Fellow, and it was ascertained that the I. O. O. F. would follow to the grave, what would the Masons do on the ground assumed by the Magazine? Refuse to attend the funeral? or take action on the order of arrangement? We pause for a reply.

I. D. W.

We subjoin a resolution passed by the Grand Lodge of Ohio upon the subject of the English Mission. We have not one word of comment to offer upon such a resolution, further than to express a profound regret that it should have been adopted by a body for which we have, individually, always entertained the same feelings which we hold for a devoted friend.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the Grand Lodge of Ohio a uniform-

ty in the work of the Order, be it ever so much desired, cannot be effected by sending a deputation to England under the instructions contained in the resolutions adopted in reference thereto by the Grand Lodge of the United States, Sept. 23d, 1841, and therefore we decline calling on the subordinate Lodges under our jurisdiction to contribute the amount called for in the said resolutions."

The Masonic Mirror.—We receive the new series of this excellent publication, issued at Maysville, Ky., and edited by Richard H. Stanton, but we have to complain that our brother has not given us credit for the selection made from the Covenant. We have been frequently dealt with in this way by periodicals, and only murmur on this occasion because we suspect that the failure to credit us with the article in question partakes of that foolish and inexcusable prejudice which obtains among some misguided Masons against Odd-Fellowship. We are attached to both institutions, and with us hundreds and thousands of brethren of the Masonic fraternity rejoice in the name of Odd-Fellows, insomuch that in many Masonic Lodges one may find with few exceptions that all the good members are Odd-Fellows, thus moving hand-in-hand in works of charity and beneficence. If some Masons will be at fault with Odd-Fellowship they are welcome to enjoy their displeasure to their heart's content, we shall be at no pains to reason the subject with them. We have to request however that all original articles selected from the Covenant may be duly credited to us.

The Symbol.—We welcome this work in the cause of the Order, it has our best wishes for its success, but we fear that our family is too small to bear the charge of some four nurslings.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

New York—Extract of a letter from the M. W. Grand Sire, dated New York, May 26, 1843.

I have this moment received by express an application from five brothers of the Order, with their cards, shewing them to have been members of the Order in this State, and certificates of the degrees to which they have attained, petitioning for a charter for a Lodge to be located at Montreal, in the province of Canada. Two of the number are personally known to me, having been in membership in this city, where one of them passed the chairs, and who are very worthy men, and in every way qualified to conduct a Lodge on correct principles. They are both Englishmen by birth, but have lived with us long enough to prefer the American mode of work to the English.

Since you have heard from me on the subject I have granted a dispensation for *one* Encampment in New Jersey, at Jersey City, and since that opened a Grand Encampment (on 11th inst.) *in person* for the State, to be located at Newark,—but for the present and until 1st January next to hold session at Trenton.

I have granted a dispensation and have had opened a Grand Encampment of Connecticut at New Haven—(P. G. P. Small officiating for me there.) Three applications for Encampments in Massachusetts have been received—beside the one opened in January last—one of the three has been opened by D. D. G. Sire Hersey, the others will be so soon as I forward the documents. I shall say not one word in the way of apology, as I am sure none can be appreciated to the extent necessary—but I am able to say, that I shall now in a few days be enabled to re-enter actively on duty.

TRENTON, *June 1st, 1843.*

To G. Sec'y RIDGELY, Esq.,

Dear Sir and Brother—Herewith I transmit an impression of the Seal of the Grand Encampment of this State, with a list of the officers installed to serve until the annual session in August, 1844.

P. C. P. WM. BRANIN,	-	-	-	G. Patriarch.
P. C. P. SAM'L C. SCATTERGOOD,	-	-	-	G. M. E. H. Priest.
P. H. P. S. S. MORRIS,	-	-	-	G. S. Warden.
P. H. P. EDW'D D. WELD,	-	-	-	G. Scribe.
P. C. P. HENRY C. BOSWELL,	-	-	-	G. J. Warden.
P. C. P. WM. CLOSSON,	-	-	-	G. Treasurer.
P. C. P. EDW'D T. HILLYER,	-	-	-	G. Representative.

The Grand Encampment of Patriarchs of New Jersey was instituted on the 11th of May by the M. W. G. Sire, assisted by J. G. Treadwell, G. Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of New York, to be located at the city of Newark, but to hold its meetings at the city of Trenton until the first of January, 1844. I am happy in stating that the Order is in a highly prosperous condition in this State—increasing as rapidly as the most ardent can desire under present circumstances. Our representation at the next communication of the Grand Lodge of the United States will be equal to our neighboring sisters.

Your's truly, &c. &c.

EDW'D D. WELD.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from bro. James M. Scantland, dated Nashville, May 24, 1843.

I am happy to inform you that Ridgely Encampment, No. 1, at Nashville, is progressing finely, and I want you to give me all the information you can. I am likewise happy to inform you that all the ill feelings that originated in instituting this Encampment have subsided.

From the Platte Eagle (Weston, Mo.) of April 22, 1843.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' PROCESSION.—On Saturday last our streets were enlivened with a highly creditable and respectable procession of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, which proceeded to the church, where the exercises were opened by the Rev. Mr. Toole of the Methodist Episcopal church, by a feeling and appropriate prayer, after which P. G. M. Wm. S. Stewart, of St. Louis, delivered an elegant, eloquent and highly

intellectual address to an attentive and large congregation of citizens.—The lecturer dwelt with peculiar force and beauty upon the age, with its benevolent institutions, and particularly the efforts made by the missionary, bible and tract societies, in disseminating the light of truth and dispersing the dark clouds of barbarity, superstition, ignorance and vice—and the comfort and consolation they have afforded to the cheerless and disconsolate children of men. His allusion to the influence and power of the press was most happy. He then adverted to the principles of Odd-Fellowship in a masterly and beautiful manner, which doubtless made an indelible impression upon his hearers, a considerable number of whom were ladies. He stated that the motto of the fraternity was Friendship, Love and Truth, and that truth ought therefore to reign on the lips, love in the affections, and friendship in the heart of every Odd-Fellow. The lecture abounded with beautiful imagery, thrilling eloquence and profound research. It is impossible for us to give but merely an outline of the address without doing injustice to the author. We understand the address will be published, when all can have an opportunity of reading it for themselves. Mr. W. S. Stewart has left our citizens not only with a profound respect for the Order he so ably represents, but also for himself as a lecturer and man. We have understood that the Lodge was first opened on Thursday evening with only five members and that they now number eighteen. We counted eighteen in the procession on Saturday last. Whatever may be the principles of the Lodge one thing is certain, that the visit of P. G. M. Wm. S. Stewart to our place has made an impression upon our citizens in favor of it which nothing but the improper conduct of its members can efface—which is not probable, as we observed in their ranks some of our most respectable and worthy citizens.

EXPULSION.

FLORIDA LODGE, No. 1, I. O. O. F. }
 Jacksonville, E. F. May 15, 1843. }

Brother—I am instructed by this Lodge to inform you that on the 4th inst. JOHN MOORE was unanimously expelled from this Lodge, having been found guilty of charges preferred against him for conduct unbecoming a member of this Order. The following is a description of his person: Height about 5 feet 6 in.—complexion, light—hair, dark—eyes, grey—figure, inclining to corpulency—age, 48 years—and he styles himself Doctor John Moore.

I am, in F. L. & T.

CYRUS BISBEE, Sec'y.

☞ We have received a communication in explanation of the action of the M. E. Conference of Baltimore in relation to Odd-Fellowship, from an estimable preacher of that denomination, which being too late for this number, shall appear in our next.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

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No. 7.

ON THE CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF THE I. O. O. F.

BY BRO. J. C. DOREMUS, ESQ.*

BROTHERS AND RESPECTED AUDITORS:

Called by your flattering invitation my brothers, to represent you before an intelligent community, in behalf of the principles and character of our noble Order, it was with the most distrustful diffidence that I responded to your wishes; and now in fulfilling the duty assigned me, I find occasion to solicit your generous acceptance of an imperfect effort, as the result of a hurried preparation amid the pressing engagements of other matters.

I come fellow-citizens, to speak of Odd-Fellowship, yet on themes that concern the welfare of man, and the happiness of individuals—of the highest, and most ennobling characteristics of our nature—of the sublime virtues, benevolence, friendship, truth,—of “peace on earth and good will to men.”

Would I exhibit the foundations of Odd-Fellowship, I will ask you to lend an ear attentive, to the divine precepts of the moral law, delivered by Almighty God, from Sinai’s “thundering mount”—to the instructions of the inspired Apostle of charity—whose pen surpasses human eloquence—to the teachings of Him, who “hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,” and whose life was a patient continuance in well-doing. From the sources of everlasting truth, and from the love of the kindest affections of the heart, does it derive alike its principles and its practices. Its emblems, its lessons of instruction and its injunctions, are all drawn from the word of God. “It is an institution of man, for man’s improvement,” whose governing principles emanate from Divine authority and goodness;

*An Address delivered before the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the State of Illinois, at a celebration held in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, on the 13th of December, 1842.

and as such, is proud to be ranked, from the increasing number of its votaries, and its practical deeds of benevolence among the most conspicuous and useful associations for human amelioration, that distinguish the present age.

The antiquity of the Order has been the object of much learned research, but whether we curiously trace with some, the origin of the institution into primeval ages, till we lose the *thread* of discovery in the *mazes* of Egyptian mysticism, and become bewildered in the study of hieroglyphic chronicles, exhumed from the accumulated sands of centuries,—or whether we find it having a “local habitation and a name,” in the empire of Titus Cæsar, and working its deeds of practical benevolence amid the bloody persecutions, and intestine wars of the first century of the christian era, it matters not. To the learned antiquary, we leave the labor and the *pleasure* of tracing its symbols, its uses and purposes, among the traditional evidences that were buried with the embalmed Egyptian; and to him we leave the *task* of establishing its coincidences with the sacred mysteries of the Grecian Eleusinia, or the private, secret and beneficent instructions of Pythagoras,—sufficient for the present purpose is it to say, that the links which *bind* Odd-Fellows of the present day in ties of friendship and mutual assistance, have placed their obligations upon brethren of the *same family* of former ages; and those links, extended by the traditionary and effective working of the Order, (by whatever name known or called,) through succeeding years, and from clime to clime, at last, in unbroken succession, connect the extremes of time, and embrace the thousands of every nation, now living and rejoicing in the immutable principles and beneficent privileges of Odd-Fellowship.

England, once our rash and oppressive mother, now our friend, is the birth-place of the peculiar organization of Odd-Fellowship, as it now exists. The light of her science, religion and benevolence, like the sun, which “never sets” upon her wide-spread dominions, has shed abroad its benign influence into every corner of the globe. From her, our beloved country has derived its language, and its standards of literature: and gathered of her stores of knowledge accumulated by the master-mind of the ANGLO-SAXON race. From her *theories* of freedom, we have *established* the inalienable rights of man; and the largeness of her philanthropy has ever stimulated American enthusiasm, till at length as a people, we claim pre-eminence in all that ennobles, improves and blesses humanity. Odd-Fellows, our gratitude is due to our brethren of England for the charter and fostering care of the first establishment of our Order in Baltimore some twenty-four years ago; and may that gratitude ever be cherished, till the time shall come, when, emulous of their zeal, and encouraged by the success and usefulness of their abounding charities, the records and the monuments of American Odd-Fellowship, in the relief of distress, in the care of the widow, in the education of the orphan, and in the general dissemination of the venerated principles of the Order, shall proclaim that our *gratitude* must yield to the triumphs of a generous *rivalry*.

As to the *name* of our institution, so singular and inexplicable to most minds, and so little indicative of its character and influences, let it be remarked that it is a corruption of that which it originally bore. In the changes of language, we frequently find that the original signification of a word is lost in some new and faulty acceptance. The original use and

meaning of the word "fellow" designated a "companion"—"friend"—"confidant." But subsequent usage has perverted its meaning to a different and less expressive import. It is evident, therefore, that its primitive definition, correctly applies to our brotherhood of friendship and love; and we are mutual friends, supporters and companions in all the good and ill of life. And as various, and diversified as are the nations, the characters and the circumstances, the condition and habits of those associated in our brotherhood and companionship, *so*, are we *odd*.

There is nothing of mystery, therefore, in the *name* of our Order: nor are our brethren distinguishable by singularities of demeanor, or eccentric differences of person or character: nor are *odd* specimens of humanity, as *such*, the more welcome to the privileges of Odd-Fellowship, or more worthy of performing its duties. In truth, "we are Odd-Fellows only when we speak and act like honest men;" odd only in the cultivation of virtues, which man in his intercourse with his fellow, too often forgets; a distinction which should be to our *praise* rather than to our *disparagement*.

But what's in a name? Sufficient for us to *know* that it is an honorable one. A name associated (not to speak of the illustrious dead,) with *living* excellence of character and talent; and above all with the best exercise of those virtues, which give to life its charm, and strip its ills of harm; a name which thousands, emulating the benevolence of a Howard, and the goodness of a Melancthon, by lives of the purest philanthropy have ennobled; a name which secures to its possessor, the fellowship, friendship and brotherly love of every like possessor, of whatever nation, kindred or tongue—in the joys of prosperity—in the trials of adversity—in poverty, sickness, disease, and at the hour of death; a name, whose possessor's heart is in his hand, extended in the grasp of friendship, or for the relief of distress—ready to prompt to active deeds of charity—and to guide his action by *impulses*, which come only from a heart "naked in sincerity and truth."

The general character of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, its objects, and its operations, *should* be, and have *ever* been publicly avowed. For the public must decide whether its principles are consistent with the laws of God and the free institutions of our country. As the character of an individual, or of any institution, passes the ordeal of public praise or censure, so must this be appreciated according to its *capacity* for usefulness, and the *fidelity* with which it is administered.

It becomes my duty and my privilege upon this occasion, so far as *they* are concerned, to be clear and explicit. It has already been remarked, that the Order in America is the offspring of the brotherhood of the old world, who are united under the government and style of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of Great Britain. In the year 1819, in a spirit of expansive benevolence, the principles and the work of the Order, were transmitted to America, and a Lodge deriving its authority and charter from a subordinate Lodge of the Manchester Union, was opened in the city of Baltimore. From small numbers composing a single Lodge, by unexampled increase and success, the Order in America has extended to every border of the Union; and now embraces the Grand Lodge of the United States, as the Supreme Head; the several State Grand Lodges, with their subordinates, whose members now number about twenty-five thousand—the records of whose deeds, and of the

amounts of money expended by the willing hand of "twice blessed" charity, to the needy brother, the wandering stranger, the afflicted widow, and the otherwise unprotected orphan, gladden every one of whatever creed or profession, whose ear is not *deaf* to the voice, and whose heart is not *steeled* to the promptings of humanity.

This hour would not suffice, nor is it my purpose, to narrate in detail, the history of the Order for the last few years:—it may be found in the publications and official records of the Grand Lodge, to which the public have access. Let us return to the investigation of its distinguishing characteristics, and of the hold which it has upon the affections of its members, and upon the best feelings of our natures.

And *in general* it may be remarked that in all ages of the world, the *weak* have been compelled to yield to the strong; and oppression has even wrung its tributes with unrelenting tyranny from the needy and defenceless. Passion, fraud and violence have overthrown empires, and deluged the world in blood. In the primeval state of man, brute force gave authority to command; unbridled passions guided the will of the patriarchal despot; and slavish fear or debasing ignorance rendered a willing obedience. With the increase of the race, and the mingling of men in masses, despotism enlarged her sway, and the *many* tyrants yielded to the greater power of the *few*. The fact and principle of *association*, came then to exert its influences for evil or for good. Associated strength in aid of oppression accomplishes the purposes of ambition, avarice or revenge.—On the other hand, the combination of the weak, opposes oft-times a successful resistance to persecution and destruction. The history of man, in communities, tribes and nations, is but the recital of associated strife with combined resistance;—whether we read of the strike for plunder, by the wandering tribe of Arabia with the travelling caravan; or the struggles of Napoleon and the armies of France, for crowns and thrones, with the allied powers of Europe. Of secret associations, history records numerous instances, whose objects were physical assistance, defence and protection from the strong arm of oppression; or to keep alive the spirit of patriotism, or guard the safety of the State. Such was the institution, to which, we have before alluded, that arose in the Roman camp, and among the persecuted and exiled early Christians; and from which, with enlarged purposes, and with the pecuniary benefits superadded, our Order is immediately derived.

The great principle of modern civilization, is association. By it the American States are held in harmonious friendship. By it, we as a people have converted the wilderness into a garden,—and where but lately, the majestic river ran unchecked through the trackless wild, the hand of improvement has displayed the busy thoroughfare, and crowded her banks with smiling cities. By associated wealth vast works of internal improvement are constructed, lessening time and space—connecting distant communities in friendlier relations, and distributing the blessings of commerce, and the bounties of Providence on every hand. Let it not be urged against this principle, that it has ever been and will be *abused*. The best creations of the Providence of God, are instrumental of evil, when diverted from their legitimate uses; so with every moral engine of power: associated effort may compass purposes of treason, persecution or revolution; but associated patriotism may save a sinking State, or preserve alive the fires of liberty.

Our government is but a union of individual interests, based upon the virtue and intelligence of the whole people. And all societies, having for their object the promotion of morality, practical humanity, and the spread of intelligence, are useful and valuable adjuncts of our free Constitutions. Individual friendship, and private worth, however bright as examples, are yet circumscribed in their limits to the narrow circle of *personal* influence; and efforts which constitute the power of associated benevolent action, may be fully felt and appreciated, *only* when their origin and sources shall be unknown or forgotten. Pre-eminently is the pride and glory of our country found in her institutions of beneficence or religion, through whose instrumentality the greatest efficacy is given to combined effort.

The objects of their, and our extended charities, are our fellow-men. However admirably adapted our government may be to promote the happiness and welfare of society, and however bountifully the blessings of peace, contentment or prosperity may be showered on individuals, yet vice and poverty are ever working at the tree of human enjoyment; and occasions are not wanting in the lives of most men, of discontent, of disheartening trials, of blasted hopes. Distrust, envy, and selfishness, with remorseless eagerness demand the sacrifice of the tenderest of human feelings to appease their cravings; and the peace of families and of individuals is disturbed by mere differences of opinion. The bloody quarrel of personal combatants, or the sacrifice of contending armies, decides a frivolous point of honor. Contrariety of interests makes enemies of friends; and even the religious disputes of those who claim to be the followers of the meek and lowly Saviour, often terminate in bitter animosities. Man is often the prey of his fellow-man, and avarice alone, has more of human suffering in the train of its triumphs, than any other single passion of his nature. Humble merit often in vain seeks for its just rewards; and the lowly must bear the "rich man's contumely and the proud man's scorn." So various are the changes and circumstances that checker life; so full of the causes of suffering or sorrow, and so dependent are we upon one another, that we need but look about us, to find occasions for the bestowment upon others, or the reception to ourselves, of those kindly charities of thought and deed, which adorn the good man's conduct, or give contentment and happiness to the needy and deserving.

Your mind is perhaps by this time led to enquire, wherein does Odd-Fellowship as an institution, exert that useful agency and force of association, for the good of man, of which we have been speaking? Based upon the ennobling virtue of benevolence and charity, its conservative principle is the bond of brotherhood, and the covenant of friendship—united aid and support in all the misfortunes and calamities of life. As individuals, we are at all times and under all circumstances subject to the severest reverses, and the strangest vicissitudes. As *members* of society, men are bound together by no principle of brotherly affection, or mutual regard. But the Beneficent Creator has not left his noblest creatures entirely the slaves of selfishness. His Divine love, which animates and beautifies the face of nature, can be shed abroad in their hearts. From that pure source of love to man, we claim to have derived our reflective love to God, and the incentives to the practice of affection towards our brethren, and goodwill to man at large. The sacredness of the vows and obligations of Odd-Fellowship finds its sanction in the revealed will of Him, who sets his

bow in the heavens, "for a token of an everlasting covenant between the Creator, and every living creature, for perpetual generations," and who has commanded us "to love our neighbor as ourselves."

Our belief is in the one living and true God, who sits enthroned in the majesty of the heavens, as the Creator of the universe, and the source of all our blessings. Our lessons inculcate the purest morality, as emanating from the same Divine fountain; and the practice of the virtues enjoined by religion. They teach us the dependence of man upon, and his duty towards, his fellow-man; advocate the spread of intelligence, and the general diffusion of brotherly kindness and truth. Such are the noble principles, summarily expressed, and thus pure are the designs upon which every Lodge of our Order is constituted and sustained. Their practical workings among our members, are *mutual assistance, mutual friendship, and universal charity*. If our Order be distinguished more for one characteristic than for another it is, that it is most emphatically an association, in every sense of the term, for mutual assistance.

The constitution and bye-laws of our Lodges are open to the public eye, and therein can be found, all that is requisite to be known of the character of our duties and proceedings. In these you will find every thing that you can reasonably desire to know, and every thing consistent with the safety, prosperity and purity of the Order, that the public are entitled to know. The peculiar duties of our Lodges, though often made known to the public, I will reiterate. Each member on admittance, pays an initiation fee, and also contributes a monthly "due." If he wishes to enjoy the privileges, and to receive the instructions of the higher degrees as they are called, he pays into the treasury, a *sum fixed* for each. From the aggregate *amount* of contributions springs the fund, which, after providing for the necessary and economical expenses of the Lodge, is applied with scrupulous fidelity to the purposes of relief. It is the duty of every brother to report a brother's sickness or distress, and the Lodge, through its regularly constituted officers, to apply the weekly benefits, in amounts fixed by law, to such brother during his illness. It is the duty of certain officers to visit every distressed or sick member, to ascertain and minister to his wants—to bring him relief and consolation—to attend upon his couch of disease, and watch its progress during the silence of the "weary night," and when circumstances require it, every member in rotation shall perform the same pleasing and friendly duties. Nor when disease shall have terminated in death, do the kind offices of brotherly affection cease. The departed brother shall be committed to the silent grave, with every mark of decency and respect; and his afflicted widow or orphan children, shall be the recipients of a bounty, which, while it may not be remarkable for its largeness, yet will fully test the fidelity of the *surviving* brethren, and the worth of the dead. Thus will it be acknowledged, that our Lodge is in fact, an association for assistance, mutual and substantial.

But these, and the like exalted duties, do not constitute the sum of our obligations, nor the extent of our charities. Far from it! The cultivation and the practice of benevolence, are not limited to our own Order—

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

The most solemn charge that will meet the novice on the threshold of this

temple of charity, will be the inculcation of universal kindness to *suffering man*. Our charities are not limited to our own particular members. The stranger brother from the far distant land, receives a generous welcome, or needed succor. The desolate and friendless of every name and tongue, may claim, and receive from us, not only pecuniary aid, but personal acts of kindness and attention. If a foreign brother in distress present himself to us, we gladly bestow the relief he needs, to the extent of our ability; because he produces proofs of worthiness, proofs which none but an Odd-Fellow in good standing can produce. If one of our American brethren may find occasion to journey in a strange land, friends unbidden will surround his path; the hand of fellowship is extended at every step, for pecuniary assistance, when needed, or to promote his purposes of business or enjoyment. Thus is Odd-Fellowship intended to render its blessings universal to every *worthy* brother. To secure the faithful and regular appropriation of accumulating benefices, to guard against the impositions of the designing, and preserve unsullied the principles and practices of our Order, require you will perceive, no ordinary safeguards.

The *secrecy* of its modes of recognition, and the mystery of its signs and symbols, by which its many privileges are conferred, are as indispensable to its continued usefulness, as they have been heretofore preservative of its being through the lapse of time, and in spite of its unsparing ruins. The direct benefits conferred by our Order are, of course, intended for, and should be enjoyed only by its *members*. The blessings of civil government, can be shared only by the subjects of that government; and every community of interest, must necessarily limit participation, to the contributors. Does the fact that our Order is in some respects a secret institution, arouse a prejudice or give rise to a serious argument, against its character and usefulness? It is a charitable rule of opinion, to judge men and institutions by their fruits. Are you prejudiced, surrounded as you are, by the evidences of its character, in the records of its benevolent transactions; and seeing, as you do, the daily practice of all it professes to enjoin? How shall I attempt to remove this ungenerous opposition of your mind? To *prejudge* a case is *rash*, often unjust, and never wise. If the prejudice of any objector arise from *false* impressions, it is a duty that will evidence the soundness of the head, and the goodness of the heart to consult the *truth*. If from ignorance, (whether unintentional or wilful,) he yields to unfounded objections, he is equally wanting in respect for charitable modes of thinking, and doing violence to his own natural sense of justice. We, as an Order believe, that prejudice ought to yield to candid consideration. We desire the scrutiny of the cautious, and we rejoice and flourish *most*, under the respectful regards of the wise and good. But let us return to your *serious objection*, candidly cherished and avowed, against our constituent principle of secrecy.

Our secrets constitute our *vitality*, and our very existence as an association, is preserved, and the immediate and personal benefits of the Order, are secured, by the knowledge of those signs, symbols and traditional ceremonies, which have ever been the *tests* of worthy brotherhood. To communicate those signs and symbols, and to disclose those ceremonies would at once destroy their utility. Next to the duty we owe to God, our country and ourselves, as Odd-Fellows, we are bound together as brothers, by ties of friendship, mutual regard, protection and assistance;

ties, which the trials and changes of life only serve to strengthen and confirm. For purposes of good-will to our fellow-man, and under covenants of imperishable regard for the welfare, happiness, and the interests of all who belong to our brotherhood reciprocating the same covenants to us, we constitute an *order of men*, deriving our belief and our precepts from the Author of all good; and we are *recognized* and encouraged as an institution for *mutual assistance*, by the laws of the land. No secret is made of the times and places of our meetings. And in this regalied assembly, you recognize your friends, companions, or relatives. The nature of our business is fully known; and from the character and deportment of our members, the public may have assurance, that our transactions are neither treasonable to the State, nor demoralizing to society. Our proceedings are conducted, upon the ordinary modes of transacting the business of associations. We are but the members of a large family, and meet for the purpose of consulting its interests and to promote the happiness of its individual members. Of our practical acts, or private bestowment of pecuniary charities, it becomes us neither to boast, nor idly to publish. The recipient of needed assistance might be pained at the disclosure of his necessities; and the delicacy with which the goddess of Charity extends her relief, forbids her votaries to blazon her deeds. We are, from the nature of our objects, retiring, and apart from public gaze. We hold to no peculiar creed, save in the existence and attributes of Almighty God, and the binding obligations of the moral law. Religious discussions and political disputes, are alike excluded from our Lodges. We put far from us, the bigotry excited by the one, and the ill-feeling engendered by the other. "Politics divide men, but interest unites them." Nor, yet do we enjoin the practice of *virtue* merely, as a substitute for the *spiritual* exercise of religion. We fetter not the *consciences*, nor do we dictate to the *wills* of our brethren. We have no peculiar dogmas to establish, and we have nothing to do with politics. Antagonist partizans in the strife for civil preferment, here meet in amity and friendship; and the harshness of party denunciation is lost, within our walls, in the accents of mutual regard. We seek only to promote brotherly love, and the practice of humanizing virtues among those who are our associates; and unto those to whom "it is given to know the mysteries of brotherhood, that they may have fellowship with us," our confidence is as unbounded, as our friendships are sincere. Cabalistic influences, and associated intrigues, have long since ceased to exist. They belong to dark ages, or flourish only in reigns of terror. The undying vigilance of liberty pervading the breasts of every true American citizen, and the spirit of patriotism, inherited from our forefathers, animating as well the hearts of Odd-Fellows, as the people in general, forbid the possibility of any influence or combination in our Order, that can threaten to undermine the free institutions of our beloved country, or corrupt the fountains of morality. We are citizens alike of a common country, and prize as highly her glorious institutions, and cherish as ardently as others, the rights and privileges secured to us *all*.

Is the principle of secrecy so unfamiliar as to startle? It is not so. The operations of nature, are but the workings of sublime secrets. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth." The changes of seasons, and the growth of vegetation are full of mysteries, as incomprehensible, as they are *common*.—

Man himself knows not how "fearfully" and "wonderfully" he is made; nor can he understand, in the exercise of all his glorious faculties, the union of mind and matter. Unsearchable are the Providences of God, "and his ways past finding out." Yet who would distrust His all pervading goodness, or repine at the workings of his pleasure among the inhabitants of the earth? Secrecy is the prevailing principle of creation. It constitutes the safeguard of domestic harmony; it enters into the very organization of our natures, and is recognized in a thousand ways, in all the forms and interests of society. What then the danger, or where is the strangeness, of that secrecy against which you would urge an argument? Let our motives, our characters, and our fruits be judged of, in all candor, by the light of TRUTH. Our *secrets* we are ready to bestow upon all who are *willing* and *worthy* to receive them.

Again, it is objected, that our institution *abounds* in forms and ceremonies, and *delights* in the *display* of its types and emblems. Shall I treat this as a candid objection, or deem it the offspring of a captious spirit of animadversion? Though worth not the effort to dissipate it, yet it conveys a charge that affects the dignity of our Order and the private feelings of its members. To those who wear the insignia, which on this occasion clothe the persons of these our serious brethren, they are full of instruction and warning; reminding them of the eternal obligations of Friendship, Love and Truth,—of the omnipresence of God,—of the solemn injunctions of His law,—and of the individual, practical and mutual duties, of which they are types, and monitors—and which as Odd-Fellows, and good citizens, they have mutually covenanted to perform. Are we in this, singular or ostentatious? All institutions have their ceremonies, forms and types, peculiar to themselves, and emblematic of their character and uses. The Book of life and the works of creation, are full of emblems! We acknowledge their meaning, and discover therein, the representations of the perfections of the attributes of their Divine author. To the *Christian*, the simplest element of nature is the *token*, when applied to his sin-polluted body, of the washing of regeneration, whereby he is "made clean in the blood of the Lamb."—And when he sits down at the consecrated table of his Lord and Master, to partake of elements "set apart from a common to a sacred use," he realizes the richness, the simplicity, and the sufficiency of the atonement, which was purchased and secured by the "shed blood," and "broken body" of the Son of God. As we watch the crawling reptile, "cursed above all the beasts of the field;" or gaze upon the variegated richness of the arch of sparkling rain, that spans the heavens, we are constrained alike to adore the goodness of our Creator, and to confide in His eternal covenants. "Seek other cause," my friends, against our Order than the use of those signs and emblematical representations, which are the monitors of our obligations to God and to our fellow-men.

Again, it is said, that our charity lacks the virtue of *universality*. That it is circumscribed within the limits of our own brotherhood: so far as the dispensation of mere pecuniary aids are concerned, this is somewhat apparent; but as regards the cultivation and the practice of those sublime virtues inculcated in all our charges and precepts, it is far from true. Not only is the *member* of these Lodges, here assembled, entitled to the benefits and privileges of the particular association with which he may be connected, but to the affectionate regards, and if need be, to the pecuniary

assistance of members of the Order throughout the world. And every brother in want or distress, the stranger and the needy traveller, no matter in what language he discovers the bonds of brotherhood, or what his political opinions, or his religious tenets, and wherever he may be found, has a *right* to claim, and is cordially *allowed* its beneficent dispensations. Nor can it be urged, that *this* is still a limitation of its universality. The doors of the Order are open to all, who are willing to submit themselves to its precepts, and to acknowledge the obligations of morality and truth: it extends a welcome to every man whose character and conduct can bear the test of public observation. It can establish no limit to numbers; it rather seeks to extend its borders and increase its usefulness. It longs for that universality, which is the chiefest and loveliest attribute of benevolence and peace. It would *multiply* bounds, till they shall embrace not only the majorities of men, but it would "extend the arms of its charities over the wide ocean, and bind in brotherhood the isles of the sea." Whatever of exclusiveness attaches to our Order, belongs in like manner to every association, whether of government, morals or religion. The first and most obvious reason, why we cannot as Odd-Fellows, relieve all the distresses we may see around us, or expend our energies in search of unknown objects of our benevolent designs, is because we have not the power, nor in justice to our *own brethren*, would we have the *right*. Why does a father provide for the necessities and enjoyments of his own household, in preference to the children of strangers? Why does our government bestow its dearly bought privileges, upon those *only* who claim the rights and perform the duties of citizens? Why does not the good man, whose tears are ever ready to flow at the recital of human suffering, and whose heart is ever open to relieve it, sometimes turn away from the objects of his compassion? Simply because he may not have the ability, corresponding with his generous impulses.

We charge the public to remember, when our character and influences may be under discussion, that we are organized for mutual relief. That our funds are gathered with the express understanding, that they shall be appropriated to specific purposes; and consequently cannot be diverted from their intended objects. We *prefer* to perform, what we are *able* to accomplish, and not blindly to scatter our gifts to *chance acceptors*. Our institution is pledged to distribute its means to those in need, who have contributed to raise them. We are *mutual insurers*, and acknowledge a *reciprocity* of benefits, to which thousands of our fellow-citizens may have the *privilege* of contributing, and thereby acquire the *right* to share. To the uninitiated, we can promise no gratification of idle curiosity. We do not esteem it a worthy motive of joining us. We do not profess that we will be bound to you by other ties than those that derive their efficacy and sanction from reason and Divine Revelation. Our principles and our practices are calculated to elevate the moral and social character of man; to bind in brotherhood the rich and the poor, the distinguished and the humble. To succor the distressed, to comfort the mourning, and encourage the faint-hearted, struggling under the ills of life, constitute no small portion of the labors of our love. If the heart of any man is responsive to the calls of humanity, if he can reverence the God of love, if he can feel the force of truth, if he loves to do good, and desires the rewards of benevolence, he is welcome, joyfully welcome, to our fellowship and esteem.

We will cherish him as a brother, will confide in his honor, rejoice in his prosperity, share in his trials, and protect his interests at all times, in all circumstances, and in all places.

Having in my imperfect manner attempted to exhibit the objects and character of our Order, and the qualifications that constitute an Odd-Fellow, I can but renewedly appeal to the voice of public sentiment in our behalf, and point to our *deeds*, as evidencing the harmony of our union as brethren—the sincerity of our mutual obligations—the purity of our designs and the success of our cause. And now it becomes my duty as the representative of my brethren on this occasion, to deprecate the follies of life or conduct, that may be chargeable to any of us as men and members of society. And in doing so earnestly ask, and have the right, in all justice to demand, that the *mantle of charity* should be extended to our institution as *such*, though it may embrace in its numbers, many who are as unworthy of its privileges, as they are obnoxious to the contempt of the wise and good. What human institution is free from some of the many manifestations of falsehoods or deceit, which characterize our corrupt natures? How limited the number of men, who can exclaim with Cato, “Oh that there were a glass in my breast, that the motives of my heart might be seen!” How often is the hand of zealous friendship extended only to secure a *victim* of avarice or ambition: and the costly munificence of boasting philanthropy, how often only the gratification of pharisaical ostentation! The spirit of evil assumes the attractive form and the winning graces of an angel of light and love; and hypocrisy, Proteus-like, in all the shapes of virtue and innocence, pursues her selfish purposes, and works her wicked triumphs unchecked and unsuspected. The records of the past tell us, that the ermine of the Judge was often sullied; and that they who were appointed to decree righteousness between man and man, “have turned aside the needy from judgment, and taken away the right of the poor of the people, that widows might be their prey, and that they might rob the fatherless.” Even at the present day, amid all the corrupting influences of the love of gain, or political zeal, we cannot repress the belief, that the sacred bandage has sometimes been torn from the brow of the minister of Justice, and the preponderance of its scales decided by the sword of the Goth. The wicked man wearing the garb of religion, and professing a sanctity to which he is a stranger, cloaks iniquities as scandalous to his sincere associates, as offensive to his Creator. The Christian, too, has often only a “name to live while he is dead.”

The self-styled and noisy patriot, is oft-times only the designing demagogue, riding upon the breath of popular applause to indulge his own aspirations for gain or place. Reptiles may crawl where eagles soar; and the appointed occupants of the high places of the land, may wield the destinies of a nation in subserviency to their own personal aggrandizement or ambitious projects; and the honored representative in the halls of legislation, may consult his own corrupt wishes, in preference to the good of his constituents, or yield in slavish submission to the requirements of partizan policy, instead of the will of the people. Direct our observations whithersoever we may, we will discover the mortifying proofs of the obliquity of our natures, of the necessity of all the guards that religion and morality can throw around us, to make us honorable, useful and good; and we will learn too, the impressive lesson, that we have need, in all our ac-

tions and professions, in every rank of life, station and condition, whether individually or in associate capacities, of that charity, which "suffereth long, and is kind; which envieth not, which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked and thinketh no evil; which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Ladies, courtesy requires, that I should explain why it is, that you have not been invited to undertake the obligations and perform the duties of Odd-Fellowship. And allow me also, on behalf of my brethren, to assure you that our cognomen, (so odious no doubt to your ears,) does not import that we are, or would be, *single fellows* all. We are not *odd*, in any sense that would imply an insensibility to your charms, or an infringement upon your prerogative to control our best affections. Those of us who are *single*, as well as *odd*, are not taught by any of the precepts of our Order, that there is any blessedness (as some say,) in that often truly *forlorn* state. On the contrary, our nightly lessons, and our constant duties impress upon our minds and enjoin the cultivation of those pure and exalted emotions of kindly affection, of virtue and sincerity, which constitute the graces of woman, and qualify her as pre-eminently the companion and *best friend* of man. With a slight verbal alteration of the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, when speaking of a Mother's love—it may be said with equal truth—

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world,
No fount of pure and deathless love,
Save that within a woman's breast."

The poet and the historian have ever employed their highest gifts of eloquence, in maintaining and illustrating the supremacy of her influence, in contrast with the more selfish passions of man.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss the Saviour stung—
Not she denied with unholy tongue—
She, while apostle's shrank, could danger brave,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

"Ask the grey pilgrim, by the surges cast,
On hostile shores, and 'numbed beneath the blast,
Ask who relieved him, who the hearth began
To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his wither'd hands and woman name."

The best and purest feelings of our nature are excited by her conduct and by her persuasions. She needs not *combination* to strengthen her ardent resolves, nor the incentives to benevolent and honorable conduct that man requires. Not mingling in the busy cares and strife of life, she is not subject to many of its ills, nor liable to be influenced by many of its temptations. Nor is it proper that she should be drawn from the peculiar station she occupies, to participate in affairs of public notoriety. Her appropriate duties and tastes alike unfit her for the public transactions which belong to the province of her partner. And they themselves would shrink in native delicacy from all displays inconsistent with the customs of society, or exposing them to its censoriousness. I know that my fair hear-

ers need not this apology for their exclusion. The circle of woman's influence is around the domestic hearth, where are clustered the joys of home, and all our most cherished endearments. It is here she exerts her gentle, yet all-prevailing sway; a sway ever felt and acknowledged by the sterner sex. Be it then our *boast*, as it is our study, to render ourselves more worthy of becoming her companions, and better qualified to discharge the pleasing duties of their protectors and husbands.

And, now, brothers, let us mingle our congratulations, as we are about to close the ceremonies of this interesting occasion. I have endeavored to present to our friends here assembled, a true exposition of the objects and principles of our honored institution. Let it be our highest privilege and our never-forgotten duty to *attest* the representation by our charities and our virtues. Let the streams, which make up the current of our lives in all our intercourse with society, and with one another, derive their purity and freshness from the fountains of everlasting truth. Let the links that bind us as brothers, be ever brightening in the sincerity of friendship and the ardor of love. To us belongs the "serious charge" that we *remember*, that by our observance of the solemn requirements, which we have this day acknowledged, the character of our noble Order in this community, will receive additional value and consideration. Upon us are obligations imposed, which we have declared, it is our exalted happiness to fulfil.—Above us is the all-seeing eye of Almighty God, and around us are the tokens of His unchanging love. By these tokens, are we taught our reverential fear of Him, and reminded of our mutual covenants to love, cherish, and assist each other. Such is the public position of the Order, that it is no longer subjected to the necessity of buffeting with opposition, much less of struggling for existence against the weapons of hatred. The contest is past and triumphant. And at length the voice of popular sentiment has acknowledged the purity of its designs, and applauded the results of its beneficence. No longer are its humble advocates compelled despairingly to exclaim,

"Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

But with becoming pride can we point to our increasing thousands, and to the gladdening records of years of practical good. Defamation has been disarmed of her malicious power, and

"The noisome slanderer, whose envenom'd breath
Though at a distance hurl'd, still threatens death,"

no longer assailing the body of our Order, contents himself with only individual victims.

But while there is in all this, matter of the most pleasing contemplation, and honest exultation, we are still the more sacredly to reflect, that the future will be only equally prosperous, when the merit of the past shall be equally cherished and emulated. By the standard which we have assumed and established before the world, will our characters and deeds as Odd-Fellows be *correctly* judged. Let us abide the test; and renewedly around the altar of benevolence and brotherly love, let us pledge our hearts and hands, that we will *prove* true to our God, to our country and ourselves.

O D D - F E L L O W S .

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

'Tis odd that men be singular
In either bad or good,
Yet many are the oddities
Which in my path have stood,
Most odd of all, and singular
If all the odds I know,
Are they who in their daily walk
No selfish motives show.

It has become an oddity
That any one should dare
Espouse the cause of others,
Or with them pittance share;
And he is thought a fellow odd
Whoever feels a pride
When he by self-denial,
Has other's wants supplied.

'Tis thought quite odd and singular
That men should oft repair,
To some established central point
And make arrangements there;
'Tis the most sure promotion
The welfare of mankind,
It is indeed most singular
That men are so inclined.

And odder still of oddities
No ill effects are seen,
Nothing unmanly do we trace
When odd ones *thus* convene.
But industry progresses
And zeal in virtue's cause,
For conscience seems the anchor-stay
And not the world's applause.

The poor, the weak, the wretched
Are shielded in their way;
For charity has ope'd a door
For shelter as they stray.
Oh! it is odd most wonderful,
That men should wish to live,
And find enjoyment in the act
When they to *others* give.—

At this men gape and wonder,
Because 'tis strange and new
For men to think what pleases them
Might please another too.
Odd-Fellows teach *such* maxims
And practice what they *preach*,
No point in *virtue's* path too rough,
Too high—or great—for reach.

August 15th, 1842.

LECTURE.

BY BRO. EDWIN DE LEON.*

Most Noble, and Brethren of the Order:—

ALTHOUGH I see before me, in this hall, many far abler than myself, to expound the principles of our Order; yet I shall not shrink from the performance of my duty, trusting, that the same kind feeling which prompted my appointment, will be extended to the manner in which the duty is performed; and I can promise, that if my discourse has no other merit, it shall at least have that of brevity. The able and eloquent address, so recently delivered by your Anniversary Orator, renders it unnecessary for me to touch upon the topics so fully illustrated by him, and I shall therefore, confine myself to the more humble, though I trust not less useful task, of tracing the influence of this Order upon its own members. I shall, not, therefore, travel back into the dimness of a remote antiquity to trace the origin of Odd-Fellowship; I will not argue the disputed points as to whether Adam or Noah was the first Odd-Fellow; or the Tower of Babel the first Odd-Fellows' Hall; I care not whether it be a revival of Masonry under a new name, or an institution of equal antiquity; these matters have always struck me, as being far more curious than useful; since the true origin of our Order, is to be traced to that *feeling* coeval with the human race, common to the savage as to the civilized—which first linked man in social union—the feeling of sympathy—that electric chord which vibrates in the heart of every man, at the touch of a forlorn and helpless brother; which prompts the wild Arab of the desert, merciless in all else, to shield and succour the exhausted pilgrim; and opens the closed hand of the pampered son of wealth at the wailing cry of the infant beggar? Such was the feeling which aroused the indignation of the world when Poland fell! and at a late day, the stifled shrieks of a few tortured and persecuted Israelites in Syria, caught by the breeze and wafted across the Atlantic, stirred like a trumpet-call the hearts of this mighty people; unknown to them as they were, differing in

*Delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, Columbia, South Carolina, May 26th, 1843.

blood and in creed, they yet felt for them as men, tortured by those who should have been their brethren. It is this noble feeling, then, of the unity of the human race, and necessity of mutual dependence, which has reared our Lodges, and invited into them all who are worthy, until our fraternity has become so numerous, as to invite the attention of all who take an interest in the movements of the age. Let us come then to the main inquiry, which lies at the very root of this matter, what is the object for which this Order was established? What do we propose to accomplish by it? These are queries which the wise and good will propound to us, and which we should be prepared to answer, not only to them, but also to ourselves; for in order to ensure the performance of all duties, the first step is thoroughly to understand them; and yet, how often are we contented with an imperfect knowledge of our duties, instead of thoroughly ascertaining and performing them. For there are duties, aye, and important ones too, imposed upon us by admission here; without the observance of which, this Order would become, a mere idle mummary, a mockery, and a cheat? For it was not instituted, for the paltry purpose of exciting an idle curiosity in empty heads!—nor as a mere holiday pageant to dazzle the eyes of the public, with quaint devices and glittering show! nor as a stage, upon which political jugglers might perform their feats of skill; though it may be perverted and prostituted to these unworthy ends, since all written rules are worse than useless, if their mere dead-letter be adhered to, and not their spirit.—Nor was it intended to usurp the province of the law; to enforce the rights of property, or strengthen the hands of government! no brethren! these were not its objects! It was intended to correct those evils which the law could not reach—to implant within the hearts of its members the law of kindness and of charity,—to exalt humble merit, and depress empty arrogance—to trample upon the arbitrary distinctions of station and of wealth—to vindicate the majesty of man!—to crush narrow bigotry!—and to unite the virtuous and the good over the whole wide world by the chain of a common brotherhood; whose links should be Faith, Hope and Charity,—Friendship, Love and Truth. So that the worn and wretched exile in a foreign land, might always find a brother's hand extended to aid and succor him, when in weariness of heart, and bitterness of spirit, hopeless and wretched, he had lain himself down to die. Were this then the sole benefit arising from our Order, it would in itself be sufficient to vindicate its usefulness; but this is only one of the pillars that support the edifice; its utility is greater, and more widely spread, as I shall now proceed to show.

The age in which we live, is indeed a stirring and an active one! every thing around us is in motion, the minds of men have at length been aroused from the long slumber of satisfied ignorance, they will consent no longer to think by proxy, but demand the right of thinking and acting for themselves; the power of governments has become weaker, and the individuals composing them of more consequence; in short, a spirit of inquiry, and a feeling of individual importance, are the characteristics of our age. In all former times, the mass of the people have had no share in the administration of the government, they have been subjected to the operation of certain laws imposed upon them by a privileged order; which laws they were compelled to obey, or submit to punishment. But with the American Revolution a new era arose, was an assertion on the part

of an entire people of their right of self-government; an attempt to substitute their own collected will for that of a privileged order; it succeeded, and the great principle was then immutably established, that governments were instituted for the benefit of the governed. The same lesson was taught to Europe by the French Revolution, which though stained with dark atrocities, was yet a signal lesson to the human race, of the sure retribution which awaits those who seek to grind and oppress the mass for the benefit of the few. These two Revolutions, widely different as they were, heralded the way to the universal freedom of opinion and of action which we now enjoy. Yet from these very causes another class of evils threaten us; this unbounded freedom of opinion and of action has led to the wildest and most visionary schemes; it has engendered a feeling of selfishness; men think more of their own individual advantage than that of the community; wild schemes too, subversive of order and society, and now afloat, imperiously demanding a remedy. Witness in England the Owenites and the Socialites, grim subverters of all government and law; scowling with sullen brows over the fair fields of fertile England; proclaiming that property in land should exist no more,—that the earth should be common to all her children, grim fanatics in their destroying creed, and ready to proceed to the shedding of blood. Look in our own land at the numberless associations, some for good, and some for evil, which are daily increasing, see the Mormonites, the Millerites, the Fourierites, and numberless others, alienating men from each other and contracting their sympathies into narrower spheres—see public opinion too usurping the place of law, in many instances trampling law under foot; witness the blazing spires of the convent at Charlestown; the election riots in the northern cities; and those bloody outrages, perpetrated in the name of lynch law, on the banks of the Mississippi. In a country like ours, where law is but the exposition of public opinion, the danger arising from these causes must be obvious to all thinking men; our great Republic could not endure a single day without a community of sentiment and feeling among her citizens; this tie is becoming every day more weak; differences are arising between different sections of our Union—the North scowls upon the South, the East mutters against the lawless West—the strongest tie which binds them together now, is that of *Interest*! disguise it as we may such is the fact; and how weak, precarious, miserable a tie this is, must be obvious to all. Not such the spirit which animated the thirteen Colonies in their heroic resistance! not such the tie of noble hearts and generous minds, and such do exist in *all* sections of our Union; and it is to rouse these from their apathy that this Order has been established among us; to enlarge the sphere of their sympathies; to teach them, that love should not be confined alone to each man's heart, but like a circle in the water, spreading wider and wider from that common centre, until it embraces the whole human race. Self-love is our idol now, it is to pull it down from its pedestal that this Order has been established; for he whose contracted mind and heart, are alone absorbed on his own petty interests, whether of lucre or ambition, whose sympathies never extend beyond the limits of his own petty village or town, though he may “strut his hour,” is but a poor creature after all. In the noble lines of the poet, which hackneyed as they are I must be allowed to quote,

"Despite his titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self;
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

As public opinion then, makes the law of this country, and is itself but the voice of the majority; how shall we teach it to respect the rights of minorities; how shall we ensure the proper use of the power in its hands; the only plan is to exalt the moral and intellectual character of the people; to educate not only their minds but also their hearts. The first part of this duty may well be left to the Schools and Colleges; they educate the mind, they store it with knowledge, they send forth the man armed into the world; but they do not develop his moral nature; and the most dangerous and fatal enemies to States, have always been those citizens, whose powerful intellects were restrained and curbed by no principle; to store the mind without touching the heart, is like placing a sword in the hands of a savage; fearfully increasing his power for mischief, without imposing a restraint to prevent its use. Look for example at the French Revolution; who set that ball in motion, the ignorant and oppressed artisans? wretched, squalid and miserable; No! the subtle winding intellect of Robespierre; the dissolute genius of Mirabeau—the terrible and iron will of Danton;—men of intellect without principle; selfish to the very core! Whose treachery threatened the success of our own Revolution? whose but that of the gifted but selfish Arnold, who forgot love of country, in love of self.

This then is the gap which Odd-Fellowship is intended to fill; it comes as the auxiliary of Education, and ally of Religion—it seeks to *educate the heart*—it recognizes no distinctions of station or of faith—the Monarch and the Citizen—the Jew and the Gentile are all on an equal footing here; the great doctrine of the Brotherhood of man, is nightly proclaimed in our Lodges, and that which often falls upon the ear will sink into the mind; I repeat then that benevolence, broad as the mind of man, wide as the world, as the living spirit which animates our Order; and in this Order, humble as it may seem, may rest the safety of our great Republic. Believe not that these are the dreams of a visionary, for I speak what I believe to be the truth. On the public sentiment of this country, rests its future safety or ruin; this public sentiment, is but the aggregate of individual opinions; and what better bond of union could be devised in a country like ours, wide apart and jarring as its interests are, than an institution like this, where all political and religious differences being laid aside, the great principle of benevolence reigns supreme; extending through every section of our Union, binding its members by a solemn pledge to succor and support each other, must it not create an unity of feeling and purpose among those distant brothers who otherwise would have regarded each other as aliens and strangers? Let any one as I have done, go abroad and witness its working in other States, and he will be convinced that he has underrated the importance of the movement with which he is connected. For it is a law unto itself, it works with a more hidden, but stronger power than positive law, for the latter is often a thing of form; the former is always based on truth. The operation of law may well be compar-

ed to the summer storm, refreshing and gladdening the earth, but often bringing desolation and ruin in its train; uprooting the forest, and desolating the village; but the influence of our Order, is like that of the gentle dew, descending from heaven in the darkness and stillness of the night; no eye sees it fall, but you may trace its genial influence in the green freshness of the herbage revived by its quickening power.

The objections to our Order are as trivial as they are false; the loudest cry is that of mystery; you have secrets! whatever is secret is pernicious! aye! is it so? is not this world and all that it contains but one mighty mystery? can you fathom the process by which the tiny acorn, hidden in an infant's hand, expands into the giant oak shading the forest? Is there a thinking being, who has ever gazed upon the myriad stars which gem the vault of heaven? or the bright blaze of the mid-day sun, without confessing in his heart that he is conscious only of his ignorance? and shall we be drawn from a noble cause like this, because of the idle clamor of those who do not understand it? Without our secret passwords and signs; without the mystery of which they complain, how could our Order maintain its existence? how could we distinguish the true brother from the false? But these objections from without fall by their own weight; our Order is now too firmly established to fear any opposition which may be brought against it from without; the only dangers which menace it are from within. Its safety depends upon the zeal and integrity of its members—upon their thoroughly understanding their duties and faithfully performing them, and among some of the members of this Order there may possibly prevail a distrust of the power delegated to the Order. I have heard it urged, that the power claimed by the Order of watching the conduct of the members out of the Lodge as well as in it, was a dangerous power, and liable to abuse; that it would have a pernicious tendency; would cause each Odd-Fellow to regard his neighbour as a spy upon his actions, and would destroy all sincerity, and all confidence, and all friendship; were this the case, then would I say, perish the Order! but I deny it; and maintain that this opinion is founded upon a mistaken notion of the rights and duties of Odd-Fellows. It is true that for any gross moral delinquency a member may be expelled; else our Order might become a "Den of Thieves;" he who desires to violate the laws of decency and propriety should not enter here; but I do most solemnly protest against the propriety or expediency of prying into the privacy of domestic life, for the purpose of dragging before this Order, trivial disputes and petty foibles, converting it into an Inquisition for the detection of those faults and follies to which all men are liable. Such a course of conduct would only tend to bring our Order into deserved contempt, and would be in direct contradiction to our avowed object, which is peace and goodwill among men. Brethren such are the principles avowed by our Order; I do not pretend to say that they have ever been fully carried out in practice, for human nature is imperfect and frail; but by erecting a high standard we will be more apt to elevate ourselves than if we placed it lower down. In our own case it is not to be expected, since this Order must have been a wonderful panacea indeed, if within the course of one short year it could have wrought an entire change in the habits and natures of its members; some of them, men grown gray in contention and strife; submit it to the test of time, and you can then judge whether or not it can effect the objects which it proposes to do.

Brethren, the fabric of our Order has been reared in our union with pain, and care, and toil, and it remains with its members to determine, whether it shall be as enduring as those mighty pyramids which frown in solemn majesty over the wastes of Egypt; or whether it shall resemble that famous palace, reared by a Russian Czar, a magnificent and stupendous pile of purest ice, with lofty colonnades and glittering halls, fit residence for a king; yet in the course of a few short months, melted down by the summer's sun into undistinguished ruin, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision leaving no wreck behind."

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON
DECISION OF CHARACTER.

BY ELIAS WARR.

By decision of character we do not mean that incorrigible tenacity with which some persons adhere to early impressions and to long cherished sentiments, without regard to the good or evil tendency of those impressions, or to the truth or falsity of those sentiments.

Our observations on this subject have resulted in the conviction that those who are most distinguished for *true* decision of character, are the most willing to renounce error; and to embrace and pursue truth wherever she may lead them, regardless alike of the world's contumely and of the many advantages that might accrue from an unfaltering and undeviating march with the multitude.

It is entirely a mistaken idea that a man of decision never changes his sentiments. Martin Luther was decision of character personified, and yet no man ever changed more thoroughly or under more unfavourable auspices than he. In fact, the very instability and uncertainty of all things terrestrial stamp an indelible inconsistency upon that man who avows himself invincible by change.

But while we would discard this false decision, or rather that obstinate resolution that would lead a man to adopt the language of Shakspeare and exclaim

"Out affection,
All bond and privilege of nature break,
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate,—
Let the Voices plough Rome and harrow Italy,
I'll never be such a goeling as to obey instinct;
But stand as if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin."

While on the one hand we would condemn the man who would speak and act thus, we would on the other condemn in language more positive and emphatic, that instability and hypocrisy which cause some men to be one thing to-day and nothing to-morrow. Those persons have their

reward in being held by the wise and the good as ignorant fanatics—these in having the withering frowns of an unchangeable God resting upon them for their double-mindedness, instability and hypocrisy—that fanaticism finds its own quiescence in the incorrigible stupidity of its own possessor—This hypocrisy rests (if it rest at all,) that it may, like the stare of the deadly Basilisk, charm but to destroy, or like the infuriated bird of prey, that only stops to whet its fangs, that it may make a more dreadful and successful pounce upon its *unprotected* and *devoted* victim. Obstinacy closes every avenue to the improvement of the mind.—Instability in addition to this checks the very flow of God's love to man.—That keeps its possessor forever beneath the dignity of his own nature.—This closes his eyes to that knowledge of Jehovah's works that should shed its radiance on the unclouded intellect of man, as he stands forth in the majesty of his strength and surveys the boundless splendors of eternal worlds.

We are sorry to say that this instability and hypocrisy is mostly manifested in the religious world. We have known some persons who made very good Catholics until the right of Popish supremacy or the infallibility of the Church was disputed, or peradventure until the onerous ceremonies of that antiquated institution become too burdensome. Then we behold them regular in their attendance at the Class-Meetings, the mourning benches, and all the *innumerable* means of grace that the great and good John Wesley has provided; until some cold-hearted, calculating mathematician *demonstrate* that it is *unphilosophical* to let heart-religion usurp the throne of reason. Then we see them shake hands with the Quaker and march smoothly along with the friends in perfect friendship until the spirit ceases to move them at all. They are then out with so dry a party—there is not enough of soul in it—it is too contracted. Let me enjoy that "feast of reason and flow of soul," in the exercise of which I can preach universal salvation to all mankind. Though God in ancient times did decree, "it is appointed unto man once to die and after this the judgment," I rejoice that the *improvements* in Theology have been such that I can now preach, it is appointed unto man once to die and after this the glory. He makes a charitable Universalist until he begins to think so much of himself that he can, like the ancient Pharisee, thank God that he is not as bad as other men; then he can descry a great inequality in that system of religion which would take the basest of all creation and place them in Abraham's bosom.

I will not follow this double-minded animal farther only to say that finally his expansive soul becomes a high-pressure engine and his body a locomotive going at the rate of some twenty miles an hour.

We frequently hear it said of such men that they have two faces, and it were most devoutly to be wished that they never had more than two; but I have known some such who would have as many faces on a *small* head and they as variegated too as the signs of the zodiac.

Such men may serve the cause of physiognomy and perhaps phrenology, but of truth and virtue, or of pure and undefiled religion, never—an honest man would rather have his conscience bear him witness that he is doing the duties of a man than to enjoy the profits of hypocrisy for a season.

But that kind of decision of character to which we design calling your attention, as being of paramount importance, is that something by which

we are enabled to bring the whole powers, physical and moral, to bear on one single object—that something which can alone render knowledge available; in a word, that something without which all efforts to be either great or good will prove abortive and leave the unstable aspirant a disappointed, dejected, mortified subject of “hope deferred.”

We are frequently astonished at seeing individuals rise from poverty to wealth and from obscurity to eminence. But we need not be astonished at the progress of a man of energy or decision of character. Show me a man who can bring all his powers to bear on one single object. And I will show you a man whose success is inevitable and with whom the conception and the execution of a thing are the same act. I am aware that you may think you have a number of exceptions on file, but let me say to you that it is not unfrequently the case that the adoption of the motto, “what man has done man can do,” has been mistaken for the existence of this principle of energy or decision of character. This has not only been the case with some *unassuming* venders of hoar-hound candy and sage philosophical mesmerizers of our own day, but it was to a fearful extent the case with Danton, Robespierre and Marat. These unrighteous men could sail smoothly enough on the sea of blood, spilt by their own unhallowed hands, so long as that sea flowed down a plane, but when breakers appeared they were the first to drop the dagger and abandon the ship of death. One mighty effort and they could have written upon France’s Iris in characters sufficiently legible to be read by an astonished universe.—The boasted invincible glory of ancient France is fallen! is fallen!! but she lacked decision and consequently lost all in a moment. And the destroying hand of time has only failed to cover their names with an everlasting oblivion, that they might receive the reward of their iniquity in being “doomed to everlasting fame.”

I have frequently thought when studying the histories of those who have been distinguished in the world for extensive learning, sublimity of thought or wonderful achievements, that that guardian angel of the ancients and munition of rocks of the moderns “Native genius,” is but another name for energy or decision of character. You are all familiar with the apparently insurmountable difficulties through which the immortal Demosthenes rose to be the author and finisher of Oratory. You are alike familiar with the abject poverty and the formidable obstacles through which and from which the divine Shakspeare raised himself from being a lacky in a theatre to that sublime elevation from which he stooped to touch the loftiest thought.

But for this energy or decision of character a thousand stars of the first magnitude that now glitter in the galaxy of intellect would never have been known beyond the precincts of their own threshold. What but the most unfaltering energy could have raised Franklin from poverty and obscurity and placed him upon that exalted elevation, where, while he could command the admiration and astonishment of the world, he could say to the very artillery of heaven, thus far shalt thou go and no farther! I would not pluck a single laurel from the brow of the immortal Washington, when I say that it was not his superior knowledge of military tactics, but his firm unyielding energy and decision of character that enabled him with a handful of undisciplined soldiers to throw off the galling yoke of

a powerful and insidious despot, and plant in a congenial soil, that glorious tree of liberty, under whose spreading branches and perpetual foliage the oppressed of all nations find a home and safety, and whose rapid growth can only be checked by the circumference of the earth on the one hand and the canopy of heaven on the other.

P E A C E

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

'Tis in the silent glade ;
In the smooth silver lake ;
'Tis in the moon's soft beam,
Bland zephyrs in her wake.

'Tis at the mountain's side
Where never hamlet stood ;
'Tis in the gentle stream,
With kine in dreamy mood.

'Tis in the lofty pine,
Whose tops adoring bend,
'Tis in the sea-girt shore
Where footsteps never wend.

'Tis in the dawn's first light,
Ere mortals rise from sleep ;
'Tis in the golden ray
Which doth o'er nature creep.

'Tis in the noiseless room,
Where death has set his seal,
With none but angels nigh
Ere friendship there doth steal.

Peace is in every glen ;
Peace is in every bower ;
If not disturbed by men
God's peace will glad the hour.

There is a peace for man
So far 'bove nature's aim,
Men dream not of its sanctity,
Nor strive the boon to claim.

But seeking in meridian light
The dawn's pure bliss to trace,

They sink beneath the scorching ray
And Heaven's peace efface.

Thus in the world's delusions
Men strive to be at rest.
Wishing to wear the eagle's plume
The dove escapes the breast.

And hovers near the shady brook,
The olive branch to bear;
That man by viewing nature's scenes
Mark its reflections there.

August 15th, 1842.

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. RICHARD WELLS, ESQ.*

Brothers and Fellow-citizens:

HERE within these venerable walls, dedicated to the God of *Love* and *Truth*, and universal Father of Beneficence—with the consecrate appliances, the symbols and associations of his worship breathing their hallowed influences around, have we met to celebrate the anniversary of a day consecrated to humanity, and cherished in grateful remembrance by all our mystic brotherhood on this side of the Atlantic, as that which first saw the fires of *Friendship, Love and Truth*, kindled upon an altar of Odd-Fellowship in America; which first, in these Hesperian climes beheld the incense of benevolence rise from their sacred triune flame. Fit occasion for the commemoration of so auspicious an event! Fit place for the assemblage of votaries in so righteous a cause—to wreath a festive chaplet round the memory of its natal hour—to rejoice over the trophies of their bloodless triumphs—and, in offering up their customary homage—draw fresh drafts of inspiration, for the prosecution of their holy work, from the contemplation of the pure, the philanthropic, the celestial principles which burn with stellar lustre in their moral firmament.

Standing as I do, but a step or two beyond the vestibule of our mystic fane—with but a segment of its full orb'd glories as yet unveiled to me, and having had but scanty opportunity afforded from my daily avocations to bestow in meditation on my interesting theme, it is with no small diffidence I approach the task before me—which I fear, by the partiality of friends has been committed to hands, that lack the skill to perform it in a manner at once worthy of the high occasion and the cause.

Great hierophant of our Order! Thou whose philanthropic hand first snatched our sacred fire from its ancient altars and bore it to these shores

* Delivered on the 26th April, 1843, before the different Lodges of the L. O. O. F., Vicksburg, Miss.

—whose fostering breath first fanned it into flame—immortal WILDEY! thee I invoke! Bend from thy blue empyrean, and smile propitious on a scene in which thy soul was wont to take delight and interest when it inhabited its earthly tabernacle. Infuse into the bosom of thy neophyte, a portion of that spirit which bedewed thy gentle nature in its pilgrimage through this vale of tears—and help him to unfold the moral beauties and illustrate the practical benefits of that great system of charity and benevolence, to the promotion of whose bright prosperity, and the diffusion of whose benign and healing influences, the zeal and labors of thy life were dedicated.

When we contemplate the nature and constitution of man as he first came from the hand of his Creator, and the varied relations he bears to the beings and objects by which he is surrounded in his terrestrial abode, three things particularly strike our observation. *First*, that man was formed for happiness—that his preservation, his pleasure and perfection were among the primary objects proposed and sought to be provided for in the scheme of his creation. *Second*, that in the plan of infinite wisdom, and for purposes fully known only to infinite goodness, man was constituted a free and intelligent agent—a being capable of acting of his own accord, without the aid or intervention of any power foreign to himself, and of directing his actions with discernment, with deliberation, and with choice; and as such, that his happiness has been, in a great measure, committed to his own hand and made to depend upon his own exertions. *And Lastly*, that this happiness was placed in a state of society with his fellow-man, with direct reference to whom he has in many respects been organized, and between whom and himself he finds established by the hand of nature essential relations, which he cannot shake off—mutual ties and dependencies, by which his interests are so completely and inseparably united and linked in with the interests of his kind, that rationally to pursue the one, necessarily carries his steps forward in the direction of the other; and whatever plan of happiness he may propose for himself must, in order to succeed, embrace within its scope the incidental benefit of those with whom he is associated, and depend, in its execution, on their friendly succour and co-operation.

“Man like the generous vine supported lives,
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.”

Thus man appears to be a complex being, composed of elements partly selfish and partly social, designed for happiness, and that happiness made attainable only by his own exertions, it was necessary he should find within himself some innate spring of action to impel him forward to the pursuit of that for which he was intended; and society being the natural garden where only this fruit Hesperian can be gathered, he has been kindly furnished with another motive principle to give him friendly admonition of the fact, and urge him sweetly and insensibly into that state where only the great end and aim of his existence can be found, together with those needful succours which the law of his condition has rendered indispensable to its attainment, where only he can find occasion for the exercise of the multifarious faculties and functions with which he is endowed; and which affords the only field for the successful cultivation and complete development of these *cecinat capacities* and *embryos of felicity*, which

nature, with a liberal and benignant hand has planted in his breast, but which lie dormant there 'till brought in contact with the quickening elements of society, whose genial touch alone can warm them into life, and rouse their sleeping energies.

Accordingly we find *self-love* and *social* established in the human breast to be its main-springs of action—the one having for its object the good of ourselves—the other that of our fellow-men. But though differing in their more immediate aims the ultimate tendencies of both are to one common goal—the universal good. Since the individual good of each as necessarily accumulates into the good of all, as that of the whole involves the good of its component parts.

These then are the elemental agencies which Heaven has bestowed on man to work out his temporal, and in no small measure his eternal destinies—and which, like *motion* in the natural, are the simple and prolific principles of whatever happens in the moral world. But as motion, if abandoned to itself, and once cast loose from the restraint of that mysterious central power which binds the flying planets to their spheres, and thus preserves the general order of the universe, would, instead of those majestic evolutions and methodic harmonies which the heavens now display, rush headlong in its mad career into the wildest disorder and confusion, driving system against system—crushing world on world, until the whole creation should become one boundless scene of discord and stupendous ruin, so these native forces of the soul, unless restrained to their appointed orbits by the power of reason, produce the like confusion and disaster in the moral universe; causing in their blind impetuosity, individual interests to impinge upon each other; family to clash with family, community with community, and nation war with nation, 'till the whole moral system is torn and convulsed with multiplied calamity and strife, and peace and happiness scared by such inhospitable scenes forsake the cursed abodes of men.

Self-love in particular, being by far the stronger motive of the two; the centrifugal tendency by which it is ever striving to escape from the restraint of reason, is proportionately greater, and it consequently requires the unremitting exercise of all the vigilance and energy of which this latter power is capable to preserve its just control.

Self-love being moreover (to use the thoughts of one of the greatest moralists and profoundest thinkers of modern times) our earliest guide, indeed, it may not be too much to say, our only one in infancy, and throughout life, our necessary, constant and faithful guide in most things that relate solely to existence; the hourly necessity we are under of consulting it, the seductive delights with which it is ever pandering to the senses—added to the prescriptive influence it acquired in the outset of our being, all conspire to beguile us into an habitual confidence in its decisions, and sink us into an implicit and sequacious submission to its influence and direction. Every act of compliance with its impulses facilitates a second compliance, every fresh gratification of our selfish desires whets their avidity for more, and thus the descent to a state of perfect selfishness is perpetually accelerated; and unless the warning voice of reason is timely hearkened to, and her tutelary counsels summoned to our rescue, soon that sordid and absorbing passion takes complete possession of the soul, and usurps exclusive domination over all its faculties.

In his primitive state, if we are to believe the voice of tradition and the hoary chronicles of inspired story, man was comparatively pure and happy, and social affection predominated in the world—artificial wants being few and easily and readily provided for, at the moment when felt, from the bountiful exuberance of nature, he had no occasion or desire to hoard up or provide for the future; still less any incitement to covet the possessions of his fellow-men; and although the fell spirit of selfishness had already reared its snakey crest even amid the heaven-guarded bowers of Eden, and had dyed its ruthless fang in fratricidal blood, yet a degree of individual contentment and social union and harmony is recorded to have subsisted in those primeval days unparagoned by any subsequent period in the history of our race. In the desert, beneath the shade of groves, or on the flowery plain, the patriarch pitched his tent and gathered his pastoral tribe around him, beneath the mild household sway of paternal influence and example; and the product of their fleecy care, and the spontaneous fruits of earth abundantly supplying their simple and untutored wants; there was nothing to incite the feeling of self-love to inordinate exertion; and social sympathy, nourished and invigorated by close and constant intercourse, and left to its natural and unchecked operation on the human heart, produced all those beautiful developements of social happiness which distinguished and adorned the patriarchal age, and have rendered it to all succeeding times the *golden* theme of story and of song.

But this state of primitive innocence and bliss was not destined to continue long; proving, in truth, as brief and transitory as it was sunny and serene; for as the patriarchal circle widened with the natural growth of population, the principle of social sympathy became gradually weakened and diluted by extension and diffusion; and industry and invention constantly opening up new springs of sensual gratification, and extending the boundary of man's wants; his pampered appetites, stimulated by still recurring novelties and inflamed by indulgence, remained no longer satisfied with those sweet and mild sensations with which nature has arrayed his real wants, to attach him to existence. Not content with the fruits offered by the teeming earth, or produced by patient industry, he soon wished to accumulate artificial enjoyments, and not long after, by an easy and natural progression, he came to covet those accumulated by his fellow-men; and productive labor and the arts conducting to opulence, and opulence to the multiplication of artificial wants, to luxury and sensuality; as these increased, the social affections declined, charity, benevolence and friendship spread their wings, and selfishness at last became the ruling passion. Selfishness! the great arch enemy of society! the wily indefatigable foe of human happiness! from whose tyrannical dominion nothing can purchase or secure our exemption but perpetual vigilance, and determined and untiring resistance.

Selfishness—the swart monster! from whose pestiferous loins have sprung most of the ills and vices which infest society, as well as those huger and more ravenous calamities and crimes which prowl for more gigantic game and prey on nations. Fraud, rapine, violence, revenge, intestine broil and individual strife, with war and its whole train of stormy and revengeful passions, which have filled the earth with scath, with blood and havoc, and at times converted its green and beautiful abode into a human shamle-house. These, selfishness! are thy legitimate and

horrid brood. Wherever we find strewn the withered and crushed flowers of human bliss and innocence, there, may we be sure, thy blasting breath has passed—thy trampling foot hath trod; pale want and gaunt and haggard misery hang upon thy steps, and thy dark and desolating march is lighted by the fires of burning cities, and tracked with human blood. The mournful page of history, and the sad remains of perished empires, whose splendid ruins monument their vanished glory, attest the wretchedness and devastation which the workings of this dreadful passion have produced in former times—and the bitter contentions and struggles of cupidity which are daily exhibited in the forum and on the mart, in the very courts of the temple and on the sanguinary field; the scenes of fraud, of cruelty and oppression, of squalid penury and pampered pomp, with which the world is rife; in short, of human vice and suffering in all its varied forms, which hourly offend our senses, show us how busily this noxious principle is still at work among the elements of society, and under how many Protean shapes she carries on her unrelenting warfare against human peace and happiness.

To correct this pernicious principle of the social system, and restrain the irregular motions of self-love within wholesome bounds, constitute the chief aim and business of religion, government and law. To this end, also, were directed the zealous labors of the social and moral teachers of antiquity—the Samian sage, great Socrates, the Stagyrite, and Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the prophets; and, greater far than all, the meek and lowly one of Nazareth. These all taught the necessity and duty of bridling and subduing the selfish passions, and of cultivating the social and humane affections. Subservient to the same great end of moral culture and amelioration, numerous benevolent and charitable associations have sprung up at different periods of the world; and among them, the one, whose advent to these congenial seats of philanthropy, equality and freedom, we have assembled to commemorate, stands not the least conspicuous.

The origin of the Order of Odd-Fellows—the precise period when, and the local circumstances out of which it arose, the original motives and objects of its institution, indeed the very form and organization under which it may have first appeared, are matters involved in great obscurity and doubt. Nor is it my purpose, on the present occasion, to attempt to dispel the Gothic mist in which its early history lies enveloped, and explore its rise in a remote antiquity. Whether as *LIGHT* out of *DARKNESS*, or the *pure spirit of flame* from the *bosom of corruption*, it first sprung out of the licentiousness of a Roman camp, about the middle of the first century, in the reign of Claudius Nero, and received its cognomen and emblems a few years after, from the generosity and friendship of one of his successors in the imperial purple—the *name* on account of the singularity and oddness of the telegraphic motions used by the fraternity, and their faculty of recognizing each other by night, as well as day—and the *emblems*, (including the *royal arch of Titus*,) beautifully engraved on a medallion of gold, as a tribute of royal gratitude and favor, for signal fidelity and patriotism in the service of their sovereign and country—all which is, by the Roman historian recorded of *some* institution which lived and flourished in those times, and which certainly, in these particulars, bears a striking analogy to our own—or whether, reaching back still further, we may not

recognise its identity in the lively description furnished by Cæsar in his "Commentaries," of a Gallic Order called by him "Solduri," which, literally interpreted, signifies "singularly or *oddly honest*"—whose singular and almost preternatural attachment and devotion to each other, and chivalrous and stubborn valor in defence of their sacred firesides and altars, kindled the sympathetic ardor of the noble Roman into praise and admiration.—Or whether, as is contended for by some, its origin dates back to a still more remote and traditional antiquity, and first grew up upon the banks of the legendary Nile, beside the mystic shrines of Isis and Osiris, and beneath the auspices of that symbolical and Cryptic creed, whose shadowy grandeur brooded so long over that land of mystery and marvel. These are questions more of entertainment than of profit—fitted rather for the researches of the curious antiquary than the sober narrative of history, or the practical investigation of philanthropy—since, so far as the *worth and utility* of an institution is concerned, (and this constitutes the only solid basis of its merit and claim to public confidence and favor,) it matters very little whether the boasted centuries of Egypt's pyramids "hang their hoary charm" over its venerable head, or whether, like the mythic Pathian Queen, it sprang to light and life with all its charms and faculties in full bloom and radiant from the wave of yesterday.

Passing over, therefore, so much of its history as may be deemed apocryphal, it is pretty authentically established that the Order has existed in Europe for the last two centuries, though it did not perhaps attain to that mature benevolence of character and perfect organization which now distinguish it, "till the establishment of the *Manchester Unity* in England, in the ninth year of the present century." The founders of that noble institution conceived and executed a very considerable reform in the character of the Order, by imparting to it more of a charitable and benevolent spirit, and expanding the sphere of its usefulness and the field of its operations. The enlarged views and extended benevolence of these enlightened innovators gave an impetus to the prosperity of our Order which it had never felt before—and in an unprecedented short lapse of time placed it in the very front rank among the benevolent institutions of the age.

Twenty-four years ago, in the spring of 1819, a cutting from the mother trunk in England was obtained and planted in America by *Thomas Wilkey* and four other kindred spirits of the city of Baltimore, all pilgrims from the gloomy altars of bigotry and oppression in the Old World, to the "bright shrine of liberty erected in the New." The generous soil of the "monumental city" received the sacred shoot—but scarcely had it begun to germinate, ere the icy breath of prejudice, and ignorant and narrow-minded suspicion and fanaticism nipped its opening buds, and threatened to destroy the vegetative principle itself; but sedulously watched and tended by the guardian hands that planted it—watered by the grateful tears and warmed by the sunny smiles of those whose wounds had already felt its healing balm—it soon recovered from the blight which had assailed its infancy, and waxing stronger and stronger, and spreading wider and wider, it has gone on to prosper and flourish with magic rapidity and thrift; until now "its green honors waive in triumph high amid the heavens"—and its giant arms stretch their broad shadows over half a continent. The children of sorrow, in all quarters of this land of freedom, gather beneath its ample shelter, and "the fatherless child and broken-hearted widow twine, like the green ivy, round its supporting form."

With this rapid and imperfect sketch of the history of our Order, I shall now attempt a brief exposition of some of its leading *objects, principles and tendencies*.

The promotion of the temporal happiness of man, is the great ultimate end and aim of Odd-Fellowship—but man being composed of body and soul, and his happiness consequently depending on the good of both these parts, the more immediate objects she proposes to her votaries are, *first*, the amelioration of man's *moral nature*, and the developement of his *social and moral faculties*—and *secondly*, to alleviate and (so far as the law of his condition will admit) provide against the *physical evils* and vicissitudes to which humanity is liable.

The first general principle in the philosophy of human nature with which the genius of Odd-Fellowship sets out, and that, indeed, which constitutes the basis on which she rears her moral superstructure, is that whatever contributes to the recognition and cultivation of the social dispositions of men, contributes, in an equal ratio, to the developement of the high moral faculties, or principles of his nature. "The Indian who has smoked the calumet with his foe, and thereby admitted the social relation—or the Turk, who has eaten salt with the stranger in acknowledgment of the same tie, finds, in the performance of the act, the springing up of moral sentiments, which in a great degree subvert his enmities, and check the grosser feelings of his nature." Were it possible that a human creature could grow up to manhood in some solitary place, without any communication whatever with his species, he would be as devoid of moral feelings, and as dissocial in his nature, as the solitary savage of the jungle or the desert. The very aspect of his fellow-man would inspire his aversion. But bring him, by gradual and gentle coercion, into communication with any of his species, and *with the very first act of social intercourse, he would feel the secret Helicon of moral sentiment unlock within his breast*, and repeated acts of converse would raise in him a positive relish and desire for that society which at first was so repugnant. *Social intercourse*, therefore, being equally essential to the generation and growth of *moral sentiments*, and the cultivation and invigoration of the *social sympathies*, ASSOCIATION has been adopted by our Order as the first organic principle in her system of social and moral education. The next that presents itself to our consideration is the principle of *EQUALITY*, which comes up in aid of that last mentioned; and, by relieving our natural sympathies of all those artificial shackles with which they are hampered by the forms and usages of society, gives them larger scope and freer and more healthful exercise. This great principle, which has achieved so much within the century past, for *civil liberty and happiness*, is invoked by our Order to aid in advancing the great cause of *social liberty and happiness*—and we have reason to believe, proves no less efficacious and successful in the latter service than the former. Every one must be sensible of the effect which the distinctions of the world, the inequalities of wealth, of birth, of rank, of power, and even the diversities of trade, profession, political opinion and sectarian faith, have in estranging men from one another and drying up the streams of social sympathy between them,

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations—who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

and the artificial distinctions and variant opinions and pursuits which obtain in society, equally make strangers and enemies of classes, sects and individuals. The sentiment of the poet, meant for mankind in general, may with greater truth and justice be applied to man, as distinguished into clans and parties:—

“There is no flesh in man’s obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.”

Bulwer says:—It is an old Chinese proverb, “that no two hearts are nearer to each other than those which have no deceit between them;” and I am tempted to apply the saying to those which have no artificial distinctions between them. The great use of the principle of equality in our system, is to remove all the artificial barriers from between hearts, which, by the force of natural sympathy might otherwise be attracted towards each other. It levels all distinctions, of whatever kind or character, save those of *virtue only*, and places the monarch upon a footing with the peasant—the Jew with the Gentile—the foreigner with the native citizen; regarding them all as brethren of the same great family, whose common head is God.

The forms and ceremonies of our Lodges all inculcate this pervading principle, and are beautifully and impressively symbolical of its import. The young candidate at the threshold of admission, divests himself at once of his worldly habiliments and his worldly relations, and the sacred vestments of the Order he assumes are but the insignia of the new relations with each and all its members with which he has morally been clad. The attending member sheds at the vestibule, the world and his worldly identity, and his talismanic word at once ushers him into a new and different atmosphere, and he breathes another and a purer element. Indeed, so jealous is the genius of our institution on this point—so sedulously has it guarded against the introduction of any topic or allusion which might in the remotest degree draw in the outer world and its distinctions to divide and pervert the benevolent perceptions and charitable feelings of its votaries, that it is made unlawful by a standing rule of order for any brother to call another by his proper name in open Lodge, lest such name might, by an easy and natural association, suggest those relations and invidious and disparaging distinctions which wait upon it in the world, and so haply make the brothers oblivious of the different and peculiar ties they have contracted with each other in the Lodge.

The *Imagination* is another powerful agent which Odd-Fellowship has enlisted in her service. Man is emphatically a creature of *sense*. It is through the senses that he maintains his converse with the outward world. They form the avenues by which most of our knowledge enters, and our hourly necessity of consulting them and submitting to their guidance, gives them a power and influence over the imagination, and through that lively faculty over the soul, which none of the moral or mental faculties have, or are capable of exercising of themselves. Odd-Fellowship perceiving this fact in the economy of human nature, and observing that impressions made upon the soul through the medium of the senses and the imagination are far more vivid, and by consequence more durable, than

such as are made *immediately*, or through the mind alone, without the intervention of the senses, has sought to avail herself of the invaluable service of these agents in conveying her moral lessons to the heart, by giving to the latter a corporate shape, and embodying them in tangible and picturesque signs and representatives. This is the mystic principle around which revolves the whole beautiful system of emblems, regalia, symbols, signs and ceremonies with which our Order is enriched, which only serve as media or vehicles to convey the more impressively and delightfully, her valuable moral instructions to the heart. Imitating in this respect the example of the great Creator, whose graphic finger we may behold forever writing bright lessons of his power, his wisdom and his goodness upon every sunny hill, in every shady dale, on every tree and plant and flower and stream, and on the face of yonder blue o'erhanging firmament, with all its bright and gorgeous blazonry—for the instruction of his creatures.

The only other principle I shall notice on this occasion is that of *Secrecy*; and it is against this distinguishing feature in our system that the red and fiery bolts of public prejudice and indignation have been chiefly levelled; but with how little justice, will appear when I assure you that our secrecy is confined exclusively to our ceremonials and signs of recognition. Our *principles* are open to the world, and invite and challenge its inspection and severest scrutiny.

"Principles, (as has been justly remarked by another,) being the efficient causes of action, it is important that they should be known. All the members of a community are deeply interested in any organization which is formed, or principle which is agitated in their midst. The individual is not alone affected by his principles, but in a greater or less sphere he has an influence, and those principles will thus flow out and affect others, and through various media may spread wide and settle deeply in society at large. More especially is this the case when a systematic organization is created for the express purpose of supporting or propagating any principle or set of principles." For by the agency of this powerful moral engine, their force is greatly multiplied, and their sphere of operation broadened. The principles, therefore, of any organized association being of such vital importance to the community in whose midst it is established, the members of such community have a right to know their character.—And I repeat it, our principles are open as the day. They are *Friendship, Love and Truth—Benevolence*, and quiet, unpretending *Charity*.—And they are all embodied and compressed in that beautiful and comprehensive precept bequeathed to us by lips of inspiration, "To do unto others as we would they should do unto us." This constitutes the very essence—the informing spirit—the seminal *vis vitæ* of our social creed.

I have heard it shrewdly surmised that we were a Club of Bacchanals—that our pall of secrecy covered scenes of midnight revelry and wassail. Were such the case, would the sacred stole of pure and undefiled religion so frequently consort with us? Are our Lodges suspected of being used as nests, where partizan intrigue and political conspiracy may hatch in secret? or as lairs that lurid treason lurks and genders in? Our answer is: Behold in our ranks members of every political sect and party in the country, and men whose patriotism admits not of a doubt. Are we engaged in plots against religion?—We are of every creed in Christendom.

Enemies to our country?—Sound the tocsin of war from its embattled tower, or let hostile invasion plant its polluting foot upon our country's soil, and see whether the bright blade of the Odd-Fellow will not leap as promptly from its scabbard, and play as quick a beam, and weep as red a stream in the sacred cause of her defence as that of any other citizen.—“What, then, can be the use and purpose of your secrecy?” The question shall be satisfied.

It serves, in the first place, to impart a higher charm and keener zest to our sequestered rites and feasts of love and friendship, as well as to our mystic ties and paternal sympathies and obligations, by investing them with a *confidential character*. Beats there a bosom in all this assembly that has not felt the witchery of that spell which secrecy throws around the councils and communings of two faithful and confiding hearts? What is it that gives so sweet and delicate an interest to the low, soft whisperings of love or friendship, and makes them dwelt upon and cherished with such fond and lingering devotion, but the sweet consciousness that their secrets have not been overheard by stranger ears, and are safely cabinetted in confidential breasts.

This is the charmed influence that hangs around the sacred household hearth and hallows it; that, like the subtle scent of roses, floats its sweet perfume o'er the dear remembered spot where first the vow of blushing love was breathed—where first two hearts commingled and communed beneath the twilight influence of secrecy?

Another function of this obnoxious principle is to guard our temple from the profanation of the uninitiated, the unsympathizing and corrupt; and our private charities from the rude and withering gaze and comment of the world. Were the sheltering veil of secrecy once lifted from our benevolent councils and charitable ministrations, it would rob them of half their beneficial efficacy, and immediately contract their sphere of operation. Many a gentle spirit on whom misfortune's blight has lit, that now, beneath the friendly shade of secrecy, receives with gratitude, relief from our private charities, would shun them as a leprosy were they dispensed in public; and such are generally, too, the most deserving. It is the tender sensibility of suffering virtue, and not the callous hardihood of beggared vice, that like the sensitive mimosa, shrinks from the withering touch of public alms. Many a sweet and sprite-like sentiment—many an elfin thought of love and charity, which now sport their gossamer wings in our sequestered moonlit bowers, would be scared away or melt into thin air, were the broad glare of day let in upon them, or the rude sacrilegious foot of public curiosity permitted to invade their sacred haunts.

But the most important office of this principle of secrecy, is to guard our *sacred fund*, collected from the mutual contributions of our members, and consecrated to their mutual relief, against the frauds and impositions of the uninitiated and designing, and to enable all brothers of the mystic tie to recognize each other in the world, at home or abroad, of the same or different tongues, by night as well as day, in order that they may always have it in their power to discharge their sacred obligations to each other in whatever part of the world or under whatever circumstances they may meet. Now all this can only be effectually accomplished by means of a system of well concerted signs and tokens, known only to the Order, and kept carefully preserved and locked up from the world.

I cannot, I feel assured, close my task more agreeably and profitably to my hearers, than in the eloquent language of a worthy brother used upon a similar occasion.

Let me, in conclusion, say to you, brethren, what you have often heard before, but what circumstances too often require should be repeated; I will not enlarge upon it, but let the precept sound in your ears and sink deep in your hearts. You must practice upon your theory in order to make it effectual; in order to give the institution to which you belong a name, and triumph in the world. Do not darken and degrade it by your actions in the eyes of the good and benevolent. Take its pure principles and act upon them until they shall become, in your *words* and your *deeds*, loving and abiding principles; "precept without corresponding example;" to use the beautiful simile of another: "is like the polished lance and glittering corselet of the slain warrior, or the ivy wrapping the thunder-riven hemlock, twining the freshness of its verdure around rottenness and decay." Not every one that is in our fraternity, I fear, is a good Odd-Fellow!—Where is the true Odd-Fellow? He is out in the fields, sending the bright sickle through the reedy harvest, or is away upon the blue sea trimming "the rustling sail," or in the busy counting-room or work-shop, or employed in the varied scenes of professional labor. He is every where amid the *industrious* and the *faithful*.

Where is the true Odd-Fellow? He is at home, fulfilling the duties of the husbandman and the parent, gladdening the hearth and the board by his presence, and diffusing around, the smiling virtues of that social spirit, which he hails as one of the brightest principles of his Order.

Where is the true Odd-Fellow? He is abroad in society, respected and useful; obeying all its laws, respecting its order, upholding those principles which he believes will tend to preserve virtue and morality among his fellow-men, and loving and supporting his country.

Where is the true Odd-Fellow? He is by the bed of sickness, wiping the moist brow and cooling the parched lip—he is abroad in sorrowful places, ministering to poverty, comforting affliction and relieving distress.

Go on then brother! Wear ever the white apron of *purity*. Let friendship be in your manly grasp, love beam kindly from your eye, truth dwell in your heart and on your lips, and as your honorable badge bear about you always open to the world, the jewel of a *spotless reputation*! Go on, and although the tempest and the cloud may be for awhile around us, the smiles of the good will be ours, and the aid of the benevolent will increase in our midst. Our fabric will stand unscathed, unshaken through the storm, and will be completed with rejoicing, the tempest will cease, the cloud will roll away beyond us. The tears of relieved widows and orphans, beaming full in the sun of our prosperity, will form a broad and beautiful bow, which shall cheer us when we look back upon the past and bend over us in bright promise for the future.

THE WIDOW.

BY C. M. SAWYER.

THE day departs!—the setting sun is steeping,
In gold and crimson, roof, and tower and tree—
Another night in solitude and weeping,
Must slowly drag away with mine and me!

For long, long years how few have been my pleasures—
Trouble and anguish, they alone are sure—
Why should the rich in folly spend their treasures,
And care so little for the starving poor?

Come to my home of penury and sorrow,
Ye whose full board with luxuries is piled!
Oh, say not ye, " 'Twill be as well to-morrow!"
Night seems so lingering to the hungry child!

Come!—by my hearth my orphan babes are pining,
No food has past their fainting lips to-day—
Grief for their brows her wreath is early twining,
And many a thorn bestrews their hapless way!

I sent them forth to beg—'twas early morning,
And night's pale stars yet lingered in the skies;
'Thwart the gray east the purple light, just dawning,
Shed its first rays upon their waiting eyes!

With downcast looks and cheeks all stained with weeping,
From street to street, they slowly, sadly past,
And many a child, with merry footsteps leaping,
Went by, nor once a look upon them cast!

They came back empty!—for it was denied them,
The pittance small, for which appeal they made,
Oh, God!—that *friends once mine* should sternly chide them,
And bid them seek at other doors for aid!

Was't for a fate like this thou didst create them?
Oh, thou, my God! whose arm is strong to save?
Is it a crime to pray, "If such await them,
Oh, lay them, Father, in an early grave!"

Hush! hark!—that knocking at my lowly portal—
Some stranger hand seems pressing on the latch—
Oh, who art thou, thou kind, benignant mortal?
Camst thou from death my orphan babes to snatch?

'Aye! from a brother-band, I come to yield thee
 All that a father to a child could give!
 From the cold breath of penury to shield thee—
 Look up and smile—thy little ones shall live !

'Rouse from despondency, thou poor forsaken!
 Want by thy hearth-stone shall no more abide,
 In thy sad breast let joy once more awaken—
 See how thy children frolic by thy side!

'Look up to God!—his care is ever o'er thee,
 Although his hand thou canst not always see!
 Sink not, when dark thy way appear before thee—
 But trust Him still, whate'er thy lot may be !'

I will! I do!—oh kind and gentle brother,
 Accent like thine could soothe the deepest pain;
 Oh, God! forgive a broken-hearted mother,
 If of Thy providence she dared complain!

Henceforth, upon Thy Father-love relying,
 Whatever woof thy hand for me hath spun!
 Or good or ill be mine, my lips, replying,
 Shall say "Thy will, O, God! not mine be done !"

ADDRESS OF MR. BARNES.

[WE have obtained from Mr. Barnes, after much solicitation, the following extracts from his address on the occasion of dedicating the Odd-Fellows' Hall in this city. He will accept our sincere thanks therefor.—*Ed. Del. Gaz.*]

None can question the necessity of remedial and beneficial institutions in the present condition of our world. We say the present condition, for dark as is the aspect of this sin-beclouded sphere, there was a time when at the vision of its bursting loveliness as it rolled fresh from the creative hand, the organ of eternity pealed forth a loftier strain—"the morning stars sang together in the firmament—all the sons of God shouted for joy, and the Creator himself, surveying his finished work, pronounced it good." Alas, how changed! The frown of heaven has darkened the glory, the blighting curse has withered all the loveliness of earth. A thousand evils, the sad consequences of the fall, the natural fruit of sin, now fill it with misery and woe. Want, disease, suffering and death, prey upon our fallen humanity. To correct the evils and ameliorate the sufferings of our race, God, in his infinite providence, has raised up remedial and beneficial institutions. Here permit me to remark, that as Odd-Fellows we reverently acknowledge the *divine, unapproachable superiority of Christianity!* Indeed, in that Christianity alone provides a sacrifice, an antidote for sin, it is, properly speaking, the only remedial institution in our world.

But, because Christianity throws her lance of heavenly temper at the heart of the hydra, (sin,) is that any reason why the Temperance Society may not strike off one of his hundred heads, and Odd-Fellowship, as a ministering angel of light and love, go forth to bind up some of the thousand wounds of bleeding humanity? No! There is room for all—work for all. Too much cannot be done for the improvement of man's condition, and the elevation of his character in the present world. Speaking of organized Christianity, the church of Christ, we confess her superiority—but not her entire sufficiency, or her infallibility! The great exemplar and pattern of all her handmaids, we respect and love the church of Christ. There is not, perhaps, an individual in this assembly, who more devotedly loves this sacred institution than the humble individual who now addresses you. But we are far from believing, with some, that all other institutions are unnecessary. A wise and generous Providence has raised them up to co-operate with Christianity, in perfect harmony with its principles and designs, in the great work of elevating our race to happiness in the present world, and instrumentally to God and heaven. It is a great mistake that because God established a church, that no other instrumentalities, which harmonize with its principles, are to be employed. To illustrate:—As the moon appears to relieve the darkness of night, so the church comes forth to dispel the gloom of that night occasioned by the withdrawal of God's reconciled countenance from a world polluted and blackened by sin. Who would wish, I demand, who would wish, because the moon is pouring down a flood of mellow light, to blot out the stars! What, blot out the stars! Surely no one would veil those eyes of love which look down through heaven's azure, in smiles upon the world! Will you, then, because the church of God comes forth in her beauty, seek to annihilate those remedial institutions, which like stars shine around her in the moral firmament? God forbid it! Is the moon less lovely because she "takes up the wondrous tale" of her Creator's praise, while walking forth in starry heavens? Is her sweet voice, tuned with Lyra's strings, less sweet, or less impressive? No, no, my hearers! Rather, as a sweet poet sings—

"All the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

But let us pursue this simile a little further. The moon must wax and wane, because the shadow of earth at times intercepts the light of the sun, from which all her light proceeds; so the militant church in an hour of dangerous prosperity, advances into the dark *penumbra* of this world, her beauty and glory fade, and the truly excellent ones of her communion mourn the absence of the Sun of Righteousness—her light and her life. Again: the moon enlightens but a portion of the night, and only a part of the earth at the same time; so the church, the first and best remedial institution, never has been able to do all that might be done for the members of her own communion, or embrace all the nations of the earth in her ministrations. Perhaps some will meet me here, and say, she ultimately will! To this I respond—Amen! The Lord grant it. But I must reply in the language of facts. She has never done it. She does not now accomplish it. And I may add, it is very questionable whether she ever

will. The Great Founder, the glorious Sun of Righteousness, may dispel all darkness from the human mind, all sorrow from our hearts, wipe tears from all faces, and make the whole earth smile as a second Eden, with the glory and brightness of his millennial appearing; but the millennium has not come. Shall we leave our fellow-beings then to suffer and die? Never! Let all benevolent remedial institutions shine forth as stellar lights around the church, not to eclipse her glory, but to smile with her, to the gladdening of earth and the brightening of heaven!

* * * * *

This idea which would arrogate every thing to the church, and crush all other institutions, is *no new idea*. It should be guarded against with the strictest vigilance by all who have at heart the best interests of posterity. This idea inevitably tends to accumulate church prerogatives, and when fully carried out must unite Church and State, in one giant system of cruelty and oppression. It is the same idea which prevailed in the time of the declension of Christianity. It exerted a powerful influence for the enslavement of mind, and the destruction of pure religion, when the "*Mother of Harlots*" rode upon the "scarlet beast" of *civil power* and poured out the blood of holy martyrs.

Nor is this principle, this destructive idea, confined in its operation to any one period of time, or any one branch of the visible church. It is now in the world. It is manifested in our own free America.

And here let me remark, what you will find on observation to be strictly true, that those *daughters* (corrupt, arrogant, protestant organizations) which most resemble their old '*Mother*,' will be most infected with this dangerous spirit. I call upon you by all your regard for pure Christianity; by all your regard for the true spiritual church of God on earth; by all your regard for our free institutions; by all your regard for our civil and religious *liberties*, frown down this spirit. Look to it. Read the history of the past. Read carefully the movements of the present age. Remember that the best organizations, whether civil or ecclesiastical, may degenerate,—may in a few years, apostatize from original principles. Beware of this disposition to increase church prerogatives—to arrogate that to the church which belongs not to it.

If this arrogant spirit is not rebuked it will crush all your benevolent institutions, proscribe their members, and continue to consolidate power in the hands of church dignitaries. It will bring "*the abomination of abominations*" (the union of Church and State) to America. It will never be satisfied until our liberties are trampled in the dust, and it has enthroned itself in the high places of ecclesiastical and civil power.

From these remarks, if correct, it will appear evident that it is our duty to sustain our benevolent societies, not only on account of their intrinsic excellence and manifest utility, but from other considerations of the first importance to every true American—every friend of civil and religious liberty. What we have said applies to Sabbath Schools, Missionary Societies, Bible and Tract Associations, with all other benevolent institutions of this enlightened Protestant country.

But Odd-Fellowship is in some respects a peculiar institution. Before the subject of defence is dismissed it behooves us to consider one or two common objections. They have been very generally and ably taken up in the oration to which you have just listened, still a few additional remarks may not be amiss.

Perhaps one of the most common objections urged against Odd-Fellowship is "Secrecy! Secrecy!" Now it will appear evident, to every one, that this is no objection whatever, unless one of two things can be established. It must be shown that *secrecy* is a sin in itself considered, which is evidently absurd; or, that the *secrecy* peculiar to this institution is of a dangerous character. Can the first alternative be maintained? Is simple secrecy or concealment a sin? Impossible! God has his secret counsels. We read of his secret purposes, of mysteries which angels for ages desired to look into, of things not known to any of the inhabitants of heaven, no not even to the Son, but to the Father only. When Christ was on earth he taught that plainly to his disciples, which he purposely delivered in parables to the multitude. He also told them in *private* that which he commanded them to "tell no man." Even after his resurrection he privately met with his eleven disciples, "the doors being closed," where they were together. But let us pass from these august precedents to other and more common examples. Kings and Cabinets have their secrets and their private deliberations. Our own Congress and our Legislatures, even our little ecclesiastical associations, frequently sit with closed doors, expressly to keep *secret* certain matters of great importance, or transactions relating solely to official examinations, in which the public have no special concern. Your families have their secrets: *The man who would seek to pry into your domestic concerns beyond what you saw proper to make known, all regard as "a busy body in other men's matters," a character that few would associate with and none admire.* Who, then, will say that *secrecy* is in itself a sin? No man of *common sense* who regarded in the least that reputation. The soul of man is veiled by the Creator's own hand to all save the omniscient eye of God, so that surrounded by thousands, man may retire into that *sanctum sanctorum* of his own nature, and commune, like the Eternal, with the private counsels of his mind, the secret purposes of his own heart. This sounding objection against *Odd-Fellowship*, is more specious than real.

Unless the secrets peculiar to Odd-Fellowship are objectionable in themselves, the "hue and cry" of *secrecy!* is foolish in the extreme. We respectfully assure this assembly, after an intimate acquaintance of several years with the institution, that there is nothing in Odd-Fellowship that conflicts with the principles, or spirit, or designs of Christianity. It is not in any objectionable sense a *secret* society. Our principles are important, they are the great springs of action—these are not our secrets. Our precepts, that which we teach to regulate our conduct in our intercourse with each other, and with the world, these are mostly drawn from the incorruptible teachings of Christ himself—they are not our secrets. Our objects, what we propose to accomplish by the organization, these are not our secrets. What, then, are the secrets of Odd-Fellowship? We are perfectly willing to meet this question. We will even reveal the secrets—what are they? The ceremony of initiation, the manner of transacting our regular business when together, with certain signs, passwords, modes of salutation and address peculiar to Odd-Fellows, by means of which we can determine, beyond the possibility of mistake, or imposition, who are members of the Order, and by which, in the darkest night, or cast upon a foreign shore, among people of a strange language, we should still have the power of asking, and the certain hope on meeting with Odd-Fellows,

of receiving every attention and assistance which our circumstances required.

It is this remarkable feature of Odd-Fellowship, so innocent, so simple in itself, which has awakened the apprehension in some minds that this institution may one day become a dangerous political or revolutionary engine. It is true, that by means of these simple secrets, *Odd-Fellows* are *one* the world over. By them the Genius of our noble fraternity is binding nations and continents in brotherhood, and extending the links of her mystic chain to the islands of the sea. But Odd-Fellowship is only mighty to *do good!* Mighty to carry out the benevolent objects for which our institution was created: mighty to lift the burthen from the calamity-smitten spirit; mighty to relieve the sick and distressed; mighty to call forth the funeral-gathered multitude even at the decease of a stranger, in a stranger-land; mighty to console the widow in her sorrow; to cherish and educate the orphan for usefulness and respectability in the world. In these respects Odd-Fellowship is mighty, but the *blue-eyed* male citizens of Delaware, or of this Union, will just as soon become a dangerous political engine. There is no common ground on which this Order can unite to carry forward any political or revolutionary purposes. Who are your blue-eyed male citizens? You instance—they are men of the north, south, east and west. They are politicians of every stamp, men of various political tenets, and of all local prejudices, which so effectually divide the citizens of America. So are Odd-Fellows. When the former prove a dangerous political fraternity, then, and not till then, fear Odd-Fellowship.

A single illustration of our noble institution and we will close the present remarks.

"I had a dream, it was not all a dream."—I saw a goodly temple. Its broad foundations rested in a low valley, and its lofty dome flamed in the glory of the uprisen sun. It had four majestic porches, one looking eastward, one westward, one northward, and one southward. Each porch was adorned with three majestic columns that rose up from the valley and overlooked the mountains. A beautiful bow bearing this inscription—**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH**—spanned the heavens. Under this bow a broad white banner unrolled its ample folds and streamed over the temple, radiant with its reflected hues.

I looked again—the valley in which the temple stood was filled with an innumerable company of bereaved and desolate widows. They entered its courts with tears of gratitude, and stood before its altars with praises and blessings upon their lips.

These were followed by four processions of smiling children, one from the east, one from the west, one from the north, and one from the south. They were numerous as the leaves, and beautiful as the roses, of Spring. Intelligence beamed from every eye—purity and joy sat upon every countenance. All bore palms of evergreens in their hands, and as they entered into the wide and beautiful aisles of the temple, a wave of melody rolled from their lips that woke the sweet echoes of its trophied arches, and whispered to the answering skies. Filled with wonder and admiration I looked around me for an interpreter, when suddenly the Goddess of the temple stood before me—

'Charity in robes of white,
Fairest, favorite maid of light.'

The widows blessed her as she came, and the children with acclamations of joy showered evergreens in her path, and placed a flower-wreathed chaplet of myrtles upon her head.

Encouraged by the meekness of her angel countenance, and her graceful, condescending manner, I enquired the meaning of the scene before me.

"This temple," said she, "is the temple of *Odd-Fellowship*. It is laid in the low valley that the deserving, from the humblest walks of life, may enter into its courts. Its lofty dome bathed in the sun-light, is emblematic of that gracious favor with which the author of all good has regarded the institution. The four porches looking towards the four corners of the earth, teach you that the institution is not local in its character, but designed to embrace the different tribes, families, and nations of men. The three columns which grace each of these porches, are emblematic of the three pillars of *Odd-Fellowship*—"*Faith, Hope, and Charity*," and remind you of these three graces, which should be cultivated by every good *Odd-Fellow*.

"The bow which spans the heavens, is formed by the smile of God's approval thrown upon the tears of gratitude, in the eyes of widows and of orphans. The banner which unrolls its snowy folds over the temple, is the banner of charity. It is radiant with the hues of "*Friendship, Love and Truth*," the bloodless weapons by which *Odd-Fellowship* is multiplying her conquests in every land.

"The widows who stand before the altars of the temple, with praise and blessing upon their lips, are those who have reaped the benefits of *Odd-Fellowship* in their days of sore visitation. The smiling children, whose sweet voices fill the temple, are the orphans of deceased members of the Order; and the branch of evergreen in their hands is emblematic of that care which flourished for them during the long winter of their unprotected orphanage."

Having said this, the Goddess of the temple waived her hand towards its inviting altars, and smiling sweetly vanished from before me. I awoke and became an *ODD-FELLOW*; and, by the blessing of God, ladies and gentlemen, I expect to remain one as long as I live.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE give below the letter from the Methodist Episcopal Clergyman mentioned in our last, explanatory of the order adopted by the Baltimore Conference in relation to Odd-Fellowship. It will be perceived by our friends that this order which as we understand it, inhibits all clergyman under the jurisdiction of that body from connexion with Odd-Fellowship, is based upon an apprehension that such association will tend to impair or lessen the usefulness of the clergy in sections of the country where objections are known to exist to secret societies generally. Some metaphysicians have in abstract disquisitions upon moral right and wrong arrived at the conclusion, that wrong may in some extreme cases be perpetrated where the end to be attained is good: we do not however understand that any class of these philosophers assent to this extreme proposition except in cases where the positive and certain result is to be a common good to the human family, nor do we conceive even upon moral principles that the suppression of imaginary evils or dangers to society founded in objections simply without regard to their reasonableness can be justified by any code, christian, moral or metaphysical. That objections exist to secret societies we must admit, and in so doing we do no more than concede that along with every other scheme of benefaction these institutions have had and will continue to find objectors so long as they exist. But when these objections come to be dispassionately considered and weighed with a view to influence and direct the judgment of impartial and intelligent communities in relation to their relative merits or claims upon public opinion it would appear that care should be taken to distinguish between mere captious prejudices, and well founded opposition. It is no defence for men or communities to content themselves with the position that this friend or this body of their constituents object to a given principle, a particular institution or association, and that therefore haste must be had in gratifying or yielding to such objection lest peradventure the influence or friendship of the objectors may be lost to a good cause, or the usefulness of a worthy man be impaired in advancing the interest of such a cause simply because some of his collateral associations fall within the range of these objections. Neither the cause of abstract good or of religion requires such a sacrifice of independence on the part of communities or such an abandonment of the high intellectual authority of man to examine and sift the force and truth of objections dismissing firmly and fearlessly as the hazard of temporary ebullition all vague and unfounded prejudices.

and appreciating properly such as are founded in reason and justice.— It is the peculiar office of the clergy to meet and combat the prejudices of mankind, to enlighten their minds, and to lead them to a proper consideration not only of their duties to the great Creator but also to their fellow-man. Wherever therefore an abiding and deeply rooted objection is found to obtain in particular communities against another community in so much that contact even with the one would lessen the usefulness of the minister with the other, no weapon of fair argument, no appeal of eloquence should be left unemployed to reach such a morbid condition of the human mind and by proper teaching to return it to a healthy action. Was this course pursued, in the Conference when the proposition was submitted to it to prohibit its clergy from connexion with Odd-Fellowship, and before it adopted the order now possessing the force of law on its statute book did it give to the subject a full, fair and careful examination? did that body inquire into the truthfulness of the representations made to it by the author of the order in question, that such an association on the part of the preachers would diminish their usefulness; did it seek for information as to the character and principles of Odd-Fellowship, did it pause to be enlightened as to its merits or evils, or did it precipitately act in the premises simply upon the *ipse dixit* of the mover of the order and yield its assent to a proposition, the effect of which was to place our Order under the ban of its opprobrium merely from the statement of some one or more of its influential members? Was it not a christian duty to a very large, perhaps the largest association of the kind in the world to have reviewed the objections to its usefulness or principles which were suggested and to have dismissed all opposition to it which was ascertained to be founded in mere caprice or misapprehension? We fear our brethren of the Baltimore Conference have been lead into this indirect condemnation of Odd-Fellowship incautiously perhaps inconsiderately, if so we are unwilling to believe that they will continue in their present position without the aid of more substantial reasons than those which have been assigned, especially in this community where so far as we have been informed the mania against secret societies has never yet prevailed.

We regret that no other reason has been assigned by the worthy author of the letter in question for the adoption of this offensive order by the Conference. It indeed lacks all the force of plausibility itself and of substance it possesses not the most minute particle. Is it not well known that a Rev. Brother Odd-Fellow is now among the brightest ornaments of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose usefulness if the tree may be judged by its fruits none can question: whose piety, zeal and devotion are unsurpassed, and whose thrilling and soul-stirring eloquence has drawn and continues to draw to the house of God as with "the cords of love," crowds upon crowds of anxious hearers whithersoever he sojourneth from the Missouri to the Atlantic or from the Lakes to the beautiful Savannah. If it were necessary a long list of Methodist Episcopal Clergymen might be added, who so far from losing influence by their association with Odd-Fellowship have found in it the gratifying means of enlarging their usefulness and increasing their flocks. We respect most sincerely all honest objections to a cause, but such as exert their influence for evil upon intelligent communities without receiving from them a fair examination we are constrained to regard as mere idle prejudices, which are better overcome by time and circumstance than by argument however irresistible.

To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Covenant.

DEAR SIR:—You were kind enough to hand me the April and May numbers of the "Covenant," for perusal, and beg leave to call your attention to the following statements upon the correctness of which you may implicitly rely.

In your editorial remarks in the April number of the "Covenant," you make the following statement. The Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has recently been held in the city of Baltimore, among the proceedings of which body we notice a resolution offered by a certain *Rev'd J. A. Collins*, that upon the examination of character the following question should be propounded to each preacher: "Are you a member of the Odd-Fellows?" The object of calling your attention to this paragraph is to assure you that you are wholly mistaken, in ascribing the above resolution to the *Rev'd J. A. Collins*. He did *not* offer it, nor was he in the Conference Room when it was presented. It was offered by *another* person who might be named were it necessary. This statement is made upon the best possible authority in the premises. It is due to the gentleman therefore, that you correct the error into which you have been lead. You misapprehend also as I have been informed, the grounds upon which the order of the Conference in relation to "Odd-Fellowship," among its members was based. That order was not taken either in the spirit of proscription, bigotry or intolerance, nor was it founded in exceptions to the *principles* of the institution, of which in the nature of the case the Conference could know but little—and what it did know on representation, embracing only the benevolent feature of the "Order," was of course favourable to it. Still less had the action of the Conference reference to the character of the members of the association as they, doubtless, have as high and just claims to respectability as any portion of the community.

The resolution of the Conference was passed *mainly*, if not *altogether* in view of the prejudice prevailing in different sections of the country, against what are called "SECRET ASSOCIATIONS," which was understood to be a feature of Odd-Fellowship. This prejudice is entertained by a large portion of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There are places where it is believed a preacher would not be received cordially—his usefulness would be greatly abridged—were he known to belong to a "secret society." The action of the Conference therefore, (which took place the session before the last) was intended to prevent its members *who are all ministers*, from adopting a course which, however innocent in itself, and well-intentioned in them, might in view of what is above referred to endanger their usefulness in some quarters. I. P. C.

Baltimore, June 20, 1843.

[The resolution referred to in the subjoined letter from the G. M. of Ohio upon which we commented in the June No. of the Covenant, we copied from the "Rainbow," as having been passed by the Grand Lodge of Ohio. We regret the error into which we were lead and hasten to correct it. It gives us great pleasure to find that the Grand Lodge of Ohio, ever so distinguished in its elevated and proper convictions of the true welfare of the Order, still maintains the same steady and enlightened course.]

CINCINNATI, July 6, 1843.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—

In the Editor's Table of the June number of the Covenant (received yesterday) I observed an article, in which you express regret at the passage of a resolution by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in relation to the English Mission.

On reference to the printed proceedings G. L. of Ohio for 1842, pp. 15 and 16, you will perceive that instead of being *adopted* that resolution was laid on the table until the return of the Mission from England.

I trust you will make the correction in your next number—at a meeting in May last, the subject was taken up, and the circulars were issued to the Subordinates in this jurisdiction, with a request that they should give such assistance as they might deem proper. Some two or three Lodges have made appropriations, the amount of which will be forwarded to you in a few days.

I am happy to have it in my power to inform you that the Order continues to be highly prosperous in this State.

Since January last five new Lodges have been instituted, viz:—

Hamilton Lodge, No. 17, in Hamilton, Butler County.

Marion Lodge, No. 18, in Miamisburg, Montgomery County.

Mansfield Lodge, No. 19, in Mansfield, Richland County,

Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 20, in Mount Vernon, Knox County.

Friendship Lodge, No. 21, in Germantown, Montgomery County.

All have commenced under flattering auspices, and will no doubt do well.

A Subordinate Encampment has been instituted in Piqua, Miami County, and another is to be opened in Cleveland on the 25th inst.

Yours in F. L. and T.

TH. SHERLOCK, G. M. of Ohio.


[We present with great pleasure to our readers the subjoined advertisement, and take this occasion to assure them that the work has our hearty good wishes for its success. Every publication upon the subject of Odd-Fellowship from the pens of competent authors promotes its welfare, by enlightening the public mind as to its true character and thus dispelling the many idle prejudices with which it is its misfortune to have to contend. Brother Donaldson needs no commendation from us, having been so favourably known for several years among his brethren as an author and editor; a good book may therefore be expected at the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy and if patronized as we have no doubt it will deserve to be in a community of some forty thousand members, he may reasonably expect notwithstanding the state of the times an abundant reward for the toil, labour and risk attending such an enterprise.]

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1844.

Brothers Adeo and Estabrook will oblige the subscriber by announcing

to the Brotherhood that the Odd-Fellows' Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and that it will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 300 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd-Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity: it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Communications on business, and articles for the pages of the Offering, must be addressed to the subscriber, New York city.  All articles intended for publication must be received prior to the 25th of August.

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Case, dated Charleston, June 19, 1843.

I deputized P. G. Laurence Ryan to open Lodge No. 2, at Black Creek, East Florida, in honour of our Grand Sire Kennedy—"Kennedy Lodge, No. 2."

P. G. Ryan, has made his returns to me after performing that duty.

The Lodge was organized on the 24th of May under favourable circumstances, for so small a village. The officers present quarter are—

LEVIN JOHNSON, N. G.

JOHN T. SHEKELL, V. G.

A. CAY, Secretary.

JAMES FAGAN, Treasurer.

Two were elected and initiated, several joined by card.

On the morning of the 25th the brethren formed a procession and paid the last tribute of respect to P. V. G. Ward, of Florida Lodge, No. 1.—He was buried at Black Creek. At night several applications were received for membership.

Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary John A. Gyles, dated Charleston, June 30, 1843.

The Order with us still continues to increase in members and influence; a new Lodge was opened at Winnsboro', Fairfield District, on the 6th March last, on the night of opening twenty-three propositions were received. Its return up to the 1st June, shews its force to consist of fifty members and its Lodge receipts to that time to be \$605. The first N. G. was the Rev Mr. Reynolds, an estimable clergyman of the Baptist Church.

A dispensation has been granted to open a new Lodge at Aiken, and it is expected that it will be opened in the ensuing week.

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from brother J. R. Stockman, dated Nat-chez, June 12, 1843.

Grand Master Geo. J. Dicks will be in your city in September and will hand you amount of all sales made by me previous to his departure hence.

As you have been apprised by others of the progress and present condition of Odd-Fellowship in this region it is not necessary that I should trouble you with "a thrice told tale," yet at the risk of being considered tedious I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the high state of prosperity to which the Order has attained in Mississippi, and particularly in this city—new members are being initiated at almost every regular meeting of both Lodges and it is making rapid strides in the attainment of that regard on the eye of general society to which the humane and benevolent character of its principles and correct deportment of its members entitle it. It affords me sincere pleasure to have it in my power to say that our new members are gentlemen of the first standing in our city.—All the learned professions, as well as the mechanic, merchant, working man and public officers of every grade are numerously represented in our Lodges and are among our most active members.

In the early progress of the Order here some men were received in our Lodges who have since proved unworthy, and even now with all our care occasionally a *black sheep* is discovered among us, but in every such case prompt measures are always taken to *repudiate* him, as soon as discovered, thus proving to the world that *vice* can find no refuge among Odd-Fellows.—This purgation of our Lodges, and the severe scrutiny to which the character of all applicants for membership are subjected have produced the most salutary effects, not only on our members but those who may hope to become so are not uninfluenced by them—our Lodges now comprise as large an amount of intelligence, sobriety and industry as any *other society* of equal numbers, I will venture to say, here or elsewhere.—This may seem like boasting, but it is not so intended, and is only what I believe to be the simple truth.

The Lodges in this city have combined for the purpose of creating a fund for the relief of the orphan children of deceased Odd-Fellows, and have appropriated a portion of their revenue (10 per cent. per annum) to that object, which (as we have no such charge at present) it is contemplated and hoped may reach in the course of time to their education as well as other wants.—This fund is entrusted to a board of five Trustees for management and safe keeping.

THE ODD-FELLOWS.—Saturday, always a gay day and a busy one with us of Wilmington, was particularly so last week on account of the Odd-Fellows' procession and the ceremonies attendant on the dedication of their new Hall. Of the Hall itself, its furniture and decoration, we have spoken before. The members, together with such guests of the Order as had joined them from other parts of the State, from Philadelphia and Manayunk, assembled early in the afternoon in the Hall at the Temperance building and proceeded thence in procession about 2 o'clock to Trinity

Church, to listen to the oration and address by Horn R. Kneass, Esq. of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Barnes, of Smyrna. Of course the procession was a curiosity, a wonder, a subject of general observation, remark and admiration. Even the sober-minded and sedate, who are not moved by outward show, looked on with interest, if for nothing else, at least to know who were Odd-Fellows. At the Church the proceedings were commenced with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, Chaplain for the occasion, a piece of music was sung by the choir, and then came the oration by Mr. Kneass; a well written and well delivered composition, rather long, we should say, but that we are not disposed to criticise. It was well received by the large and attentive audience, many of whom, we have no doubt, had their prejudices against Odd-Fellowship shaken by the argument, explanation and eulogium by the worthy Vice Grand Sire. Another piece from the choir; and now the Rev. Mr. Barnes appears before the audience. He is a young man, a pastor in the Methodist Protestant Church, and resident in this State at Smyrna. His address on the occasion was extemporaneous, and of such elegance and strength as we have seldom had the pleasure of listening to. Setting aside the apologetic manner in which he commenced, it was a perfect jewel. Indeed if we have been justified in saying that the oration of Mr. Kneass shook the crumbling wall which prejudice has reared between Odd-Fellowship and the multitude, we may with truth add that the subsequent address swept away the rubbish of the ruin, and smoothed the path to those who may hereafter wish to walk in it. We should like to do justice to the effort of Mr. Barnes, but space will not permit, even had we the ability. Suffice it to say, that young though he is, and looking still more youthful in the pulpit, his mind evinces a sturdy maturity, mingling however, with its sager operations the revelry of a young and luxuriant fancy.—His gesture was easy, his language flowery and appropriate, his acquaintance with his subject intimate, and his manner of treating it confident and self-possessed. In short we were pleased, very much and very unexpectedly pleased, and we have yet to see the man, a stranger to Mr. Barnes, as we were, who was not so. His voice musical, his manner easy.—*Del. Gaz.*

The continuation of the Coquette from our talented and estimable Mrs. Sawyer, we regret was received too late for this number.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1843.

No. 8.

THE COQUETTE.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL SKETCH.

Continued from page 269.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS were made for a few day's absence from the city, and the same day the whole family went into the country. There they were entirely alone. Henri did not once visit Paris, and an indifferent person who had seen him, would at once have believed, that his whole heart was devoted to the gentle girl who now seemed only to live in him. His attentions to her were of the tenderest character, and he appeared occupied only with the thoughts of that future which they were both hand-in-hand approaching. But alas, in all this appearance of devotion, there was only a fixed and determined will to fulfil a holy duty.

The ten days glided rapidly away, and the 25th of November at last appeared bright and beautiful as a spring-day. The Chevalier joyfully welcomed it as the final-point of all his anxieties, and the commencement of a happiness which an insane passion could no longer destroy. Every thing which he had so much feared seemed now nearly vanished. With a happy heart he embraced Gabrielle, when she came on the morning of the eventful day and knelt by his bed-side to receive his blessing.

The breakfast-hour brought all into the dressing-room of the Marchioness, save Henri, who, from respect to that agitation and embarrassment which a bride always manifests, even to the last moment, in the presence of her betrothed, remained in his own room. The Marchioness was cheerful and affectionate, occupying herself the whole morning with Gabrielle's toilet, walking up and down the room, smiling at the Chevalier, and seeming as if living over her youthful days again.

The marriage ceremony was to be performed at the mayoralty at six o'clock in the evening, the nuptial benediction to be afterwards pronounced in the church at Meudon. It was understood that none but the family were to be present, it being the wish of Gabrielle to avoid all unnecessary display. The Chevalier sought Henri in his own room; he arose to meet him, and the struggle which was waging in his bosom, as he endeavored to nerve himself for his great sacrifice, was clearly visible. The Chevalier felt well that some burden weighed upon his heart which even to him, his best friend, his second father, he was unwilling to reveal.—What step should he take? In two hours he would be united with Gabrielle, and it was therefore better that the name so dangerous to his peace should not be spoken, and that this pain should find no echo.

Henri arranged his toilet, and soon followed the Chevalier to the library. Never had the young man looked so beautiful. His black garments, his pale and spiritual countenance, touched with a pensive sadness, might well have created a doubt whether he were prepared for a bridal or a burial. He approached a book-case and took out a book, but immediately throwing it from him, turned to the hearth and sat down. He endeavored to smile cheerfully, but his hands trembled, and his mind was completely *distraire*. The Chevalier looked at the book; it was a "Journey to Spain," which had been presented to the Marchioness by Madame de las Vermejas.

Towards six o'clock, when both entered the hall, Henri appeared cold and collected: he approached Gabrielle, who had given her arm to her aunt, and kissed her hand. Gabrielle was dressed in white satin, and wore a wreath of orange-flowers and a bridal veil. Modest and graceful, she stood like a good angel, at whose sight every sinful thought, every foolish passion was silenced. Henri felt this influence, his brow grew serene, and at that moment he perhaps forgot the Spaniard.

The hall was brilliantly illuminated—the numerous lights seemingly a hundred times reflected by the high and splendid mirrors, and the walls were festooned by garlands of natural flowers. The little party seemed lost in the glittering and spacious drawing-room, and the Chevalier proposed that they should go into the smaller saloon.

"No, no!" answered the Marchioness with a triumphant glance, "for we shall have visitors. Did you think I would marry my niece in a sitting room?"

Scarcely had she spoken these words when the folding doors flew open, a circle of relatives and acquaintances entered, and, among them, Madame de las Vermejas.

"This is a surprise which I have prepared for you!" said the Marchioness, turning to Gabrielle, while the latter, blushing and smiling, stood receiving the good-wishes of the new comers.

Madame de las Vermejas quietly took her place by the side of the bride. She was dressed entirely in white, wore a wreath of white flowers twined in her raven hair, and a stranger would have found it difficult to decide whether she or Gabrielle were the bride. Henri had covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief, leaving no part of it exposed save the pale brow, whose whiteness rivalled that of the snowy cambric.

A quarter of an hour was occupied by the company in the expression of their good wishes, when it was announced that the carriages were at the

door. All immediately arose, and at this moment Madame de las Vermejas approached Henri. He appeared as if striving for the mastery over the deep and painful agitation which shook his breast. His eyes were fixed, his knees trembled, and he was obliged to support himself against the door. The Chevalier was just offering him his assistance when Madame de las Vermejas laid her hand on the arm of the unhappy youth, and whispering in his ear, "Courage!" said she, with a compassionate smile, "Courage, courage, Henri!"

"Ah, wretched madman that I am!" he answered, in a suppressed voice, "*I love thee, heavenly woman, thee!*"

At this moment was the coquetry of this woman satisfied, the triumph of her vanity complete. A haughty smile curled her beautiful lips, and she drew back from Henri with an expression of surprise and pity which would have done honor to the greatest actress.

Gabrielle at this instant stepped from the chamber of her great-aunt, she had been to receive her blessing. The Chevalier led Henri to the Marchioness, to whom he gave his arm, and followed like a machine.—The Chevalier took the hand of Gabrielle, and started to see that she was pale and motionless, as if near fainting. All left the house and ascended the carriages. Gabrielle shrunk silently back into the farthest corner of the carriage, and those who were with her respected her silence too much to intrude upon it at such a moment. They alighted at the mayoralty and the poor girl trembled visibly, and staggered as she ascended the steps. They entered the saloon and she suffered herself to be passively led to the side of Henri, and stood with him motionless before the mayor, who immediately commenced the ceremony in the legal form—"You present yourselves to be united in the name of the laws?"

The glittering circle of friends surrounded the youthful pair, and a perfect stillness prevailed. The Marchioness wept and pressed the hand of the Chevalier, while the Spanish lady fixed her eyes intently on Henri.

The mayor went on: "Henri de Montmaur," said he, "is it your will to take Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Pous to wife?"

"Yes!" answered Henri, with a firm voice. "And you, Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Pous, do you receive Monsieur Henri de Montmaur as your husband?"

"No!" answered she, with a smothered voice, and sunk fainting to the floor.

A general shriek of terror arose. The Marchioness threw herself upon Gabrielle, "She is insane!" she cried, wringing her hands in dismay.—"Oh God, have pity on her!"

Henri looked fixedly before him and his features became distorted.—Grasping the hand of his bride and pressing it in his own, "Calm yourself," said he to the agitated Marchioness, "it is but a consequence of too violent emotion, and will, I trust in God, soon pass away."

They held hartshorn to the nostrils of Gabrielle; they sprinkled cold water in her face, and at length she opened her eyes. Her eyes involuntarily sought the face of Henri, who bowing his head pressed a kiss upon her hand. She strove to speak but voice was denied her, and she fell back again, seized with the most frightful convulsions.

All the witnesses of this unexpected scene, were struck with the greatest consternation. Madame de las Vermejas kept herself in the distance.

They placed Gabrielle in the carriage, the Marchioness seated herself by her side, while the Chevalier led away Henri, whose spirit seemed completely broken.

"Henri," said he, tears which he could not repress gushing from his eyes, "Henri, I beseech you, by all that is holy, tell me what you have said to that poor child?"

"Nothing!" answered he, weeping, "I swear it to you upon my honor!"

"Then," cried the Chevalier, "it was the Spaniard."

Henri warmly denied it.

"Then the poor child is insane and every thing is broken off."

"No," answered Henri, "any other than myself might look upon what has happened as an insult, but I regard it as a misfortune, and feel myself as much bound as ever."

When they reached home they found Gabrielle in bed. Some friends yet sat in the saloon, anxiously waiting for some favorable word from the invalid. Madame de las Vernejas had returned to Paris with the promise of immediately sending a physician.

The convulsions were indeed vanished, but the poor girl lay perfectly silent, weak and almost motionless. The Marchioness caused her own bed to be brought and placed by the side of Gabrielle's, and with the Chevalier watched the whole night. Henri came from hour to hour to inquire whether there were no change.

The next morning all were somewhat calmer. Gabrielle still slept: her face was deadly pale, but she was without any visible signs of pain, and they watched for her waking with the deepest anxiety.

Henri was obliged by some urgent business connected with his inheritance, to return to Paris. He went very unwillingly, but the Chevalier promised to write him twice every day.

Towards mid-day the physician of the Marchioness arrived from Paris. He examined the patient attentively, and for nearly two hours remained by the bedside watching her death-like sleep, but it still continued unbroken. The physician looked grave, and leading the Chevalier into another chamber, "You must convey the Marchioness," said he, "as soon as possible to Paris. She must not remain here any longer."

"How?" exclaimed the Chevalier, bursting into tears, "our poor Gabrielle—"

"Is very ill. I think it an inflammation of the brain. I shall do every thing that is possible to save her, but, I confess to you, I have little hope, I will remain here, but the Marchioness must go; she would not survive this blow."

The physician returned to Gabrielle; the Marchioness herself had just fallen into a fainting fit, and was obliged to be carried to her couch. The Chevalier's man now announced that a servant of Madame de las Vernejas was come to inquire after the health of Gabrielle.

Four anxious days went by. Gabrielle returned not to her senses, nor awoke from that fearful slumber which already more resembled death than sleep. Her fast shut eyes had no tears, and her body was motionless and insensible. The Chevalier, absenting himself from her couch scarcely for a single moment, watched with unabated solicitude for some word or motion. Many times it seemed to him as if her lips moved, and as if she

sought to stammer forth some word, when he would bend over, call her by her name, but receive no answer.

On the fifth night, "Doctor," said the Chevalier to the physician, "can you not, then, save this beloved young life?"

"No," answered the physician, "it is, alas, already departing!"

"I know she does not answer us," added the Chevalier, "but perhaps she hears us."

"Possibly!" whispered the physician. The Chevalier took a light and approached the bed of the invalid. She lay there perfectly immoveable, her white hands crossed upon her breast, her head pressed into the pillow on which her long fair tresses lay carelessly clustered, her eyes half open, and her cheeks and lips of an ashy paleness. "Gabrielle!" cried the Chevalier, "Henri is here, and wishes to see you!"

At this name she did not indeed open her eyes, and it could not be said that she moved, but a faint blush overspread her cheeks.

"Gabrielle, my dear child!" cried the Chevalier, "do you hear me?"

Gabrielle suddenly arose from her pillow, laid both hands upon her brow, and with a heart-rending cry, she stammered out the words: "*I am a madman! I love thee, heavenly woman! thee!*"

Then for the first time the Chevalier remembered that the unfortunate girl had stood in the door of the room when Henri had uttered these words to the Spanish lady. He began to tremble. With a fainter, weaker cry Gabrielle again repeated the words, while her hands unconsciously worked amid her hair, then sinking back, her eyes closed, and she was no more.

The Marchioness survived her beloved niece only ten days, when she also departed, and the aged Chevalier remained alone behind. He locked the last words of Gabrielle fast in his own breast, and never by the least hint imparted them to Henri, for he felt for him all a father's tenderness, and wished to spare him the stings of conscience as far as lay in his power.

He soon left the place where he was tortured with so many painful recollections, and went to Italy. Henri often wrote him, and in almost every letter he spoke of a journey he was intending to take.

When the Chevalier returned again to Paris, he for the first time heard the name of Madame de las Vermejas again, and was told that she had married the Count Anatole de St. Servier. The next morning he visited Henri, and scarcely recognized him so much was he altered. Each spoke openly to the other of the past as well as the present.

"I am a weak and miserable being," said Henri, "for I love this woman still!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Chevalier, "after all the misery she has occasioned us?"

Tears came into Henri's eyes. "She has a heart of ice!" said he.—"Oh, if you knew all, my more than father! She gave me reason to hope every thing; I worshipped her, I was her slave, when one day she coldly announced to me her engagement with Anatole. Then it was that my conduct was the most unworthy. I wept at her feet, I implored her for her love, which was my life, my all, and for her hand which should be given only with her love. I reminded her of an observation I once heard from her lips, that a marriage of reason was a hateful folly, and that one

should marry for only love. 'Or for ambition!' she answered with a haughty smile, and these were her last words—I have never seen her since."

"That is an evil which time will cure!" said the Chevalier.

"Oh, no!" answered Henri. "Do you think that I have done nothing to tear this disgraceful passion from my heart? My reason and my will have been too weak for the task, and I still hang upon this cold and unfeeling soul, on this heartless beauty, with a tenacity which I cannot overcome. But for one day to call her mine, to rule over her heart, to see her tremble before me—but for one *hour* like this I would freely give my whole life."

"You must travel, Henri!" said the Chevalier, laying his hand upon the young man's arm. "Oh, how fearfully is Gabrielle revenged!"

The next morning Henri had left Paris.

THE TREE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY P. G. BENJAMIN STOTT, (Manchester District, Eng.)

FIRM in the centre of the sea,
A rock-bound island long hath stood,
On which there grows a goodly tree,
The tree of faith and brotherhood.
'Twas planted by an angel's hand,
Sent down in mercy from above,
To guide and cheer our father-land,
To bind us in paternal love.

Fair is its form, and passing fair
The fertile spot where it doth root,
Its broad umbrageous branches bear,
A blessed life-sustaining fruit.
It flourisheth o'er all the earth,
Beloved by the greatful soul,
Its precious seeds and moral worth,
Have spread its fame from pole to pole.

'Tis free from foul corruption's curse,
And pure as is the maiden's lip;
A thousand tongues its praise rehearse,
THE TREE OF TRUE ODD-FELLOWSHIP.
Oh! blessed tree, our hope below,
Beneath thy boughs mankind are blest,

There can we sooth our deepest woe,
There can we find a blissful rest.

Where'er thy glorious seeds are spread,
The shelterless shall succour find,
The wretched shall be clothed and fed,
Protected by the lame and blind;
The weeping widow left in grief,
Shall find a balm for all her fears,—
Sweet sympathy shall bring relief,
And kindness dry her burning tears.

The little helpless orphan child
That lifts its tiny hands in prayer,
Whose innocence was ne'er beguiled,
Shall claim and have especial care;
Men shall be link'd in friendship's ties,
And universal love shall reign,—
All that our nature dignifies,
Shall kindle into life again.

Odd-Fellowship, all hail the time!
That hastens on thy welcome course,
Thy principles are pure!—sublime!
And godlike is thy heavenly source.
May all the world in love combine,
To greet thee as the friend of man,
And He all hearts in mercy join,
Who is, and was, ere time began.

Bradford, June 7th, 1843.

From the Bradford (Eng.) Saturday Observer.

MEETING OF THE ANNUAL MOVEABLE COMMITTEE

OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

THIS body, in accordance with a resolution passed last year, at Wigan, assembled in this town on Monday morning. (June 5th, 1843.)

We will not at present attempt the antiquarian task of tracing to its first beginnings an Order which, under different shapes and names, has doubtless existed for centuries. The Order of the Manchester Unity is of comparatively recent date. It has been brought to its present prosperous condition by men who, although earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, have exhibited to the world a specimen of what such men *can* do. The published reports of the Order from time to time form a gratifying spectacle to the philanthropist. The prejudices which at one time enveloped the Order are passing away; it is now patronized and encouraged by

persons in the highest ranks of life—but to the humbler and not less useful founders and builders of the Order, be the highest honour. The Order continues to grow; new Lodges are springing up here and there throughout the country in all directions and Odd-Fellowship, instinct with the spirit of *Good-Fellowship*, promises to embrace the whole country. Good speed to it!

The Moveable Committee is composed of representatives from different parts of the United Kingdom. According to the census just published by the Grand Master and Directors, this society is composed of 3,368 Lodges, which contained 219,000 members on January 1st, 1843, in full compliance. The Lodges are divided into 296 districts.

A good moral character is the only requisite for obtaining admission into this society. The discussion of politics and religion is entirely prohibited; nor are trade affairs allowed to be entertained. The objects are purely charitable; the promotion of morality and the cultivation of friendly and social intercourse is the principle aim. During the last twelve months the amount of £150,000, at least, has been expended among the sick and distressed members. The financial affairs of the various Lodges are conducted by its own members, all having equal votes, and no other body having the power of controlling their funds. Every Lodge pass their own laws for governing themselves, but such laws must not be contrary to the spirit of the fundamental, or as they are called, "General Laws of the Order." Neighbouring Lodges, at convenient distances, form themselves into districts, and every Lodge in the district has an equal number of representatives. They have four meetings in the year. At one of these meetings the representatives elect from amongst themselves three officers for governing the district, who are called provincial officers, in contra-distinction to the Officers of the Order. They remain in office twelve months. Through the medium of these officers all the business with the head office in Manchester is transacted. If a dispute arises in any Lodge, the dissatisfied party have a right to a new trial at the district meeting, and from which another trial may be had by the Appeal Committee and the Annual Moveable Committee. Both these tribunals are composed of delegates from various parts of the kingdom, and no one is allowed to judicate in a case from his own neighbourhood.

The chief officers of the Order are a Grand Master, a Deputy Grand Master, Corresponding Secretary, and eighteen gentlemen formed into a Board of Directors—none of these officers are paid except the Secretary. They are all members of the Manchester district, but every district in the Order has the power of sending one delegate to the Board, who has equal power with the Directors. The office is in Manchester. The officers are all elected at the Annual Meeting which is held this week. This meeting is composed of members from different districts and Lodges. Every district can send one delegate and an extra one for every thousand members. Every Lodge has also the privilege of sending one delegate. The Grand Master and Board of Directors in Manchester issue quarterly a report, which contains a summary of all occurrences during the quarter, including the cash received and paid. One of these reports is sent to every Lodge, for the use of its members, free of any charge; nor are the Lodges called upon for any contribution towards the management of the head office. The expense of conducting the Order by the Directors is about £1,500 per annum.

The revenue arises from the sale of goods, such as are required by the various Lodges. The Directors, by their extensive purchases and prompt payments, are enabled to sell, in many cases, at considerably less prices than could be purchased elsewhere. The Annual Meeting regulate the rate of profit. The Directors publish quarterly a periodical called the "Odd-Fellows' Magazine"—its circulation is 27,000 per quarter, the entire profit of which is distributed to such districts and Lodges as have formed a Widow and Orphans' Fund.

As stated above, the committee commenced its meetings in this town on Monday, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall.

The meeting was opened by G. M. Richmond, the present Grand Master of the Order, who stated that the increase of the members of the Order for the last year was nearly 12,000, and although this number was not equal to what had taken place for some few years previous, yet from all the information he had been able to ascertain, he was happy to inform the meeting, that the increase was chiefly composed of those two classes of the community, viz: the middle and higher classes. This might arise, probably, from the great amount of distress, which for some time past had pressed so heavily upon the working population of the country; and, as a natural consequence, put it out of their power to join the Institution, a majority of whom composed the members of the Institution. The members of the Committee would use their best exertions to promote the utility and prosperity of the body at large, by a judicious and careful performance of their various duties; and thus prove themselves worthy of the confidence the Order had reposed in them, by being called upon to represent and legislate for the numerous body of men, of which the Order is at present composed.

The routine business transacted on Thursday and Friday, was of a miscellaneous character—for the most part interesting alone to the members of the Order.

There is one particular resolution we must name, which we consider highly praiseworthy, and will show to the most sceptical, that there is not the least wish to keep in darkness or mistify their general proceedings; and that the appellation of "Secret" Order is adhered to only as we obey the first law of nature—viz: self-preservation and self-protection. Unfortunately, fraud is too common in our day, and servility lacks nothing to serve a wily purpose. Honour, honesty, benevolence, truth, charity, disinterestedness may be preached, admired; but still their practical adoption is far, far from being universal. The extended privilege alluded to above is, a plan for the more general diffusion of information among this body, by the sale of the Annual and Quarterly Reports, which may in future be purchased by each member, at a very trifling cost, whilst previously, one Report only was possessed by each Lodge, and many were but imperfectly acquainted with their numerous proposals and modifications. There is little doubt but this new feature will realize a profit to the funds of the Order, and prove a general benefit to all.

Another resolution passed was, a caution to Lodges against investing too large a proportion of their funds in buildings, which practice has in some cases led to great inconvenience and injury, by reducing the said Lodges or Districts concerned to extreme privation, through thus appropriating

moneys collected for other purposes, in speculations which have proved any thing but profitable.

Numerous were the proposals throughout the Unity, for the delegates to meditate and decide upon: amongst them, the equalization of travelling relief and formation of stations—regulation of appeals—the proper conducting of processions—payment of contributions—purchasing goods—settlement of disputes—enforcing the appropriation of the funds to proper purposes—an earnest wish on the part of many Lodges for a general establishment of Widow and Orphans' Funds and Infant Schools, for the instruction of Odd-Fellows' children, &c. &c. The last two subjects are, indeed, brilliant and manly contemplations, and our hearty wish is, that the delegates may live long, and succeed to their fullest wish, in carrying out the proposals of their several constituents!

Yesterday, the principal business transacted was the election of the chief and responsible officers of the Order—viz: the G. M., D. G. M., C. S., and the Board of Directors. The candidates for Grand Master, in place of Mr. Richmond, the G. M. for the past twelve months, were—

D. G. M. James Mansfield.

P. D. G. M. Caldwood.

The contest was a severe one, but Mr. Mansfield was declared victorious, and we learn, that he is well deserving this mark of confidence for his long and arduous exertions in behalf of the body at large.

For the D. G. M. of the Order, the candidates were more numerous—

P. G. Henry Whaite.

P. G. Francis William Burdett.

P. G. William Johnson.

P. Prov. G. M. John Jones.

P. G. Isaac Gleave.

Mr. Whaite was elected D. G. M., which office, like the first mentioned, is without salary, and very arduous.

For the C. S. of the Order, the following candidates were put in nomination—

Prov. D. G. M. R. R. Elliott, proposed by the Glossop dis.

Prov. C. S. James Webb, proposed by the Hyde district.

P. Prov. G. M. Wm. Ratcliffe, proposed by Chowbent dis.

Mr. Wm. Ratcliffe was elected the Corresponding Secretary of the Order, by a very large majority, and it may safely be said, that the duties of this office are the most onerous and responsible connected with this large and influential body of philanthropists.

For the Board of Directors, 18 candidates were in nomination, but the following six were elected—

P. G. John Cadman.

P. G. John Lomax.

P. G. James Hyde.

P. G. John Hayes.

P. G. Joseph Wait.

P. G. Edward Stanley.

So much for the election of officers for the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

The next question of interest to be named is, Where shall the A. M. C. of 1844 be held? Four towns stood the poll for this privilege, (for a pri-

vilege and honour it is deemed,) when Newcastle-upon-Tyne was awarded the fame, which will doubtless be a source of great gratification to our hardy Northumbrians. The following are the towns which stood the poll—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Stockport.

Stafford.

Halifax.

In addition to the delegates from Districts and Lodges we have enumerated, several have arrived during the last two days, whose names and locality we have been unable to procure; and beside these, many individuals visited Bradford at their own expense and pleasure, the first amongst whom we must mention the firm, old-tried, honest P. G. M. Thomas Armitt, P. G. M. Gray, and P. G. M. Peiser, we believe all from the Manchester district.

And now we think we may safely bring our remarks to a close. The business of the meeting will terminate this day; and it is probable ere this sketch meets the eye of some of our readers, many delegates will be wending their way to "home, sweet home." Order and regularity, deep thoughtfulness and discrimination, honesty and freedom of speech, un-mixed with offensive epithets, solicitude for the usefulness and honour of the Order, that unsullied it may maintain its proud position amongst the philanthropic institutions of England—faithfulness to principle, firmness of purpose, singleness of heart—characteristics which should always mark the deliberations of men assembled for a high and noble object, have marked the discussions and proceedings of the Legislative Assembly of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity. Again we say, long may they be united, and ever may they flourish!

THE HAUNTED STREAM.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

But he that was there in that secret spot,
Regarded the stream and the blossoms not:
He regarded the stream and the blossoms less,
For his glance was on brighter loveliness.—*Anon.*

IN a small valley near the Rhine stood the dwelling of Harold, the fisherman. His family consisted of a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters; and though it required all his industry to support them, his heart was light, and he was content with such cheer as his labour enabled him to obtain. His eldest son, Arnaud, who was about the age of fourteen, usually accompanied him in his fishing excursions, and assisted him to draw his nets. Arnaud's chief delight was to hear his father, whilst waiting for the filling of the nets, recount the various legends of the valley, of which he possessed an almost inexhaustible store. The

tales which Arnaud used to listen to with the greatest pleasure, and which he often prevailed upon his father to repeat, were those which told of the fairies, who were said to haunt the stream that flowed at a short distance from the fisherman's dwelling. It was believed that at certain times of the year, a bark glided along the stream, filled by a group of fairies, who landed on the banks, and after amusing themselves for some time on shore, betook them to their bark again, and, floating to a particular part of the water, disappeared. "I will endeavour to obtain a sight of these fairies," thought Arnaud; and seeking the banks of the river, he would linger there for hours together. Many a time would his heart beat fast and loud as he heard a rushing sound, and hid himself among the bushes, scarcely daring to look up, until he was at once relieved and disappointed to find the object of his alarm merely the noise occasioned by the flight of a water-fowl. Still his patience did not forsake him; and though he incurred his father's displeasure, when he returned home, for his long absence, he murmured not, for he hoped he should soon be recompensed for all his scoldings and disappointments by a sight of those mysterious beings whom he so ardently longed to behold. One day, exhausted with watching, he laid himself down beneath the shade of a spreading tree, and fell asleep, and dreamt of fairy-land. Arnaud was a beautiful youth, and as he reclined in slumber, though his bright blue eyes were closed, the flowing ringlets of his golden hair, his fair and blooming cheeks, his graceful form, and well-fashioned limbs, which the meanness of his dress could not conceal, made him appear a being destined to move in a far superior circle to that in which he had been brought up. He was awakened from his romantic vision by a warm pressure on his lips. He started from his sleep, and saw the loveliest creature his eyes had ever beheld. A female, whose charms were of the most dazzling description, bent over him in an attitude of fondness and admiration. She was clad in white drapery, interwoven with threads of silver; her zone was inlaid with gold, and studded with precious stones, that shone like so many stars. Strings of the finest pearl enwreathed her neck, and gleamed amongst her dark tresses; but the lustre of the shining stones was not so bright as her eyes, nor were the pearls as pure as her neck and bosom. She held in her hand a chaplet of water-lilies, and placing them around Arnaud's temples, she exclaimed, in a voice of melody, "Beautiful mortal! thou beholdest in me one of the fairies who haunt this place. My companions are diverting themselves on the banks of the river, and I, having chosen this spot for my gambols, was attracted by thy surpassing loveliness. Fairest of the children of men, wilt thou not go with me? wilt thou not accompany me to my own blessed regions, where sorrow comes not, and joy reigneth for ever in the hearts of the inhabitants? I will build thee a bower of crystal; the floor shall be of coral, sprinkled with pearls and rubies, and the windows shall be formed of the most brilliant diamonds.—Sweet son of the earth, wilt thou not go with me?" Arnaud cast his eyes around, and beheld a numerous group of those beings whom he had so long wished to see, some bounding along the shore, and others diving beneath the waters. His glance again rested on the fair form by his side, and as he gazed on its unearthly beauty, his heart throbbed violently, and a throng of more exquisite sensations than he had ever felt before took possession of his soul: all thoughts of home vanished from his mind.—

"Gentle being," said he to the fairy, "if I look on and am near to thee, I cannot fail to be happy: willingly, therefore, would I go with thee to thine own country; but I fear thy companions will not consent that a poor mortal like myself should be a partaker of their gladness. "Fear not, my beloved," replied the fairy, "those of our race know not what it is to give pain to each other, and the thing which I request will not be denied.— Remain here a few moments; I will away and acquaint my sisters with my desire, and on my return we will bound into our bark, and depart to the land of light and beauty." When Arnaud was alone he almost repented of the promise he had made, for the thoughts of home came to his heart, and with difficulty he repressed his tears, as he pictured to himself the grief his family would feel on his account. "They will assemble round the hearth," thought he, "when the evening falls, and my father will ask, 'Where is Arnaud?' My brothers and sisters will repeat the question, and when they find that I come not, they will search for me in the wood and by the stream, and their search will be fruitless. My mother will weep, and she will say, 'If my son were living, he would not be absent thus long; oh, Arnaud, dear Arnaud, where art thou? Wilt thou return no more to the arms of thy mother? Alas, we mourn in vain my children, your brother must have perished in the waters.'" The fairy now returned with a countenance beaming with joy. "Arouse thee, dearest," said she, "my friends have consented that thou shouldst be as one of us; already do they prepare for their journey homewards, and soon wilt thou be far, far from this dull earth, and the cares and pains which are the lot of its children." A band of fair creatures bounded lightly over the green turf, with their shining tresses and loose drapery floating in the wind. A shout of admiration burst from the group, as they gazed on Arnaud, and they cried, "Truly, sister, this is a charming youth, and not unworthy to dwell amongst us. Away, away, let us unfurl our sails, for the breeze blows freshly. Follow us, sister, and bring with thee the graceful stranger." They sprang into their vessel, and Arnaud and the fairies were borne rapidly along the stream for a few minutes; then the fairies furled their sails, and the boat moved slower. By degrees its motion grew almost imperceptible, and then it became transfixed in the middle of the water. Arnaud gazed around with astonishment, for the fairies seemed as though they intended to proceed no further. "Shrink not," said the sweet voice of her who was by his side, "the waves are about to close over us, but they will harm thee not. From this spot will our boat descend to the land of beauty." The fairy enveloped him in a slight veil, and then the bark sank into the stream. He felt no inconvenience from the water, but breathed as freely as if he had inhaled the fresh breeze; whilst by him swept innumerable creatures of the waves. In a short time, though the vessel still descended at the same rate, he saw that they were in a purer element, and the water through which they had passed lay like a firmament above their heads. They now arrived at the place of their destination; but who shall describe the effect produced upon Arnaud by the enchanting scenes spread before him! The most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, seemed to have been culled from all parts of the earth, and transplanted to this fair abode. Here were vine-covered valleys, there the peach tree bloomed in all its luxuriance, and here the orange and the lemon trees, loaded with golden fruitage. The sturdy

oak, the spreading elm, and the graceful willow, flung around their shadows. The blue-eyed violet, the pale passion-flower, the sweet-breathing honey-suckle, the maiden-like rose, the silver clematis, and the white stars of the jessamine, with numerous unknown and fragrant plants and flowers, combined to render the place more lovely than any before looked on by mortal eyes.

The name of the fairy whom Arnaud had first seen was Rosaura, which word signifies 'air of roses,' and she was so called because of the perfume of her breath. When Arnaud had gazed for awhile on the things around him, Rosaura led him to her dwelling, which was composed of the most brilliant spars. She brought him fruit, and he eat and found it delicious; she pressed the juice from the bursting grape, and the goblet out of which he drank was formed of a single pearl. After he had refreshed himself, he wandered with the beautiful Rosaura through the enchanting groves and valleys of fairy-land. There were neither sun, moon, nor stars above them, yet it was far more light than the sunniest day of earth, and the air was far more pure. The trees and the flowers wore a brighter bloom, and every object had a radiance thrown over it which belongs not to the world of mortals. This happy country was never visited by darkness nor storms, snow, nor rain; it felt not the chill breath of winter, nor the oppressive heat of summer; but all was one continued season of light and tranquillity. No wish was entertained which might not be gratified; and there was a never-ending succession of joy and festivity. Arnaud soon became universally beloved by the fairies, and each strove to find favour in his sight, and endeavoured to contribute to his felicity. They were exempt from the pains which attend on mortals, and they needed not rest or repose; yet Rosaura would watch by the couch of Arnaud whilst he slumbered, and imprint on his young cheek her warm kisses. In the groves large and splendid diamonds were suspended from the trees, and shone like stars amid the gloom. Their principal amusement was the dance, and the music to which they danced was produced from sweet-toned harps, whose melody was awakened by the wind. Sometimes they would strive to excel each other in the race, and bound along like a troop of startled fawns. The prize for which they usually contended was a coronal of flowers, which was placed on the victor's brow by the hand of Arnaud. There was no envy in these contests; there was no ill-will borne by the vanquished; but each was as ready to rejoice in the victor's success, as though she herself had been the conqueror. Rosaura taught Arnaud to play upon the lute, and would often accompany its music with the melody of her own voice. At other times, a group of the fair dwellers in this romantic land would join their voices together in some delightful air peculiar to themselves, until the breeze became replete with sweet sounds, and the senses of Arnaud were wrapt in a dream of ecstasy. Innumerable were the devices practised to amuse the favoured mortal thus placed amongst them; but the human mind is not fitted for a state of uninterrupted happiness. It is the alternate succession of joy and grief which renders existence desirable; it is the remembrance of the past and the uncertainty of the future which makes us cling to life with so much tenacity. It is the mingling of hope and fear, the expectation, and not unpleasant dread, of our coming years, "gloomy and indistinct as feverish dream," which makes us wish to live on. With Arnaud the memory

of the past still lived; the future, however, no longer formed a theme of conjecture to his mind. All would be a scene of changeless and unchequered brightness; all would be calm, all would be beautiful; yet there would be no interruption to the calm, there would be no variation in the beauty, and as he who has long dwelt beneath a tropic sun longs even for the chill blasts of winter, so did his young heart soon yearn for his own native home, with its changeful sky, at times frowning in gloomy grandeur, and at others radiant with light and silvery clouds, floating over its surface like winged heralds of heaven sent forth to speak of peace to man.

Two years passed away, two years in an abode where pleasure was the only study, where neither sickness nor fatigue interrupted the revels of its inhabitants; where age weakened not their powers of enjoyment, and where all was one continued round of harmony and bliss. Things which at first sight excite our imagination, by being ever before our eyes lose their power of charming. Beauty, when uncontrasted with deformity, palls upon the sense, and becomes uninteresting from the very uniformity of its perfection. We are only adapted to a state of earthly existence. To fit the soul for a more celestial abode, it must be rid of its bodily incumbrance, it must be divested of its fleshy clothing. If we analyze our feelings, if we strictly review our hearts, we shall find that however strong may be our belief in a future state of reward, however confident may be our anticipations of attaining it, we are still loth to quit this mortal life, this world of toil and suffering. Earthly ties still bind us down, and the frail affections of our nature triumph over the more pure and lofty aspirations of the spirit. Arnaud had long sighed for his former life. He knew himself to belong to a race of beings inferior to those with whom he now dwelt. He was a favourite, and loaded with caresses; yet their favour had become painful, their caresses were coldly received, for he saw he was considered but as a bird admired for the sweetness of its voice or the beauty of its plumage; or as a pet lamb caressed by a gentle girl.—He was loved, but not with the love which mortal bears to mortal; he was loved, but not as one on terms of equality with those who loved him. He never for a moment could forget their superior natures; he was convinced that his inferiority—his very deficiency and want of those qualities which formed their perfection—the very imperfectness of his nature caused him to be admired and caressed; and who could submit complacently to have his infirmities set up as an idol of worship? Then he thought, too, of one he dearly loved, of one who dearly loved him—the young and fair-haired Madeline. She was the daughter of a neighbouring fisherman; they had been companions almost from their birth, and often in their later years the boy's arm had encircled her slender waist, and his lips pressed her cheek, whilst he vowed that when he became a man fair Madeline should be his bride. More beauteous than ever seemed her image now as it came upon his lonely musings, and dearer far than kindred, friends, or home did he feel she was to his youthful heart. When Rosaura gazed, spoke, or smiled in tenderness, he thought of the look, the voice, the smile of Madeline, and felt that one glance, one word, one smile of hers was worth all the joys that fairy-land could afford him, and bitterly he sighed and pined for home and her. Rosaura marked the change that had come over him, and when she asked the cause, no an-

swer did he give save "home!" Anxiously and unceasingly did the fairy watch over him, and anticipate his wants; but pale and sunken grew his features; he smiled not—a worm was at his heart, and ever and anon he murmured, "Home, home, home; oh, bear me to my home again!" Sorely grieved was Rosaura to separate from her favourite; yet she feared the young exile was dying; and after fruitless efforts to cheer his drooping spirits, she consented to his departure, on his promising, at the expiration of two months, to return with her to fairy-land. Reluctantly did the fairies, after vain entreaties, prepare to transport the boy to earth again. They loaded him with costly presents as tokens of their love; and at parting, Rosaura's lips clung fondly unto his, as she placed around his neck her farewell gift. It was a chain of pure and spotless pearls, to which was attached a glittering diamond in the form of a star. "Take thou," said she, "my parting token, wear it next thy heart, and when the diamond's light grows pale, thou wilt know that Rosaura is sorrowing for thy return." Lightly Arnaud sprang on shore—the boat sailed slowly back—Rosaura mournfully waived her hand, and then was hidden by the closing waters.

The day of Arnaud's return was indeed a day of rejoicing to those who had so long wept over his loss. He seemed to re-appear amongst them like one who had long slumbered with the dead, but, in pity to their wailings, had left the land of spirits to revisit once more his earthly companions, and gladden them by his presence. He told the tale of his wondrous adventures, and numbers flocked to listen to his strange narration; and when they seemed incredulous, he produced his costly chain and star, and they believed him. The mutual happiness of Madeline and her lover at meeting again may be easily imagined. With what delight did she dwell upon his words, and hear him vow that never in his absence had he forgotten his early love! The youthful and beautiful pair were sitting one night under the shade of a large tree, whose verdant and drooping branches almost excluded the light of the full-moon. At times, however, its white and placid rays glanced brightly through the dark foliage; and one fair star which the leaves had not shut out, fixed in its sphere, an emblem of their love and beauty, seemed smiling sweetly on them.—A lovelier night was never gazed upon; and folded in each other's arms, they felt no hearts could taste of bliss more pure than that which now they tasted. "And shall we never part again, and wilt thou never leave me more?" murmured the low voice of Madeline. "Never, my love;" replied her lover; "a few short years and thou shalt be my bride, and death alone again shall part us." "Oh, Arnaud," said the maiden, "thou knowest me but a mortal. Perchance, ere long, thou wilt turn with indifference from a simple peasant-girl and sigh for fairy-land, and her who loved thee there." "Name not," exclaimed Arnaud, "name not the hated abode, nor her who decoyed me to it. I would not sacrifice thy love for all the wealth which that enchanted land contains. Rosaura and her gifts to me are valueless, and we have parted never more to meet." No sooner had he uttered these words than a wild shriek of agony and despair rung in his ears. He started to his feet, and beheld a white figure dart past him with the swiftness of an arrow, and vanish from his sight. The truth now flashed upon his memory. It was on this spot, at this hour, that he had promised, on his parting from Rosaura, to meet her

again for the purpose of returning with her to fairy-land. Here had she repaired, and here had she heard the words which rang in her ears like a knell, and caused her to emit the loud and anguished cry which told the death of hope. So much had Arnaud been engrossed with his own happiness, that his promise had entirely faded from his remembrance until the present moment. To prevent the possibility of again encountering the fairy, he carefully avoided approaching the place of appointment, and for a length of time forebore to leave his parents' dwelling unless accompanied by Madeline or some of his kindred, for he well knew, that unless he was alone the fairy would not appear.

Weeks, months, years passed away, and Arnaud began to regard his sojourn in fairy-land as little more than a bright vision; nay, he would almost have been tempted to doubt its reality, had he not still held in his possession many valuable presents, and, above all, the splendid star, which, when he gazed upon it, would often wax dim and colourless. At times, too, in the stillness of night, when all had retired to rest, his ears were greeted with strains of plaintive music, and a voice which had of old been familiar to him, sung the following words to a sweet and mournful air:—

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

Oh, come with me, my mortal love,
To our home of bliss below,
And rove through the lone and shadowy grove,
Where the gleaming waters flow.

Oh, come with me—I will lead thee where,
By the diamond's starry light,
To the harps that are woke by the silent air,
Through the dance we take our flight.

We will wander where the flow'rets spring,
Which of old were so prais'd by thee;
I have shelter'd them e'en from the butterfly's wing,
And the kiss of the golden bee.

But the light of the diamond waxeth pale,
And the dance is unheeded now,
And the flowers, oh, their odours seem to fail—
Beloved, why com'st not thou?

Dost thou still remember thy fairy maid?
Are the hours still unforget,
When she pillow'd thy head in the vine-clad shade?
I ask, but thou answer'st not.

Dost thou stay to gaze on the sunny sky?
Our own, love, is far more bright;
Can the changeful moon, or the pale stars vie
With the fairy-land's cloudless light?

There is joy, perchance, by thy father's hearth—
 Can it match with our ceaseless glee?
 The maiden who loves thee may bind thee to earth—
 Not like mine clings her heart unto thee.

Wilt thou come?—for the sail of our bark is set,
 And I dare not longer dwell;
 Wilt thou come, my beloved?—I linger yet—
 Unkind one, I weep my farewell.

The last verse was repeated, until the voice died gradually away in the distance. Arnaud, however, was proof against all temptations, and when he attained his twenty-first year, he married the maiden of his choice, the fair-haired Madeline, and never was he heard to regret his lot. After his marriage the fairy never disturbed his repose, and he saw spring up around him a group of little beings who united in their persons the loveliness of their parents. He lived to a green and prosperous old age; and when the evening fire blazed brightly, many a time did he repeat to his children his early adventures, and thus was he accustomed to conclude his marvellous narrative. "Oh, then, my children, content yourselves with the blessings which fall to your lot, and yearn not after the things which are wisely denied to you. Happiness depends not so much upon external circumstances, as upon the temperament of the mind; and the mind is too often restless and unsatisfied in whatever situation the body may be placed. We are unfitted for a state of perfect felicity, and should soon become as dissatisfied with uninterrupted joy, as with a climate unvisited by clouds or rain. Man is generally the author of his own misery, and is ever pining for that which he has not; the poor peasant envies those who are wealthy and great, and the rich and the great, in their turn, look with envy on the seeming glad and healthy clown. We sum up the sorrows of life, and forget its joys; we pass over the flowers, and gaze upon the weeds. In whatever situation you are cast, compare it impartially with that of others, and you will ever find it possessed of some advantages. Keep to yourselves pure and guiltless hearts; love virtue, and practise it for its own sake, and not for the applause the profession of it may gain you from the multitude; hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst, and you cannot fail to be as happy as any of your fellow-mortals."

THE WRECK.

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

Loud roar'd the winds, high dash'd the waves,
 Scarcely a ray of light,
 Gleam'd through the dark, dense clouds to show,
 That breakers were in sight.

The storm raged high, the thunders roll,
And lightning's vivid glare.
Gave now and then a certainty,
That ship and crew were there.
Shrill and more deep the hollow sound,
Of angry winds were heard,
And nought but desolation,
The troubled waters stir'd.

A while the strong ship stemm'd the gale,
Yet not a hand could move
To save the rigging or the sail,
Though every seaman strove.
Now, now, she strikes upon a rock;
Down goes the topmost spar,
Crash falls the mainmast, all is lost,
Each timber is ajar—
Alas! alas! to weak and strong,
The fate is still the same;
The furious ocean covers all,
Reckless of age, or fame.

But what is that! a human form
Upon the cheerless strand!
What is it that the foamy surge
Has driven to the land?
A child! alone! half naked!
Oh! misery most drear!
Why? why? so lone and desolate,
With not a kindred near.
Aye! bend thy trembling knee dear child,
To heaven raise thine eye,
Well wast thou taught in infancy,
Ere winds and waves were high.
And clasp thy little hands to pray,
Now lift thy feeble voice,
Though only echo may respond,
Still angels will rejoice.
Soft are the whispers in the air;
Gentle the now calm gale,
And bands of holy spirits
Will aid when thy strength fail.

Oh! thou art numb'd with cold,
And drooping fast,
Thy frame is sinking,
'Neath the chilling blast.
Oh! lay thee down;
Sweet minstrel of the sky,

Will chant for thee a seraph's lullaby.
 Couch, form'd of angel's wings,
 For thee is spread,
 And mercy's mantle
 Overshades thy head.
 Sleep gently infant,
 On a sea-girt shore;
 To wake in realms,
 Where sorrow comes no more.

ORATION.

BY THOMAS FLETCHER, ESQ.*

Brothers and Friends:

ODD-FELLOWSHIP is the fruitful theme of my address, and the occasion the twenty-fourth anniversary of the introduction of the Order in the United States.

We come not to celebrate the triumph of party, or the brilliant victories of the proud warrior; but to portray the more ennobling achievements of an Order, whose members are united in the bonds of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH; whose altars are reared upon FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY, and whose benevolent principles sprung into existence when the breath of life was breathed into the nostrils of man. It inculcates the purest morality, and IN GOD WE TRUST.

In the day of prosperity, when flushed with health and joyous hopes, it silently and impressively admonishes us of the uncertainty of life;—in the dark hour of adversity, it nourishes us, and soothes our depressed spirits, and in every situation, whether in the gay social circle, or the house of mourning, bids us in solemn tones; "Remember your Creator!"

It improves the morals, expands and softens the heart, enkindles the sparks of social feeling, checks the vain assumption of pride, and imposes no obligation inconsistent with our duty to our family, our country or our God.

It teaches honesty, temperance, industry; and, as a guardian spirit, hovers around us, and protects us from the snares and vicissitudes of this life.

With the cold, selfish and avaricious, although kind Providence may smile upon them, the virtues of Odd-Fellowship are dark, mysterious and inexplicable! Their Love is self; their Charity begins and ends at home; their Friendship is

*Delivered before the various Lodges and Wilkey Encampment of Patriarchs, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the city of Natchez, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the 26th day of April, A. D. 1843.

— but a name
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame
 And leaves the wretch to weep.—*Goldsmith.*

They have no tear for the widow and orphan—no sorrow for the distressed—no sympathy for the friendless and destitute stranger, and every avenue to their hearts is closed to the bright rays of benevolence.

The portals of her temples are open to the virtuous and respectable of every nation, of every political and religious creed, and as one family they mingle around her common altars, joined by the tenderest ties of brotherly love.

The demon of party spirit that arouses all the baser passions, and persecutes for opinion's sake, never desecrates her altars: the wild and ungovernable spirit of fanaticism that applies the torch, and rejoices in the death of its victim, never breathes within her solemn temples.

Animated by the noblest impulses, and guided by the winged messenger of peace, she is deaf to the bitter strife of party; yet for the afflicted, the fatherless, and helpless

She hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as a day for melting charity.—*Shakespeare.*

When initiated into her Lodges we give no pledge but our honor, and are sustained alone, by the principle of voluntary association.

It is the same principle that is shedding its benign influence in every quarter of the globe, and enables the zealous missionary to scatter the seeds of knowledge, and disseminate among heathens in the lands of darkness and superstition, the pure doctrines of our blessed Saviour. It is this principle that is so powerful in the advancement of civilization, in the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and drags the intemperate, even from the brink of ruin.

Such is the theory of Odd-Fellowship, but how beautiful, and instructive in its practical operations!

The poor, but honest, and industrious laborer arrives at our hospitable city, and admiring the benevolent character of the Order, enrolls his name among its members. He is now buoyant in spirits, prosperous in his vocation, and glowing with the freshness of health. Does he hear the cry of distress, he flies to its relief? Does the pestilential breeze sweep over our devoted city, and the young, the gay, the beautiful wither beneath its poisonous influence

“ — as the first-born blossoms of spring
 Nipp'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost?”

He braves the destructive and mysterious foe—lingers around the sick-bed—watches by day and night the slow but unerring stroke of death, and pours the oil of consolation in the desolate heart of the widow, and freely mingles his tears with those of the weeping orphan!

The king of terrors has no fear for him, as he quietly roams through our deserted city, and visits the abode of the sick, or the solitary chamber of death. Yet his faith and good works, do not shield him from the attacks of disease, and he is lingering under its deadening influence.—His shop is closed; his gathered store—the fruits of his daily toil evan-

ishes, and cold, chilling, poverty greets him, and his suffering household. All his wants are promptly supplied by weekly appropriations of his Lodge, and brethren of "the mystic tie" are appointed to attend his lonely couch.

But the rosy hue which glowed upon his manly cheek has faded; his generous heart that burned with the celestial fires of Friendship, Love and Truth, has ceased to beat; those bright eyes that beamed with lustre are closed in death, and his immortal spirit hath fled to the bosom of his Creator.

Though among strangers, far from kindred, his "brothers" follow his remains, with melting hearts to the cold and silent tomb.

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.—Pope.

A link may be broken, and our connection dissolved with the dead, yet we have high and responsible duties to perform towards the living. The bereaved widow receives (not as a boon of charity, but a right) assistance from his Lodge, while the fatherless children are clothed, and educated by the fostering hand of Odd-Fellowship.

Is not this, Brothers, the philosophy she practices, and the immorality that lurks within her inner temples?

The principles of Odd-Fellowship may be traced for ages beyond the flood, but its present organization is of recent date. We revere the venerable Patriarch whose locks are silvered with age, yet we bow not to the Order as a relic of antiquity.

It is the benevolent and exalted principles, which have characterized it in the nineteenth century, that excite our highest admiration! Twenty-four years since, and not an altar had been erected in the New World. But Odd-Fellowship has spread into every State and Territory; her flags now proudly wave upon an hundred temples, and around her altars are congregated a band of One Hundred Thousand brethren.

Onward! is its rapid march. It is not the desolating career of the ambitious military chieftain, whose path is marked by ruin, misery and blood; but she bears in her hand the olive branch, and proclaims "peace and good will to all men!" A shout of victory may be wafted upon the breeze, but it is the triumph of charity.

Its rise and progress, is like the gentle rivulet that slowly meanders through green meadows, increasing in size, and the number of its tributaries, until it becomes the FATHER OF WATERS, and rolls as a mountain-torrent into the common ocean.

The founders of the Order were not the opulent, revelling in ease and luxury, nor the thoughtless glittering in the gay circle of fashion; but poor and honest laborers in the humble walks of life, who toiled for their daily bread, and whose generous bosoms throbbed with sympathy for the sufferings of humanity.

They are the *nucleus* of our Order—the pillar of its strength, and *their* hands have reared the "high pyramid of our glory!"

With what rapture does the philanthropist contemplate its future prospects in the land of Washington, so congenial to its growth and prosperity! It shall extend from our extreme northern limits to the Gulf of Mex-

ico; every hill and valley be studded with its Lodges, shining brightly as stars in the firmament; the waters of our lakes and rivers dash against her thousand temples, and millions hoist her standards, displaying the banners of FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY!

But who, in her rapid strides to grandeur, can estimate the blessings she has conferred; the sick she has relieved—the sorrow she has dispelled; the vice she has crushed in its bud, and the hearts she has filled with joy and gratitude?

But a few years since, and the name of Odd-Fellow was scarce known in our beloved State. In the winter of Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Four, several Odd-Fellows in good standing with their respective Lodges, agreeable to public notice assembled at the old "MERIDIAN COFFEE HOUSE," and agreed to form a Lodge in Natchez. They met in a secluded room of this house of mirth and conviviality, and I see the countenances of these FATHERS of our Order in Mississippi, beam with joy and hope as they greet each other in FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH! Having failed to receive a charter on their first application to the Grand Lodge of the United States, it was renewed, but they subsequently formed themselves into a society for their mutual benefit.

At length the messenger of glad-tidings arrived, and on the sixth day of February, 1837, brother SATER T. WALKER, Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of the United States, opened MISSISSIPPI LODGE, No. 1, in the third story of a building on the corner of Main and Wall streets, assisted by M. RUFFNER, WILLIAM DALE, WILLIAM F. STANTON, GEORGE OLDENBROUGH, JAMES YOUNG and M. WILLIAMS. Three of this number lie buried beneath the cold sod, yet their memory is verdant as the ever-greens of our forests!

The zeal and energy of the living have never faltered! They have seen one Lodge after another dedicated to the holy cause, two bearing their own hallowed names; the Order flourish, and blossom, as the rose, and when consigned to their mother earth, will not the widow and orphan weep over their graves, and pour forth praise and gratitude to these benefactors?

Having briefly explained the leading principles of Odd-Fellowship in theory and practice, it is with fearless confidence I commend it to my fellow-citizens, as one of the most benevolent institutions of the age.

Its modes of recognition, and initiation into her Lodges, may be hid in the hearts of its members, but only to preserve and perpetuate the noble Order.

The roots, and trunk of the tree may be buried deep in the soil, but its rich *fruits* are not concealed. The display of our banners and regalia—our types and symbols may be considered as vain pomp, yet there is not an emblem, nay even a color, that is not pregnant with moral instruction, and indicative of the "power, glory and goodness of God."

Look upon its members, and tell me if there be one in whose bosom there is a germ of treason, and who in the hour of danger, would not rally to the defence of his country, and the preservation of our glorious Union?

Can *such* men, distinguished for their public and private virtues, and embracing every trade and profession, countenance any Order injurious to the morals of the community?

Though excluded from our Lodges, every Odd-Fellow covets the approbation and enlivening smiles of woman. She participates in all our joys, soothes and sustains us in our adversity, and what were fame without the wreath entwined by beauty's hand? Her gentleness, her meekness and sympathy require no combination, or artificial means to practice deeds of love and charity.

Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again!—*Cowper.*

Nature has imbued her with the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and as wife, mother, sister and daughter, she must take the liveliest interest in the advancement of our institution.

Did not delicacy forbid her visiting the sick chamber of every brother, or the secret Lodge, her *beauty* alone might excite the rivalry of gallant Odd-Fellows, and divert attention from their solemn duties. Who could resist the siren tones of her voice; her soft yet brilliant eye, radiant with every tender expression; the pressure of her delicate hand in friendship's sign, and who would not wish to be joined to

“The link 'twixt Heaven and Earth?”

BROTHERS!—Another year has rolled around, and we again hail the return of our Anniversary. We have cause to rejoice at our triumphs, and should with becoming solemnity acknowledge our gratitude to Him, in whom we put our trust.

Have you practiced the sublime precepts inculcated by our Order? Have you been faithful to the trusts reposed in you? Have you relieved the Old Patriarch bowed down by age and sorrow, and tottering to his sepulchre? Have you made the widow's heart leap with joy, and nursed as fathers, her offspring? And, have you visited the sick brother, cheered his drooping spirits—wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and paid the last sad offices to the dead!

The seasons have changed; the tender plant has put forth its bud, blossomed, withered, decayed, and its fallen leaves mingled with the dust, and yet through the mercy of God, *we* are still spared.

But Death has shot his arrow among our band of brothers, and a victim has fallen! **PAST GRAND WATTLES** is no more! He was endeared to us by the strongest ties of friendship, and around his heart were clustered all the virtues that ennoble weak, frail man.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not.

Job, xiv. 2.

Be admonished! Be prepared to enter the celestial Lodge above; for the sythe of death may now be extended, and you fall beneath its ruthless and indiscriminate sweep!

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory, lead but to the grave.—*Gray.*

THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

SOME years ago it was my destiny to reside in a New England village. Nothing can be pleasanter than its situation. All that nature ever did for a place, she has done for this. It is sheltered on the north by high hills, and fringed on the south with forests of oaks and elms; it has its waterfalls and cascades, and, what is more surprising, they are suffered to flow on through meadow and valley, without being condemned to the treadmill. In this country every thing is compelled to do duty. Our forests are cut down for fire-wood; our rocks hewn into state prisons, and some of our modern speculators mean to make old Niagara, that has roared and bellowed so many hundred years for its own amusement, actually work for its living, and support cotton and woollen manufactures.

But to return to my village. It is not called a flourishing one, for there is no distillery and no jail in it. But they have straw bonnet manufactories, working societies, and reading societies, and the females actually raised ten dollars fifty-two cents for the emancipation of the Greeks.

While I resided there, I became intimately acquainted with the clergyman, and it was my constant habit to call on him every evening for a stroll. He was just such a man as the ladies call a marrying man; yet, strange to tell, he was still a bachelor. There was a village legend that he had been crossed in love; but disappointments of the heart generate suspicion and misanthropy, and no one could be more confiding and guileless than he was. His sensibilities seemed to be in their first spring. His fair smooth forehead, his broad chest, and Boanerges voice, gave no evidence that he had wasted his health in scientific or theological pursuits; yet he was well read in scripture, and could quote chapter and verse on every contested point. For many years he had made no use of a Concordance, for he was a living one himself. The practical part of his profession formed its beauty in him. He might well teach temperance, for necessary articles of food were all he coveted; he could talk of charity with the "tongue of an angel," for it was not with him tinkling brass or empty sound; from his five hundred dollars salary there was always an overplus, that brought upon him "the blessing of those that were ready to perish." Perhaps there was a little too much minuteness about worldly affairs, and yet it was an excellent example for others. There was likewise a little too much of the parish register in his cast of mind; he could tell how many he had married, how many he had christened, and how many he had buried; how many prayers he had made, and how many sermons he had written. All this was very well; but when he undertook to know people's ages better than they did themselves, it would have been intolerably provoking, if he had not always been able to prove he was right by parish records. He had a love for agriculture that contributed to his health, and agreeably diversified his employments. The piece of land that was set off to the parsonage, was always in excellent order, and the invalids of his parish might count upon the first mess of peas, and the first plate of strawberries, from his garden.

Our walk often led by a farm that had once been the summer residence of an opulent family. The grounds were laid out originally with much taste; but it had passed into the hands of various owners. They had cut

down the trees that they might not obstruct the view of the road, and suffered the buildings to go to decay, because it cost money to repair them. There was an air of desolate grandeur about the house, that inspired sensations wholly unlike the trim square houses of the village. It was too far from the road, and too large to be tenanted. Besides, the farm was run out. In short, it was unpopular, and nobody would live on it. It was said that it might be "bought for a song," but it was so out of repair and so comfortless, that nobody appeared to purchase it. It had gone through the "pitiless pelting" of a severe winter uninhabited, and nothing could be more dreary than it looked, half buried in snow; but when spring came on, and the grass grew green, and the wild roses blossomed, and the creepers hung clustering about the doors and windows, it was a place that might have tempted any lover of solitude and nature.

In a small country village, however, there are few who come under this class. All have a practical love of nature, but not many a sentimental one; and it was with a degree of contempt that it was discovered, in the month of June, that the house was actually inhabited. Much speculation was excited, and the place that had stood in desolate neglect, became at once an object of curiosity and interest.

I had had some thoughts of purchasing the place, and tried to persuade myself that it would be a good way of investing a small sum, when I learnt that a Mr. Forester had been beforehand with me, and had taken possession of the house. I felt a degree of disappointment that the previously irresolute state of my mind by no means authorized. Soon after this occurrence, I quitted the village, and removed to a different part of the country.

Ten years passed away, and I made no effort to renew my intercourse with my old friend the clergyman. In consequence of indisposition, I found it actually necessary last year to journey. My recollections immediately turned to the village where I had before found health, and I once more directed my course towards it.

It was on Sunday morning that I entered the town of H—, about ten miles from the village. I knew too well the primitive habits of my friend the clergyman to break in upon his Sabbath morning, and I determined to remain where I was till the next day.

It is a church-going place. When I saw couple after couple pass the window of the tavern at which I had stationed myself in mere idleness, I began to feel an inclination to go to church too.

I entered the nearest one, and when the minister arose, found to my surprise that it was my old friend. He did not appear to have altered since I last saw him; his voice was equally powerful, his person rather fuller. I recognized in his prayers and sermon the same expressions he had used ten years ago—and why not? They were drawn from his book of knowledge. There was still the same simplicity and the same fervour that had first interested me; and when the services were over, I shook hands with him, it seemed even to me, who am not given to illusion, that we had parted but yesterday. I tried to make out by his appearance whether he had married, but I was baffled—the outer man had undergone no change. He told me that he should return home after the evening service, and invited me to take a seat in his chaise with him. I readily

accepted the invitation. When he called for me he said, "Don't forget your portmanteau, for I must keep you at my house a few days."

As we jogged along, for his horse never departed from his Sunday pace even on week days, I asked him what had become of the Foresters. "Do they still retain the farm that ought to have been mine?" said I. A colour like the mellow tint of a russetine apple that had been perfectly preserved through the winter, rose in his cheek as he replied, "Part of the family are there; if you like, I will give you an account of them." I assented; but when I found he was settling himself as if for a long story, my heart died within me. I knew his minuteness on every subject, and that to have added or diminished an iota would have been to him palpable fraud and injustice. By degrees, however, I became interested in his narrative.

"Soon after you left me, I became intimate with Mr. Forester. He was a sensible, intelligent man, and his wife was a very worthy woman.—They had two children, who were full of health and gaiety. Mr. Forester entered upon farming with great zeal, and the place soon wore a different aspect. The venerable trees that had been cut down, could not be restored, but repairs were made, the stone walls rebuilt, and all indicated that the new tenant was a man of order and good habits. He had been accustomed to farming, but he was assiduous in finding out the best and most approved methods of ploughing, planting, and managing his land. Nothing could be more successful than his industry. The third year his crops were abundant, and his wife began to talk of her dairy, and exhibit her butter and cheese in the country style. The inhabitants of the village found they managed their affairs so well, that they were content to let them go on without interfering. Mrs. Forester accommodated herself to the habits and customs of those around her with wonderful facility, and was a general favourite.

"Instead of passing the house as you and I used to do in our walk, I now every evening turned up the avenue, and spent half an hour with them. The children called me uncle, and ran to meet me; their mother, too, would follow them with a step almost as light. She played upon the guitar, and though I was not acquainted with the instrument, and thought it feeble compared to the bass-viol, yet I loved to hear it chiming with her sweet voice.

"When I looked at this happy family, I felt new sympathies springing in my heart, and began to be almost dissatisfied with my solitary home. I sometimes thought Mr. Forester was not as tranquil and contented as his wife; but he had lived in the world, and it was natural that he should feel the want of that society to which he had been accustomed.

"It was on the third year of their residence in the village, that I was invited to visit them with more form than usual. Mrs. Forester said, that she and the children were going to celebrate the fifth anniversary of her marriage. She had many of the fanciful contrivances of her sex to give interest to the daily routine of life. She had placed her table under an arbour, covered with honeysuckles and sweet-briar, and loaded it with fruit and the abundance of her good housewifery. The grass that had been newly mown, was distributed round us in heaps. At a little distance from the arbour, and behind it, stood the large barn, with the huge folding doors open at each end. Through this we had a view of the house,

and beyond it the country round, with its fields waiving with grain, its peaceful streams, its green valleys, its distant hills, and, what in my opinion added greatly to the beauty of the prospect, the spire of my own church rising from a grove of trees. I must not forget to mention the Merrimack that was in front of us, moving on in the majesty of its deep blue waters, and bearing on its bosom the various craft of inland navigation. It was a glorious scene, and we all felt it such. 'Here at least,' said I, 'we may worship God in the temple of his own beauty!' I looked at Mrs. Forester. Women have quick sensibilities. I saw the tears were coursing each other down her cheeks; but they were like the rain-drops of summer, and her smiles returned more gaily. The children had taken many a trip from the house to the harbour, with their baskets and aprons loaded with cakes and fruits. We all gathered round the table. Mrs. Forester was as gay as her children. She played upon her guitar, and sung modern songs, which I am sorry to say had more music than sense in them. In the midst of one of these, we heard footsteps. A man stood at the entrance of the harbour, and laid his hand on Mr. Forester's shoulder. He started, and turned round; then, taking the man by the arm, walked away. 'I wish,' said Mrs. Forester impatiently, 'he had not interrupted us just as we were so happy.'

" 'Do you know him?' said I. 'No,' she replied, 'I can't say I do, and yet I remember seeing him, soon after we were married. I believe,' added she, colouring and laughing, 'I never told you that ours was a runaway match. It has turned out so well, and our troubles have terminated so happily, that I am not afraid to confess my imprudence to you. I was an orphan, and lived with my grandmother, who was as different from me in her habits and opinions as old people usually are from young ones. She thought singing was bad for the lungs, that dancing would throw me into a fever, and the night air into a consumption. I differed from her in all these opinions, and yet was obliged to conform. After I became acquainted with Mr. Forester, we differed still more. She said he was a stranger that nobody knew; I said I knew him perfectly. In short, she told me if I intended to marry him, she would forbid the banns. I thought it best to save her the trouble, and so I tied up a little bundle, and walked off with my husband that is now.

" 'The good old lady lived to see him well established in business as a lawyer, and became quite reconciled. I loved her sincerely, and, now that I was independent, willingly accommodated myself to her habits. She died soon after the birth of my first child Ellen, who was named for her. She left me five thousand dollars, which is now invested in this farm, and I trust will be the inheritance of my children.'

" 'May I ask,' said I, 'why you left your native place?' 'I hardly know,' said she; 'my husband thought the air did not agree with him. He grew melancholy and abstracted, and then I began to dislike it too, and was quite ready to quit it. We removed to B—. My husband carried his reputation and talents with him, and was again successful in the practice of law. In the course of a few months, his complaints returned, and he then thought it was country air he wanted, and an entire change of life. The event has proved so. We quitted the languid and enervating climate of the south, and travelled north. We gave up all our former associations, and to make the change more complete, my husband took the

name of an uncle who brought him up, and relinquished his own. It is now three years since we have resided here, and I don't know that he has had any return of ill health, or nervous affections since.'

"At that moment Mr. Forester returned, accompanied by the stranger. He approached his wife, and said, 'Here is an old acquaintance, Mary; you must make him welcome.' There was an expression in the countenance of the guest that appalled us. It seemed to communicate its baleful influence to the whole circle. Mr. Forester looked pale and anxious; the gaiety was gone; nobody sung or laughed; we scarcely spoke. All was changed. The stranger seemed to have a blighting effect on the master of the house; for from this time his health and spirits gradually forsook him. Signs of poverty appeared, and he announced to his wife that he must move elsewhere. She was thunderstruck. The legacy of her aunt had been invested in the purchase of the farm. To give up that, was relinquishing the inheritance of her children. She remonstrated, but without effect; he declined all explanation. With deep regret I saw them quit the village.

"Mrs. Forester had promised to write me when they were again fixed in any permanent situation. It was nearly two years before I received a letter. That letter I have now in my pocket-book. It has remained there since I first received it. Here it is."

I knew too well his exact habits to be surprised at the perfect state of preservation in which I saw it. It was as follows:—

"I rejoice that I can give you cheerful accounts, my much respected friend, of my husband and myself. After we left you, we removed to a remote town in the west, and here we are. We have given up farming, and my husband has opened an office. As he is the only lawyer in the place, he has made his way extremely well. I wish I could say I am as happy as you once saw me; but this mode of life is not to my taste, nor do I think it agrees with my husband. I have never seen him so tranquil as the three short years we passed at N—. There is something in the life of a farmer peculiarly soothing. The sun never rose so bright to me as at that period. I do not think Eve was as happy in her paradise as I was in mine; for her fruits grew spontaneously, but mine were produced by the united effort of head and hands, and gave exercise to all my powers. My children are well. My husband's health is not very good; this plodding life does not agree with him; he is subject to low spirits. I sometimes have sad forebodings of the future; if I could only get back to N—, I think all would go well."

This was the purport of the letter. I returned it to my friend, and he resumed his narrative.

"About a year from the time I received the letter, I took a journey to Montreal to visit a sister who was settled there. In passing one of the streets, I recognized Mr. Forester; but he was so altered in his appearance, that I doubted if it could be he. He held out his hand, and I found, upon inquiring, that they had made another remove to Montreal. He was emaciated in his person, and there was a nervous agitation in his manner that alarmed me. I begged him to conduct me to his wife. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'but you will be surprised at our *menage*.' I accompanied him to a low dilapidated building, in which every thing bespoke poverty. Mrs. Forester gave me a mournful welcome. She, too, was

greatly changed; but her children were still blooming and healthy, and appeared unconscious of the cloud that hung over their parents.

"My visit was short; I perceived it was an embarrassing one; but in taking leave, I said, 'If you have any commands to your old friends at N—, here is my address.' I had not been home long, before William Forester brought me a note from his mother, requesting to see me. I immediately returned with him, and found her alone. She was free and undisguised in her communication; said there was some dreadful mystery hung over them, and that whatever it was, it was hurrying her husband to the grave. 'I should not have spoken,' added she, 'had not this conviction made all scruples weigh light in the balance. I think it possible he may reveal to you what he will not to me. At least, see him before you quit Montreal. If we could once more return to N—, we might yet be happy.'

"I again called to see him. Never was there a human being more changed. He was dull, abstracted, and silent, and I began to think his mind was impaired. I used every argument in my power to persuade him to return to N—, and tried to convince him it was a duty he owed his wife and children. He only replied that it would do no good; neither they nor he would be happier; that there was nothing I could say to him with regard to himself that his own mind had not suggested. He acknowledged that he had a secret source of calamity, but said it was beyond human power to mitigate it; that the kindest part would be to let him alone; that he had never intruded his sorrows on others, and he asked no participation; that happily there was a termination to all things here, and his sufferings could not last for ever. I told him that if he was alone in the world, he might reason justly; but he must feel that there was one human being at least, that was doomed to participate in his good or bad fortune, and who was made wretched by his mysterious conduct.

" 'Has she spoken to you?' said he fiercely.

" 'There needs no other language,' replied I, 'than her pale cheek and wasted form. You, who see her daily, cannot realize the change that has taken place; but I, who saw her last at N—, blooming, and happy, full of health and gaiety, alive to all that was beautiful in creation—can I agree with you that you alone are the sufferer?' I found I had touched the cord to which his heart vibrated; I pursued the subject, and finally obtained the victory. He promised me solemnly to return in the course of a few weeks.

"It was with heartfelt pleasure I set about preparing for them. I had the old shattered mansion put into comfortable repair, and took half a year's salary in pork, grain, and live stock, much to the satisfaction of my parishioners, who had rather pay in produce than money, and it was all cheerfully transferred to the desolate building. It was the last day of November when they arrived, and the snow lay three feet deep on the ground. The old trees that remained with their dry straggling branches, stood on each side of the avenue like a procession of mourners. In winter there is but little for a farmer to do, except foddering his cattle, and preparing for the coming spring. Mr. Forester had no stock of materials, and his life was an idle one. I could not but think Providence had wonderfully marked its bounty to the other sex, when I saw how cheerfully and constantly Mrs. Forester found employment. Her colour and spirits

returned, and again I heard her singing songs that seemed only made for summer.

"I have hitherto said but little of myself. I had dwindled into a kind of insignificance in my own mind, and was thought to be a confirmed old bachelor. Even my neighbour, Miss Keziah Spinney, no longer attempted to pour in the oil and the wine, but passed on to the other side. I confess, however, that I sometimes looked back with lingering regret on the years I had loitered away. I could count up to fifty-two. After twenty-five, they were all dull, cheerless blanks, except in the way of duty, and every faithful minister knows how many omissions must press upon his recollection. March had arrived, and we had reasonable expectations that the severity of winter was over; but it did not prove so. There came a violent driving snow-storm, and I did not visit the Foresters for several days. At length I received a message from them requesting to see me. Mrs. Forester met me at the door. 'My husband,' said she, 'is very ill. Do you remember our visitor on the fifth anniversary of our marriage? Twice since he has come. God knows what malignant power he has over us; but it is terrible in its effects. Yesterday he came suddenly upon us; his visit was short, but immediately after his departure, my husband complained of great oppression upon the lungs, and this morning he has been seized with a hemorrhage. O my dear friend,' continued she, wringing my hand, 'go to him, tell him there is nothing he can reveal so dreadful as this suspense. I can endure it no longer; my reason will be the sacrifice.'

"I hastened to his apartment. He was in bed; his countenance was pale, but calm. 'I am glad you have come,' said he; 'I have a confession to make.' At that moment his wife entered. He called her to his bedside, and, as she knelt down, he looked earnestly at her and his courage appeared to fail. But in a few moments he resumed. 'I had hoped that I might die with my secret unrevealed; but now that I believe myself on my death-bed, the judgment of my fellow-creatures loses its importance. And yet,' said he, turning to his wife, 'to voluntarily relinquish your esteem; to be remembered by you only with horror! O, if suffering could expiate guilt, these pangs would atone!'

"Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance, the noble, the sublime expression, as she leaned over him. 'My friend—my husband,' said she, 'fear nothing from me. Whatever may be the circumstances to which you allude, they cannot now influence my affection. The years we have passed together are all that identify you with me. Speak without hesitation.'

"'I will be brief,' said he, 'for my strength is failing. My early life was one of dissipation and profligacy. My father gave me all the opportunities of a good education, and a lucrative profession. He died, and left my mother destitute. I persuaded myself it was a duty to run all risks to place her in an independent situation. Frequently I returned from the gaming table, and poured money into her lap. The poor deceived parent blessed and applauded me. I went through all the changes of a gamester, and at length found myself deeply in debt. A horrible chance presented—it was one of fraud and treachery. I purloined a sum intrusted to me—was detected!' He seemed unable to proceed. 'I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment,' continued he, in a low voice. 'Though

sunk and degraded, I was not lost. I loathed the vices that had undone me. I turned with horror from the profligacy by which I was surrounded. My conduct was such that the term of my imprisonment was shortened. I received a pardon. My poor mother had died broken-hearted. I quitted Havana; for this was the scene of my guilt and disgrace. At Richmond, I by degrees gained access to good society. I was persevering and industrious. You know, my dear Mary, how I became acquainted with you, and you now perceive that when I married you, I added a new crime, that of deception, to my catalogue of sins. I truly loved you, and I could not resist temptation. My business was lucrative, every thing around me prosperous, and if vice had left no sting, I might have been the happiest of mortals. But not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the waters of Jordan, can wash out the stains of the soul. I was haunted by remembrance of the past. There was something so unlike retributive justice in my prosperity, that I felt as if even this success portended some dreadful reverse. Fool that I was, not to perceive that the terror and anxiety that consumed my hours was retributive justice! When I pressed her whom I loved best to my bosom, I thought what would become of her if she knew she was the wife of a felon!

“Such was the state of my mind while every body congratulated me on my happiness. I was nominated for an office of trust. A few days after the election had taken place, I received a note, requesting me to come to a particular place, if I would avoid public disgrace. I went to the spot with a beating heart, and found, to my horror, a fellow-convict! When I quitted the prison, I had left him there. He had staid out his term, and accident brought him to Richmond. His object was to extort money. I gave him what he asked, as the bribe of secrecy. Again and again he came. My anxiety grew insupportable. Horrible thoughts crossed my mind. I sometimes felt that either he or I must be sacrificed. I gave up all but my wife and children, and left Richmond in hopes of concealment from my persecutor. The rest you know. As soon as I began to acquire credit and property, my tormentor appeared, and nearly stripped me. For three years I lived on this spot unmolested; and I began to think he was dead. You know how, in the midst of apparent security and happiness, he came upon me. Twice he has visited me since. Yesterday he arrived. But heaven is merciful. The disorder that for months has been undermining my life, is brought to a crisis. With the near prospect of death, I have gained fortitude. I might say something in extenuation of my guilt. But why should I? There is a Judge, and he is merciful.’

“Such was the unhappy man’s story. He was mistaken in believing his end so near. He lingered on for months. His confession had rendered the scourge of his persecutor powerless. His decay was gradual, and he lived till June. His wife and myself were his constant attendants. He saw that her affection was undiminished; that it was the labour of love, and not of compassion, that bound her to his side. He died, trusting in divine mercy, and commending to my care his wife and children.”

“And you have performed this dying injunction most faithfully, I doubt not,” said I to the good man.

Again the colour rose in his cheek. “I have,” said he, “to the best of my power. At the end of two years, Mrs. Forester kindly consented

to marry me. Her children are as dear to me as if they were my own." We had now entered the little village of N—. It was still flourishing in its native beauty. The green banks, with their foot-paths, still bordered the carriage road, and clusters of dandelions, purple thistles, and mallows, were scattered by the way side, with their former profusion. The low school-house, with its tall chimney, stood where I left it. The paths that led through the pastures, still remained the same. We were now near the parsonage-house. I asked no questions, for I was willing to wait the development of circumstances. I was not much surprised when we turned up the avenue that led to the old-fashioned house.

"This is my residence," said the clergyman, "and I let out the parsonage." We stopped. The lady came to the door to meet us. She seemed to have gone along with all things else. Her hair, when I last saw her, was glossy and brown; it was now covered with a white muslin cap, and was parted upon her forehead in a matron-like manner.

I passed a few days with them, and took leave with the novel conclusion, that if there was any happiness in this world, it was to be found in a country village, where there were no improvements, and at the house of a country minister.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK:

IN eastern land, where nature glow'd most fair,
Where the pomegranate, grew in sweetness rare,
Where the acacia tree rich odour shed,
And the vine, cluster'd almost 'neath the tread;
Where orange groves, and citron spread around,
And fig trees weigh'd with fruit, bent to the ground;
Where birds of paradise were on the wing
And songsters of the grove did gladness bring.
A Being moved among these groves and bowers,
At early dawn, and at eve's closing hours,
The meekest, noblest, holiest, of men.
Earth by His might reel'd to and fro, again,
Seas by His majesty, would backward roll;
His voice of power, would reach from pole to pole.
And yet He moved among these groves and bowers
Peaceful as zephyr, when it fans the flowers.
Though beasts of forests crouch'd beneath his eye
'Twas mild, as twilight on the summer sky.
His walk so pure, it sanctified the earth,
Creation smiled when angels told His birth;
Nothing more holy, could the earth sustain,

Naught more majestic could the world contain;
His human form did Deity enclose,
The godhead satisfied—did thus repose.
Oh! mystery profound—Oh! wond'rous plan,
The incarnate God—clothed in the form of man—
Proving divinity could dwell therein
If not forced thence, by man's transgression—sin.
A spark of life divine to man was given
Which earth had quenched not—had not Satan striven.
He who defied the giver of all light
Engender'd self-conceit, man's peace to blight.
Man is most weak, when he assumes most power,
Satan holds empire then—and rules the hour.
Thus we behold upon a mountain's height,
Oh! scene of horror! Oh! tremendous sight;
A Cross—alas! who hangs thereon? tis He—
Oh! do the senses wander—can it be?
Why droops His head so low?
Why do men gaze, and no emotion show?
What had He done that He should suffer thus?
Why is He made a by-word and a curse?
What is the cause? can no one answer give?
Soul, answer soul, he dies that thou may'st live—
Dies, suffers pain, and ignominy too,—
That in thus doing heaven meet thy view,
Even to such as dragg'd Him to the tree—
And can unmoved behold his agony.
Earth groans, the mountains quake and rocks do rend,
Graves burst with indignation at His end—
Who came to bless the creatures—who thus scorn
The life which with such meekness had been born.

Now stagger back my soul—seek some recess
Where thou can'st hide thy wayward nothingness;
Or else arise, and with thy power and might
Cling to that cross till thou with Christ unite;
Kiss thou those feet, press thou that bleeding side,
Clasp thou that hand, till naught of earth divide,
Then soar to Heaven and ask the reason why
The Lord of life—should for poor mortals die?
There will this answer meet thy anxious call,
Spirit and flesh must part ere thou can'st learn it all.
Keep thou the cross in view, there hangs thy friend,
He will be with thee, even to the end.
He hung not there in vain; mercy bled there,
And now it pleads—where answered—is the prayer.

January 11th, 1843.

THE INDIAN WIFE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful chieftain of the Sioux American Indians, and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty, but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Here was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependent woman in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the Young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indians never pay woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object.

His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful acts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received, with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from his purpose.

Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "there are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion;

but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her

from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of his conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St. Antony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she plead in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" she exclaimed in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell to the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affections for him were characterized by a strange unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men.

The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of kindness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance, and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccassin he had stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of refined stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the spirit-land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom con-

tending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit-Land together," she exclaimed; "he cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St. Antony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi!

OH, THINK'ST THOU I REMEMBER NOT.

BY MRS. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

OH, think'st thou I remember not
The vows pledg'd at thy shrine?
Oh, do'st thou deem thyself forgot,
When flows the sparkling wine?
Amid the song, amid the dance,
Thine image dwells with me;
Each fairy form, each thrilling glance,
But tells my heart of thee

The lays I breathe are all thine own,
For thee I touch the lute;
Had not thine eyes upon me shone,
Its tones had aye been mute
Oh, thou hast been the star that shed
Its kindly light on me;
When hearts grew cold, and joy had fled,
I found no change in thee.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE had fondly hoped ere this to have been enabled to present our readers with the final decision of the A. M. C. of England upon the subject of the conflicting relations between that body and the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States. That body assembled at Bradford on the 5th of June last, and continued in session one week. Since its adjournment two steamers have arrived and we are without any official communication whatever. The journal of its proceedings from day to day was published in the daily papers of the town, for a copy of one of which we are indebted to a distinguished P. P. G. M. who was present as a delegate. Nothing appears to have been given to the public upon the subject of what is there termed the American Question: from which we infer that the deliberations of the A. M. C. respecting our differences were private and confidential. In this aspect of affairs it is painful to contemplate the forced position in which the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States will be placed—all will concede it is believed that a final and irreparable rupture between these two bodies will visit upon that Order so much valued and esteemed in both countries great and abiding injury—it will be equally admitted that the direction of the Order here and in England is in the hands of intelligent and devoted men. Where then it may be asked is the fault? Why should the universality of Odd-Fellowship be for a moment jeopardied if at a reasonable sacrifice the danger can be averted?—To these questions we answer that there has been no dereliction of duty, no abatement of love and regard for the welfare of Odd-Fellowship throughout the globe on the part of the Grand Lodge of the United States. She has profoundly considered the subject and esteeming it one of great moment has at great expense as is familiar to all our readers tendered the “olive branch” to our English brethren. She has through her deputed agents earnestly pressed upon the attention of the A. M. C. of England the lasting injury to the Order at large which was certain to flow from an essential difference in the work and laws of Odd-Fellowship, and has with equal zeal urged upon its attention the serious difficulties and embarrassments to which a continuance of such a course would expose the many friendless brothers from their jurisdiction who might be overtaken by sickness or distress in this country. It is within the recollection of our friends that while the reasons and arguments advanced on the subject were so far influential as to produce a proposition to adopt the literal work of the five degrees as known and practised in the United States, yet that propo-

sition was coupled with a condition (to wit, that brothers from that jurisdiction should be admitted to membership in this country without any other formality than the mere exhibition of a clean card and the payment of 10s. 6d. sterling) to which the Grand Lodge of the United States neither had the power nor the inclination to assent.

The A. M. C. was not ignorant of the limited jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States upon all subjects connected with the government and regulations of the Subordinate Lodges in States where Grand Lodges exist, and especial pains were employed to make it apparent that such a condition was equivalent to rejection of the entire subject of conference. It became necessary for the Grand Lodge of the United States to proclaim not only her disability in the premises, but her settled opposition to such a measure even if it were within her power to carry it out. This decision was officially and respectfully communicated to the G. M. and Board of Directors in the month of February last, since when the printed minutes of that body, which are published quarterly, have reached us which contain a detailed account of the action of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States on the subject with a notice from the board to the Order at large that the subject would be adjourned till the meeting of the A. M. C. to whose consideration it would be referred. This information we received unofficially from a member of the board, not having been as yet even honored with a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of our official communication. Such is at present the position of the parties—every thing which love for Odd-Fellowship consistently with a decent regard for self-respect could prompt, has been done on the part of the Grand Lodge of the United States to accommodate this momentous difference in work, and we regret to say that circumstances as they exist evince a culpable indifference to the subject or a positive disinclination on the part of our trans-atlantic brethren further to consider it. Where the fault lies, and why the universality of the Order should be jeopardized may it appears to our mind be now easily understood. The Grand Lodge of the United States must act definitively at its next session and judging from the past we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that however great the sacrifice to the Order, she will carry out her already expressed determination to dissolve the tie between her and the Manchester Unity and exert her best efforts to establish Odd-Fellowship in its purity and integrity wherever she may be able to reach throughout the world. Already are applications in hand from the Canadas and from South America for the organization of Lodges, and we trust that however the granting of such petitions may heretofore have been delayed from convictions of duty, that they may now be speedily gratified. It may however be that we do injustice to our brethren in England in assuming that they have failed to act or have acted adversely to our wishes at the meeting of the A. M. C. Should it turn out so in the end, we promise an ample reparation, but we do not permit ourselves for a moment to doubt about what has been done in England.

The complexion of the A. M. C. may be gathered from the elections for grand officers, and when we assure our friends that P. G. M. Mansfield who was chosen Grand Master of the Order at Bradford is among the decided advocates of the impracticable condition required as the *sine qua non* of agreement in the premises they will with us we think agree that

the severance of the Independent Order in the two hemispheres is now complete. Every considerate brother in every clime will deplore this result, and when in after times our posterity marvel at the comparatively insignificant obstacle which was interposed to the oneness of Odd-Fellowship throughout the world, they will do the Grand Lodge of the United States the justice to relieve it from all fault or blame in the premises.

OFFICES—BY WHOM TO BE FILLED.

It is to be feared that some Odd-Fellows aspire to the offices of the Lodge, merely to have the honour of having "passed the chairs," without any desire to promote the interests of the Lodge, or the Order. But, if unhappily, any such have been elevated by the members, and have grovelled through their term of office, without interesting the brethren, or profiting the Lodge—without impressing upon the minds of the brethren, especially the newly initiated, the high moral and benevolent principles and requirements of Odd-Fellowship, the Lodge has in a measure become less attractive, and inattention on the part of the members to the interests and duties of the Order has been the result.

In such cases the Lodge should learn the important truth, that if a brother will not be zealous for the honour of the Order, when a private member, or in a minor office, little can be expected of him in a higher station, and not to trust *him, as a presiding officer*, who was not a faithful subordinate.

If integrity and faithfulness is not found in the Secretary, and honour and justice in the Treasurer, they surely should not be trusted to *declare the law* and enjoin its requirements upon the newly admitted brother, lest by their own inattention and want of care, they make the law of none effect, and cause others to regard it lightly. But after they have done this, if they ascend the next step, and take the chief government of the Lodge, manifesting that they care for none of the things of moment thereto, but rather to have and receive the *titles*, they do an injury to the body, which will require one, or more faithful administrations to rectify.

It is devoutly to be wished that improper motives may never induce an Odd-Fellow to aspire to an official station in the Lodge. Evil is sure to proceed from such an unnatural ambition; and yet the rapidity with which numbers of young men rush into the Order, gives place for it to be exercised.

If unqualified—office is rather a disgrace than an honour, for it is not easy, under such circumstances, to conceal ignorance or draw a veil over imperfection. If too negligent and inattentive, it will be apparent to all, and a drone will receive their execrations. An exhibition of incapacity in those who are expected to instruct and lead the brethren to a knowledge of truth, and the performance of duty, excites the feeling of pity, if not of contempt in the brotherhood. While, on the other hand, when the chair of the N. G. is filled with ability and zeal, respect and approbation are ensured—the laws of the Institution are observed, the words of wisdom fall, like the dews of heaven, from the lips of the instructor, and are eagerly imbibed by the gratified brethren,—improvement in the theoretical and practical knowledge of Odd-Fellowship augments; the

members emulate the accomplishments of the N. G. and the triumph of virtue, morality and brotherly love, becomes visible to the world, although the world without the Lodge is ignorant how the noble attainment has been achieved. So true it is, that "the light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not."

In every Lodge there are brethren who love the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and are zealous in their inculcation and defence—brethren, who, advancing step by step, know the duties of the different stations, and who have a zeal according to knowledge, and a devotion that wearies not. In the hands of such, the interests of the Lodge,—the benign principles of *Friendship, Love and Truth*, will be guarded, fostered and promoted to almost an infinite extent.

Brethren, let such men be selected for officers of Lodges, for depend upon it, they may be trusted! Then—

The sacred Lodge, of care devoid,
From strife and malice always free,
Shall by their aid, be still employ'd
In social love and harmony.

Charleston, June, 1843.

OFFICE OF D. D. GRAND SIRE. }
Charleston, S. C. July 11, 1843. }

TO JAMES L. RIDGELY, Esq.

R. W. Grand Sec'y G. Lodge U. S.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—accompanying this you have a draft on the Merchants Bank of Baltimore for the dues of the several Lodges, the names of which are annexed, viz:—

Oglethorpe Lodge, No. 1, Savannah Geo. qr. ending 31st March,	\$46 00
Live Oak Lodge, No. 3, " " " " " "	37 46
Franklin Lodge, No. 2, Macon " " " " " "	143 34
Kennedy Lodge, No. 2, Black Creek, E. F. qr. " 30th June,	7 83

\$234 63

The returns of the above Lodges are in my possession and will be forwarded to your office first private opportunity. The returns for quarter ending June 30,—will doubtless soon be in hand. You perceive that *Kennedy Lodge, No. 2*, at Black Creek has been very prompt, that Lodge was instituted in May and bids fair to be a useful link in the great chain, partaking somewhat of the zeal and promptness of the M. W. G. Sire, whose name it bears. The Lodges at Savannah make a noble return, and that at Macon a very heavy one. Live Oak and Franklin had only been formed two months when their first quarter closed.

They are all sound in the *faith* and *practice* of *Odd-Fellowship*, and will continue to prosper.

Yours in F. L. and T.

ALBERT CASE, D. D. Gr. Sire.

NASHVILLE, July 19, 1843.

The Annual Communication of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Tennessee I. O. O. F. was held at Odd-Fellows' Hall in this city on Saturday the 15th, at which time the following officers were elected for the current year.

WILKINS F. TANNEHILL,	-	-	-	-	-	M. W. G. M.
ROBERT A. BARNES,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. D. G. M.
HENRY WADE,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. W.
L. L. LOVING,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. S.
ANTHONY BONVILLE,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. T.
WILLIAM MCCURDY,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. C.
WILLIAM KNOX,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. G.
C. C. TRABUE,	-	-	-	-	-	R. R. G. Chaplain.

The interest manifested among the Subordinate Lodges of the State, was exemplified by the large number of Past Grands in attendance, and the remarkable harmony that prevailed during the deliberations of the body. There were present nine P. G.'s from Tennessee Lodge, No. 1, (Nashville) six from Nashville Lodge, No. 2, (Nashville) six from Columbia Lodge, No. 3, (Columbia) two from Spring-Hill Lodge, No. 4, (Spring-Hill) one from Washington Lodge, No. 5, (Dresden) and two from Memphis Lodge, No. 6, (Memphis.)

P. G. M. Timothy Kezer, was elected Representative to the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States and we congratulate the Order upon the result of the election of so ardent and devoted a friend to our cause, who is in every respect competent to discharge the duties of his high and important situation.

During the past year the Order in Tennessee has advanced with rapid steps, and its principles and benefits have secured many warm and devoted advocates, especially among the ladies, who have been frequent witnesses of the devotedness of Odd-Fellows to suffering humanity.

W. F. T.

[We take great pleasure in publishing the subjoined communications to the Committee of Arrangements for the dedication of Odd-Fellows' Hall in the city of Baltimore.]

CHARLESTOWN, (MASS.) July 22, 1843.

Dear Sir and Brother—Your letter as Chairman of a Committee of the Grand and Subordinate Lodges of Maryland, inviting me to deliver an Oration on Monday, September 18th, has just been received. In answer thereto I reply that I accept the appointment, and will endeavor to the best of my abilities to discharge the office with which my Maryland brethren have honored me. Permit me through you Sir, to tender my regards to the gentlemen of the Committee; and with sentiments of personal respect, believe me,

Yours in F. L. and T.

P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey.

E. H. CHAPIN.

CHARLESTON, July 21, 1843.

Dear Sir and Brother—I have the honour to acknowledge yours of 18th informing me of the distinction conferred by my brethren of Maryland. I am deeply sensible of their kindness and beg leave through you to return my thanks. No effort in my poor power shall be wanting to illustrate the principles to which we are devoted, destined as we hope to become universal in their benefits as they are in their intentions.

I accept the pleasing task and will endeavor to fulfil it, and remain in
F. L. and T. your friend and bro.

S. A. HURLBUT, P. C. P.

Thomas Willey, Esq., P. G. Sire, }
Chairman Com. of Arrang. }

HOME CORRESPONDENCE

Virginia—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire George M. Bain, dated Portsmouth, June 27th, 1843.

The brotherhood in North Carolina are moving ahead finely. I understand that there are already two applications for Charters to open Lodges, one in Fayetteville and the other in Newbern, and it is expected that one will soon be made from Raleigh. Some two or three other places are spoken of.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Case, dated Charleston, July 21st, 1843.

The Dispensation for Ashley Encampment, No. 3, came to hand in due season, and on the evening of the 19th inst. I instituted the Encampment at Rames Hall. I organized the Encampment, and installed the officers except E. G. Brown, Treasurer.

Officers present term:—

C. B. WHITE,	-	-	-	-	C. P.
W. G. HUNTING,	-	-	-	-	H. P.
P. V. DIBBLE,	-	-	-	-	S. W.
A. F. BROWNING,	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
E. G. BROWN,	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
J. W. CLEAPOS,	-	-	-	-	J. W.
E. J. S. ROBERTS,	-	-	-	-	Guardian.

Enclosed you have application of brothers from Savannah, Georgia, for a charter for Magnolia Encampment. I shall proceed to organize it as soon as possible, after I get the Dispensation.

Alabama—Extract of a letter from Grand Master E. Salomon, dated Mobile, July 14th, 1843.

At the Annual Election a few days ago I had the honor of being elected Grand Master of our Grand Lodge, and also Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and if nothing should happen in the way of sickness I hope to have the pleasure of being with you on that interesting occasion. I think I can safely say to you from this time forward, a new era in the life of Odd-Fellowship has begun. Yesterday I opened a new Lodge styled "Chosen Friends", No. 3, in this city, and shall in the course of this month proceed to Marion in this State, and open No. 4, there—as soon as that takes place you will hear of Lodges in Tuscaloosa, Greensboro', Montgomery, Selma, and all the principal towns of the State. As I predicted to many of the friends of the Order here, the establishment of a Grand Lodge in this place, has set the ball rolling, and

rely on it, its course will be onward—the more the happy effects of our Order are promulgated, the more will it increase. Our Lodges in this town, although composed of large numbers, still have been wanting in something to cheer them on in the good work, the formation of Chosen Friends' Lodge, No. 3, is a good omen—this Lodge is composed of some few members of No. 1,—not from dissatisfaction that I am aware of, but from the fact that their number is so large, viz: 86—that another Lodge could be formed without detriment to the interests of the other Lodges—the individuals composing it, are men that will push the interests of the Order. All my energy shall be used to place the Order here on such a footing that will give us cause to be proud of it.

¶ We announced in our last the names of the Brethren who had been invited by the Committee of Arrangements for the dedication of Odd-Fellows' Hall to deliver Oration on that occasion; since when we learn that Bro. Clinton of New York, E. Y. Reese and James L. Ridgely of Maryland have declined. As now informed we understand that Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin of Massachusetts will deliver the principal Oration, Bro. S. H. Hurlbut of Charleston the dedicatory Address, and that during the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States Addresses may be expected on each evening from distinguished members of that body.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

Odd-Fellowship commenced its career in the United States, under the disheartening influences of obscurity, distrust, and persecution—yet it only required to be known to be appreciated—and the result has shewn that—

“Like a true gem, it brightens in the wearing.”

But little more than twenty years have elapsed since its establishment amongst us, and behold the happy change in its prospects. From the ice-wrapped hills of Maine, to the burning plains of the far south, bands of faithful brothers meet to embrace and carry out its benign and god-like purposes. Men of all nations, professions and creeds, abandoning petty jealousies and local prejudices, surround the same altar, and are united by the bright links of Friendship, Love and Truth.

It is a beautiful attribute of our institution that it calls forth the best and warmest impulses of the human heart—that the fraternal affection which its members so sedulously cherish towards each other, is not selfishly restricted within the limits of the Order, but beams its heart-cheering warmth over all upon whom the chilling slight of sorrow has fallen—the afflicted are ever our brothers.

*“Wide and more wide, the o’erflowing of the mind
Takes every creature in, of every kind—
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image, in its breast.”*

This is a hasty glance at the rise and progress of Odd-Fellowship amongst us. Let us turn to contemplate its prospects in central Georgia. In the early part of the present year, some five or six men, personally

unknown, recognized and hailed each other alone by the mystic signs peculiar to the Order—and uniting in a common cause and common interest, diffidently petitioned the Grand Lodge, at Baltimore, for a charter, and with many discouragements, small means and smaller influence—instituted Franklin Lodge, No. 2, at Macon, on the 27th January, 1843. To their delight and astonishment, in less than one month, ninety brothers had rallied around them, and the cry is still “They come,” for at the present time, June 1st, we count upwards of 130 members, and are without a hall spacious enough to accommodate them when called together on important business. The Order is advancing with rapid strides, and many of our most valuable citizens have already enlisted under its banner. The voice of benevolence and good-will to man, is uplifted and eloquent in our midst, and we are united in the sweet bonds of Covenant affection and Fraternal Love.

On the 13th of last month, the citizens of Macon were gratified by witnessing the first public celebration of this society in their city; on that day ninety-two members, the elite of the place, assembled at an early hour at Odd-Fellows' Hall, where, after arraying themselves in full regalia, a procession was formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Captain Holmes, assisted by brothers Freeman and Howell, accompanied by a band of Music. They marched through Cherry, Second, Walnut and Mulberry streets, to the Presbyterian Church, where the services commenced by a prayer from the worthy chaplain of the day, Br. Ellison, after which an address was delivered by the Hon. E. A. Nisbet, in a manner both honorable to himself, and gratifying to his audience, as the marked attention with which it was received sufficiently testified. Several appropriate pieces of Music diversified the performances, which concluded with a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Hooker, and the benediction from Br. Ellison.

The proceedings of the day were viewed with manifest interest by all classes of the community, and the fine appearance of the procession received high commendation. The banner particularly, which, on that occasion first waived its silken folds above them deserves a passing notice. It was composed of rich materials, and tastefully adorned with allegoric paintings, executed on a pure white ground. Upon one side appeared the vestibule of a temple, beneath which was an altar with the holy scriptures lying open upon it; above this, the words “In God we trust,” were printed in golden letters, while the “all-seeing eye” shed its rays over the whole. On the reverse, a dove was seen descending to earth with a scroll in his beak bearing the characteristic motto of “Friendship, Love and Truth,”—beneath him appeared the emblematic clasped hands, and under all a sketch of a landscape representing the parting scene between David and Jonathan, as described in Kings, 20th chap., and the bow of the covenant is here introduced in perspective.

This celebration will long be remembered by the brethren, as an event of unusual interest. It was in every respect creditable to the Order, and calculated to promote its respectability and influence.—*Am. Dem.*

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

No. 9.

From the Universalist.

EDOUARD AND ANTOINETTE

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME IN FRANCE.

BY CHARLES O. F. ELLIS.

I WELL recollect the house in which I spent my infancy and boyhood. I shall never forget it. There were circumstances of romantic interest connected with my infancy and my youth—such as seldom attend the career of a human being. I do not recollect the precise time when I became an inmate of this house; but I know that it belonged to my uncle, and although I had a distinct recollection of my parents, yet I was taught to believe I should see them no more, and I, therefore, regarded my uncle and aunt as my sole protectors to whom I owed all the duty which parents can require. I was told that I must think no more of my father and mother, that they were unworthy people, and had been banished from France for some great crime, and when I inquired what that crime was, my pious relatives would cross themselves and assume a look of horror and of mystery, which served only to whet my curiosity, while, at the same time it shut out all hope of its gratification. I could not imagine what crime they had been guilty of. I remembered the countenance of my mother—mild, benevolent, yet pale and grief-worn. I remembered the gentle tones of her voice, so different from those of my aunt, whose harsh language always grated on my ear. I remembered that pale and anxious countenance, which was often present with me in my dreams. What crime could she have committed? Why was I forbidden to name her or even to think of her? Children are said to be just in their estimate of character, and certainly my uncle and aunt were not calculated to inspire me with affection.

The house in which I dwelt, with these morose relatives, was situated near the base of a lofty mountain, whose top was almost continually hidden by dark clouds. It was said by the neighboring peasantry that a hermit dwelt on the summit of this mountain. Some said that he was a very holy man who could work stupendous miracles, and who carried about with him a vial of our Saviour's blood. Others said that he was a man who had been guilty of heinous crimes, and lived a life of penance, in order to conciliate the Supreme Being whom he had so deeply offended. Some pretended that they had seen an angel descend from heaven, and alight upon the top of this mountain, doubtless to hold converse with the devotee. But I perceived that the more intelligent portion of the inhabitants treated all these stories with contempt, and regarded them as the idle bugbears of ignorance and superstition. Nevertheless, they were sufficient to throw an awful mystery around the place, and nobody ever ventured to ascend this gloomy mountain to ascertain the truth.

My uncle's house was a low building, making up in length and breadth what it lacked in height, so that it contained a great number of apartments on the first floor. It was surrounded by vineyards which yielded many luscious grapes, and contributed to swell the income of my uncle, who, with all his piety, never lost sight of his worldly interests. At a short distance from the eastern porch of the house, stood a small chapel in which was a crucifix and several images of saints. My aunt spent much time here, crossing herself, kneeling and performing other ceremonies, common to the religion of the times. Whenever she came out from this chapel, her countenance was singularly forbidding, and it was then that I feared to approach her. She took great pains to instruct me in the formalities of religion, and hence they were always connected in my mind with the idea of severity, ill-nature, and self-mortification. I was taught to regard the Deity as a sovereign who could not be appeased in any other way than by the misery of his subjects; and that by tormenting ourselves in this world, we must insure happiness in that world which is to come.

These things were extremely disagreeable to me, and I could not avoid putting some questions to my uncle and aunt respecting the nature of religion and the character of God. These questions were not answered: but a look of horror, and something which they muttered to each other about my parents, led me to believe that I had given great offence. I was always treated more harshly than usual, after putting one of these questions, and was sometimes compelled to repeat over a number of prayers in Latin not a word of which I understood.

My time, therefore, passed pleasantly enough. The cheerfulness of childhood was smothered by the moroseness of my uncle and aunt, and my growing intellect was stunted by their withering reserve and rigid enforcements. They seemed to be unwilling that I should think, and to reason was a crime.

They said they had taken me from motives of charity, and to save me from ruin, and I was soon led to believe that my proscribed parents had not assented to this *benevolent* movement on their part. My parents had undoubtedly left the country in haste, and I fell into the hands of these relatives by accident. But what was the crime of those parents? why were they obliged to flee to save their lives? In vain I asked these questions. My uncle and aunt said they had been dreadfully culpable. I was

not satisfied. The standard by which they judged of human guilt and innocence was very different from mine. They estimated people according to their amount of religious zeal, without regard to their moral conduct.

On a certain occasion a couple of friends came to my uncle's, and in the afternoon I found one of them in the garden lying in an arbor in a state of intoxication. As I had seen my uncle throw a bucket of water upon the gardener when he was in a similar condition, I thought it an act of mercy to do so to bring the priest to his senses. But soon after I had done it, I found the difference, and was doomed to a severe penance, till the evil one should be driven out of me. I was placed in a rude part of the building, and left much exposed to the chill of the night air, without bed or bedding. However, weariness soon overcame me, and I fell asleep on the floor.

When I awoke at daylight, I was surprised to find that some person had visited me during the night. I was completely covered from the cold by several clothes, and liniment had been applied to the bruises I had received. A cup of wine stood near my head. I had scarcely drank the reviving liquid, when my uncle and aunt came into my rude apartment to see if I was able to endure farther punishment. They started upon seeing the way in which I had been provided for, and angrily demanded who had supplied me with those things. I told them I knew as little about it as they did. They then hastily examined the robes which had been thrown over me, the drinking cup, and the ointment which had been applied to my bruises. After they had done this, they looked at each other with wondering admiration. They agreed that no one living in the neighborhood could have done the things which had been done for me: the clothes were not such as were used by the peasants, and the drinking cup was of a fashion entirely different from those used by the natives. They walked quietly away and left me. In about an hour they returned again, with the intemperate father, the other having gone alone to a neighboring town. The priest examined the articles which had been left with me, and questioned me closely on the subject. I could give him no satisfaction. He then assumed a mysterious look, and, crossing himself, told my uncle and aunt that I had been visited by my guardian angel; and he insinuated that this was not the first miracle which had been performed through his agency!

"Yes," cried my aunt, "if the holy father had not been in our house, this wonderful miracle would never have been performed." I was then commanded to get upon my knees and thank Father Pierre for the interposition of my guardian angel, in my behalf. Having an eye to my own interest and safety, I did as I was commanded. The priest, who appeared sincere, in the opinion which he had expressed, was now much softened toward me, and having just swallowed his morning bitters, he talked very benevolently.

He told my uncle that it would be sufficient to inflict some slight penance upon me, as I was but a child, and had probably offended through ignorance. My good aunt held up her hands with admiration at the lenity of the priest, and declared that he was altogether too merciful.

The priest went away after dinner, and I was then conveyed to a bed in a room at the end of the house next the mountain, and which was conse-

quently dark and gloomy. On the succeeding day, I awoke with a burning fever. I begged for drink which was denied me except in very small quantities. I suffered intolerably from thirst all that day; but I was awakened at midnight by some noise near me, and perceived that a pitcher of water had been placed on a chair at the head of my bed. I seized it and drank; after which I fell into a sound sleep from which I did not awake until morning.

Upon opening my eyes, I saw my aunt standing in the door, with her hands raised at some new wonder that she had discovered. "Where did that pitcher come from?" cried she. I told her that I was aroused at midnight by a noise near the head of my bed, and found the pitcher on a chair filled with water. She shook her head mysteriously and ran to call my uncle. He examined the pitcher, and then declared that my guardian angel had been on the premises again. He and my aunt crossed themselves most devoutly and retired. In a few moments a servant came for the pitcher, which was placed in the chapel, by the side of the cup and the celestial robes.

These visits of my guardian angel—as they were called—had a tendency to ameliorate my condition; although my aunt was evidently jealous of the favors which I received from so high a source. She, good woman, had gone through with all the exercises prescribed by her creed, had been constant at her devotions, and drilled her countenance into an expression of severity and rigid self-denial; yet no miracle had remunerated her for her trouble: while I, sinner that I was, and the son of heretics, had been taken care of by an angel, even at the moment that I was undergoing punishment for ducking a holy priest.

After my recovery, I learned that many of the neighboring gentry had called to examine my supernatural presents, and some had prostrated themselves before them in the chapel. The poor peasants were not permitted to have a glimpse of the miraculous robes and utensils, lest their presence should desecrate the temple, in which hung naked and bleeding, the God of the worshippers, on a cross like a common malefactor. But when a priest had been into the temple and touched the sacred things, the poor were permitted to kiss his hand as he came out. Oh! admirable condescension! Oh! unexampled humility!

For several days some time after these occurrences, I lay ill with a fever, but I was now attended by a nurse and a physician; since persons of quality who came to the chapel had spoken of me in very reverent terms, and had prophesied that I should yet be a saint. From a regard to their own reputation, therefore, my relatives suffered me to be properly attended. But the nocturnal visitant ceased coming as soon as others bestowed upon me proper attention.

At length I was able to leave my room; and with the help of a cane, I went out into the open air. As I made my appearance in the garden, I was surprised at the conduct of the laborers. Instead of addressing me with rude familiarity, as they had been wont to do, they stepped aside as I walked along the paths, and stood gazing upon me with as much reverence and timidity as if I had been a holy pilgrim just from Jerusalem.

My strength now began rapidly to return, and I grew fond of rambling about my uncle's grounds. Sometimes I went as far as the foot of the mountain. On one of these occasions, I met a little girl, near my own age,

with a basket in her hand. I was about to pass the girl with a slight bow, when she suddenly stopped, and looking fixedly at me, said with a plaintive air, "Are you the little boy who has been so sick, and who was beaten so severely by his uncle?"

"I am the same one," replied I.

"And are you entirely well?" inquired she.

"I am not so strong as formerly," said I, "but I am, every day, regaining my health."

"I am glad of that," cried she with much feeling, "for I cried all day when I heard how you had been abused. What a wicked man your uncle must be!"

"Nay," said I, "but he is called very devout."

"I know that very well," replied the little girl, casting her eyes toward the ground; "but many people are very devout, who are very wicked."

I had never before heard this sentiment expressed. People who had visited at the house of my uncle had seemed to believe that it was of little consequence what was the moral character of an individual, so that he was observant of religious forms and ceremonies, and treated ecclesiastics with reverence. I was both surprised and pleased to find one whose sentiments appeared to be so just, and yet so uncommon.

We parted, and as there were indications of a storm, I pursued my way homeward. I much wondered who the little girl could be, and where she had been with her basket. I had remarked that her complexion was more fair than that of the peasant girls, and her features were of a higher and more noble cast. She had also said that she wept when she heard of my misfortunes. This was new language to me. It was the first time that the tones of genuine sympathy had reached my ears. In my subsequent rambles, I frequently caught myself wandering toward the foot of the mountain, and coming to a stand on the spot where I had met the unknown. But several weeks elapsed before I again saw the little girl. By this time I had fairly recovered my health and strength. I was walking in a wood near the base of the mountain, when I heard cries as of some person in distress. I hastened to the spot from which the noise proceeded, and I saw my little friend standing on the top of a rock, while a wolf greedily surveyed her from the ground, and appeared to be on the point of ascending to her. I caught up a large stone which I threw with all the force of which I was capable. It struck him in the side and knocked him over, but he quickly regained his feet. I then attacked him with a club and drove him off. I assisted the little girl in her descent from the rock. She appeared very grateful for this deliverance; yet her gratitude was expressed more by looks than by words. Her basket was on her arm, and I wondered to what purpose it had been applied, but I forbore to inquire. We walked along together through the wood, conversing freely on a variety of topics. She was glad to see me look so well, and seemed to sympathize with all my joys and sorrows. I was surprised at some of her observations, which evinced a degree of intelligence not generally found in one of her years. When we were about to part, I begged to know her name. She told me it was Antoinette Cimbrede. I then recollected that I had heard my aunt speak of a family by the name of Cimbrede; and she had spoken of them with disrespect. She had spoken of

them as persons who neglected their religious duties, and who were seldom seen at church. But I had little respect for my aunt's opinion of character. After this second interview, I frequently fell in with Antoinette, and became so well pleased with her that I made her the confidant of all my affairs. She was also communicative, but there were some subjects on which she gave me no light. She never told me why the basket was always on her arm when I met her. I once mentioned that my aunt did not appear to be on good terms with her parents. She immediately became silent and thoughtful. I frequently waited upon her home. I did not enter the house, but parted from her at the garden gate. I judged from the appearance of their domain that her parents were in good circumstances. But she always mentioned them with evident reluctance. Occasionally she would make an observation which evinced a minute knowledge of my history. These things kept my curiosity awake, and added to the deep interest which I felt for her.

Thus passed my life until I had attained my fifteenth year. Antoinette was now a young woman of surpassing beauty, and uncommon intelligence. Our interviews had become more interesting. The childish intimacy which had subsisted between us ripened into love. She was to me like a fountain in the desert. She had been the only true friend whom I had known, and the tie of gratitude had bound me to her indissolubly; and when to this was added the most ardent admiration of her feminine graces, the result could not be anything else but love. Although I spent much of my time in the society of this interesting maiden, yet I learned but little of her parents. We met in groves; on the grassy hill-side; or on the craggy heights, where we listened to the roar of the waterfall, and romance added interest to our interviews.

On one of these occasions, I ventured to ask Antoinette if her parents would be likely to approve our intimacy, if they knew of it.

"They do know it," was her reply.

"You surprise me, Antoinette!" I returned: "I am a stranger to them!"—

Here she suddenly looked up, and with an expression in her countenance which checked my words; for I thought she was about to say something respecting them. But she seemed to recollect herself. She slightly blushed, and her eyes fell beneath my own. I went on—"As I am a perfect stranger to your parents, is it not somewhat singular that they should not have prohibited these interviews? Also, you will recollect that I am an orphan—for I learn from my uncle that my parents died in Holland—and I have no expectations beyond those which my uncle's stinted generosity will allow me: and you know how much I may hope from him."

"Well, Edouard, I shall have enough for both of us."

"Ah! my dear girl, do your parents reason in that manner? Do they say?"—

"Indeed! you must not ask me what *they* say!"

"Surely there is much mystery in this," I replied. "Can you suppose me otherwise than anxious on this particular point? I have never seen them. They have never spoken to me"—

"Is it not sufficient that they are perfectly well acquainted with all that

has passed between us, and are satisfied with the part I have acted?" returned Antoinette.

"It ought to satisfy me," I returned thoughtfully; but with a cloud of disappointment on my brow; as I had hoped to penetrate the mystery in which her parents were shrouded.

"Yes, Edouard, you must be satisfied; for I tell you that there will be no difficulty on *their* part."

"But my uncle and aunt," said I. "They know nothing of the affair, and they cannot object to our union."

Antoinette was silent. She cast down her eyes, and a paleness gradually stole over her features. After a few moments' silence, I added:—"There is one other subject, Antoinette, upon which I have long desired to question you. When we first met, at the foot of the mountain, I observed a well filled basket on your arm; and I saw you carrying it frequently afterward: but when our acquaintance had begun to—to be more particular—then I saw that the basket was transferred from you to an old servant"—

Antoinette fixed her large black eyes upon my countenance, as if she would read my very soul. I paused an instant, and continued: "Yes, I have observed an old servant lingering about the foot of the mountain with that same basket; and sometimes I have thought his conduct strange, for he would walk backward and forward, and keep his eyes fixed upon me, as if he mistook me for a robber."

"That is strange," said Antoinette, twirling a bunch of grapes in her hand, and avoiding my eyes.

"I thought his conduct strange," said I, "and when I mentioned"—

Antoinette suddenly grasped my arm, and looked anxiously in my face.

"To whom?" cried she. "To whom did you mention it?"

"Not to my uncle or my aunt," said I with a smile, "for they are not in my confidence. I was going to say that when I mentioned it to *you*, I had hoped that some explanation would be given."

Antoinette relinquished my arm, and once more she relapsed into a musing mood. At length she said carelessly, "Then you have not mentioned it to any person except myself?"

"I have not, Antoinette. I feel a peculiar disrelish to talking about you, or any of your family, to those bigoted creatures with whom I daily associate."

Antoinette looked up with a lively smile—"Now tell me, dear Edouard, are they really so very bigoted?"

"Yes," said I. "With them bigotry is the sublimest of virtues. My parents are regarded by them, as the worst of sinners, for having belonged to that party who called themselves Huguenots: but I fancy that one might have belonged to that party without becoming guilty of the excesses of which many of them were guilty."

"What excesses were those, my Edouard?"

"Such as fighting against the government, and endeavoring to overthrow religion," said I.

"They never tried to overthrow what they conceived to be true religion," replied Antoinette; "and when they fought, it was in their own defence—in defence of the right to worship God in their own way. They believe that government has no right over their religion."

"I shall not be angry with you for defending that people," I answered—"since my parents were of their number: but I have heard many things against them. In the mean time, let me caution you about talking thus; for it is very dangerous. A poor man, living not far from us, was yesterday stretched on the rack for saying that the Church was not infallible."

"I have only given their opinions," returned Antoinette with a sigh—"but what an atmosphere of bigotry and intolerance have you breathed! You may yet become a bigot without knowing it—and then alas!"—Here her utterance was choked. She hid her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Grieved and surprised, I exclaimed: "Surely, Antoinette, you are not well! To what cause must I attribute this unusual emotion? Have I said or done any thing?"—

"No, no, Edouard," interrupted she hastily: "you have ever treated me tenderly; but I tremble for the future. My happiness depends upon you; and I sometimes fear that the influence of those with whom you live will blast the fair prospect that has risen up before me. Indeed! I have expected too much of you. Had you lived with your parents, how different would have been your—your—your way of—thinking!"

"Antoinette!" cried I, starting up—"do you know what interpretation I must put upon your words? My parents—my way of thinking! You just now feared I should become a bigot, but are not the Huguenots the worst of bigots—bigoted in favor of heresy! I can look with a charitable eye upon the errors of such as have been led away from the true rock, by crafty heretics, and I cannot esteem those whose conduct is immoral, however zealous they may be in the performance of holy rites: but I cannot approve those errors which involved my poor parents in ruin, and which have given so much pain to the Holy Father at Rome. Do you not know that if I had been brought up by my parents, I might have been a heretic also; and then, dear Antoinette, what would your parents have said to our union? Then you would have spurned me with disdain, and would never have perilled your soul by conversing with me!"

"Oh, no, Edouard!" replied she with energy—"no difference of opinion would have alienated my heart from you. So that you possessed those high and noble feelings which first won my admiration, I should scarcely have noticed the difference in our creed."

I looked scrutinizingly at Antoinette. She met my gaze fully, and I read nothing in her clear bright eyes, but the utmost simplicity and candor.

"Can you be in earnest?" said I. "You do then carry love too far. I have heard of those who would risk their lives, and lose them too, for a beloved object; but the soul, Antoinette! No one should trifle with his soul's salvation; and there is but one road to Paradise."

Antoinette burst into tears. I saw that she was very unhappy; but I thought her unreasonable to make so much ado about such a trifle; and even felt a little vexed that she should seem to insist upon my being so extremely tolerant as herself.

Soon after the foregoing conversation, we parted; but not as we had been wont to part. We separated in gloom and tears. It was the first time that any thing had happened to mar the pleasure which I had experienced in the company of Antoinette: and I could not avoid regarding

her as the originator of the unpleasant events which had brought up a cloud in our horizon.

Ought she to have wept, and thus given me pain, because I could not regard heretics with a favorable eye? I found no fault with her for doing so. But did she really expect to control me with her tears? Ought she to indulge in such wilfulness? I asked myself these questions, and they added to my distress. I was sad and moody when I reached my uncle's door. I perceived that visitors were in the house; and my aunt came out soon, with an unusually smiling face, to lead me into the room where they were. The company consisted of a Mr. Bloise, with his lady and daughter. I had frequently heard my aunt speak of this family; and the language which she used respecting them, intended for high praise, had prejudiced me much against them. Their personal appearance was not calculated to enhance their merit in my eyes. They all bore a near resemblance to each other. The daughter, though but nineteen years of age, looked as old as her parents. The freshness of youth appeared to have been withered up by bigotry; and if the face was an index of the mind, then indeed she must have possessed a heart devoid of every generous feeling. I turned my eyes away from a countenance so revolting, and took my seat at a distance from the group. The conversation turned upon the state of religion in France. The Huguenots were censured in unmeasured terms, and Mr. Bloise boasted that he had been instrumental in bringing more than a dozen of them to condign punishment. My aunt smiled applause, as he described the tortures to which the heretics had been subjected; and the daughter even had the assurance to look in my face with a smile of triumph, as if she expected that she should recommend herself to me, by a show of malignant joy at the bloody persecutions of her fellow-creatures.

Throughout the evening my aunt evidently desired to bring us together. She caused me to move my seat nearer to Maria, for that was the name of the daughter; and at supper her chair was placed next to mine. In spite of all this finesse and manœuvering, but few words passed between me and Maria; and when she and her parents left the house, late in the evening, we had made but few advances toward an acquaintance-ship. On the next morning, at the breakfast table, my uncle abruptly asked me how I was pleased with Miss Bloise. I replied evasively, that I had not been enough in her company to form an opinion of her character.

"That you did not need," cried my aunt, "you had heard her *character* before she came here. Your uncle would know how you are pleased with her manners and appearance."

"Of course, she is not handsome," replied I.

"Not handsome!" exclaimed my aunt—"What may then be your ideas of beauty? You chance to differ in opinion from not only me and your uncle, but also father Lomonde, father Costelli, and father Jaques, who have all declared that her face and form were of so ethereal a mould that they"—

"Not handsome, boy!" cried my uncle, laying down his spoon, and fixing his small black eyes upon my countenance. "Would you insult a young lady, with a fortune superior to my own, and of such exalted piety—such filial attachment to holy church as to be an example not only to you, but to those whose heads have grown gray in the service of God!

Don't let father Pierre hear you speak thus, or you will have a severe penance appointed you."

"I don't wish to insult her, or any other pious person," said I quickly, in order to avert the rising storm, "but the young lady is not to my taste."

"Very well—very well—she *must* be to your taste if you expect any thing from me," exclaimed my uncle furiously; "What, boy, would you throw away a jewel that a monarch might be proud to wear—one who is the ornament of society, and the pride of all her acquaintances—while you—what are you, in short?"

"I am a friendless orphan," returned I, "and have ever shown a disposition to obey the commands of those who have taken care of me. I perceive, Sir, that you intend I should marry Miss Bloise; but I am still quite young, and of course, there will be sufficient time for me to get acquainted with her"—

"No, boy: no time at all. She has always been intended for you, although we have not named her to you before. I have now received such tidings from Court, as renders it necessary that the marriage should be immediately solemnized—next week at the farthest."

I will not pretend to describe the shock which this announcement gave me. At that moment it seemed to me that if Antoinette had possessed ten thousand faults, I could have overlooked them all, and I wondered that I should, for a moment, have indulged resentment toward her. Veiling my distress as well as I could, I answered: "But, pray Sir—what can the Court of king Louis have to do with my marriage?"

"Every thing!" cried my uncle. "He is beset by ill-advisers, who have not the good of the church at heart, and they bid fair to throw impediments in the way of all good Catholics, and to render our plans for your happiness nugatory and abortive."

I was puzzled to make out my uncle's meaning; but earnestly hoped that whatever those impediments were, they would be thrown in the way of so horrible a union as that which my uncle and aunt had projected for me. Of that, however, I had little hope. The time was so short, and my uncle and aunt were so determined, that I was rendered desperate; and I frankly told them that I had long been paying my attentions elsewhere—that I loved a being bright as the sun and pure as ether, and could be happy with none but she.

"Indeed!" said my aunt, with a sneer; "and who is this wonderful creature, that has the *honor* of your affection?"

"Antoinette Cimbrede!" cried I.

For a moment, not a word was said. My aunt fixed her eyes coldly upon me for a moment, and then turned them toward her husband. His face was fairly black with rage; his lips quivered; and his small black eyes grew red with spite and fury: "Have you eat at my table?" cried he, at length—"have you dared to address me by the sacred name of uncle—have you dared to set foot into this house while you have been carrying on a felonious correspondence with that family?"

"Felonious! No, Sir."

"Don't interrupt me!" exclaimed he, stamping so violently on the floor, that the breakfast dishes trembled and rang—"What else but a felonious correspondence can be carried on with—with heretics?"

"Heretics!" said I; "certainly they cannot be"—

"Alas!" interrupted my aunt, as if my words were of not the least consequence; "is it for this that we have trained him up in the way he should go? Is it for this that we have taught him to pray—that we have labored to make him all that we ought to be?"

By this time, my uncle's first transport of fury had, in some measure, subsided.

"The boy may be ignorant," said he—"but now he must know the truth, and then he will see the gulf from which he has escaped. You must understand," continued he, turning to me, "that the Cimbrede family have long been suspected of entertaining heretical opinions. Your aunt and I have keenly watched for an opportunity to prove their guilt, in order that we might denounce them, and bring them to punishment. No such opportunity has yet offered, and we fear that certain events are now transpiring at Court, which will enable them to escape"—

"God grant they may!" interrupted I, rendered desperate at the idea of seeing Antoinette's beautiful form mangled by the inquisitors.

"God grant what!" cried my uncle in redoubled rage, while my aunt's eyes flamed with diabolical malice. "Would you have them escape?—Are you a Huguenot?"

"Merciful heaven!" I exclaimed, "can they be Huguenots?"

"There is not a doubt of it," replied my uncle, "and now, boy, you see your danger! Oh! what penances you must perform—what grief you must feel, to think that you have held communication with that family."

I covered my face with my hands and wept aloud. I now recollected the words of Antoinette, her defence of the heretics; and was at no loss to understand the meaning of her gloom and her tears. There was, indeed, an insuperable barrier between us.

"I am glad," said my uncle in a softened tone, "to perceive that you now appreciate our motives. You may be able, in some degree, to atone for what you have done, by delivering up this family to condign punishment. Perhaps you recollect some words—something that will fasten upon them the charge of heresy."

"No, Sir," said I, still weeping—"I was never in their house. I never saw her parents."

"The girl then—this Antoinette," said my aunt; "I am confident that you can bring her to the rack. Oh! how I should like to see her stretched upon it, until her joints were torn from their sockets."

"Yes, yes, that must be done," said my uncle; "but the first thing, now, is to have the marriage performed. It has been neglected too long already; and I fear that it is even too late to punish heretics; for the law in their favor, may be already passed."

I went forth from the presence of my uncle in a state of mind which I cannot describe. I was shocked at the malice which my aunt had exhibited toward Antoinette, and I began to doubt whether it was ever right to persecute people on account of their religion. I recollected, however, that the Huguenots had always persecuted where and when they could; and if the Catholics persecuted to a greater extent than they, it was only because they happened to be the party in power. Also, the Catholics believed that there was no salvation out of the pale of the ancient church; while the heretics claimed the right to exercise their own free judgment

on the subject of religious opinions. Therefore, when the Catholics persecuted, they merely carried out their principles; but when the Huguenots did so, they evinced the grossest inconsistency. My uncle had also intimated that a law was about to be passed which would free the heretics from farther persecution. This, I thought, did the Catholics much honor, since they would voluntarily lay aside the persecuting sword, while they had the power to wield it: whereas, I had never known any sect of Protestants to tolerate Catholics until the power to persecute had been fairly wrested from them. At this very time, Catholics were fleeing from England and Ireland, to France, to avoid the racks and gibbets of queen Elizabeth; while hundreds of Catholic priests had been hung and embowelled according to her laws and within her jurisdiction.

These reflections tended to incense me against the Huguenots, while they confirmed my reverence for Mother Church. I felt that I could not consistently marry Antoinette, and knew that I must marry the narrow-souled and homely Maria! My reflections were torturing to my inmost soul. I loved Antoinette, and every well-remembered word, and look of hers, bespoke purity, disinterestedness, and lofty virtue. I doubted not that she had been led away from the Truth by her parents, and I inwardly abhorred them for having tainted so lovely and amiable a creature with their own heresies. But little time was left me to indulge in unavailing regrets.

On one fine morning in July, I was called upon to attend my uncle and aunt to Church. As our carriage passed along, I observed a number of people collected together in the gorge of the mountains, and very soon I heard the sound of singing. The notes of praise to God were borne on the breeze to our ears. My uncle hastily drew up the blind of the coach to shut out the sounds, while, at the same time, it deprived me of the interesting sight. I could not, however, be insensible that there were sounds of rejoicing abroad. I could hear an occasional shout which floated over the plain from a great distance, and whenever the sound met our ears, my uncle clenched his teeth, and muttered an imprecation; while my pious aunt crossed herself with great rapidity.

At length we reached the church. Maria Bloise and her parents were already there, with several other individuals, whose countenances were as sour as if they had just undergone a baptism in vinegar. The priest soon came stalking into the Church. In a moment, preparations were made for the marriage. I stood up by the side of Maria, more dead than alive. I felt that I was about to be sacrificed. Never shall I forget that awful hour. Worse than the pangs of death had taken hold of me. One of the by-standers came to my support, or I should have fallen to the ground. The ceremony commenced; when suddenly, the door flew open; a woman walked hastily up the aisle, and did not stop until she had broken through the throng, and stood confronting the priest.

"Stop!" cried she—"I forbid this marriage!"

I looked with wonder at the woman. Strange recollections—strange feelings took hold of me; for there was something in her countenance that had the same effect upon me as that music which brings up the impressions of by-gone days.

My uncle and aunt turned suddenly toward the stranger. As their eyes fell upon her, they started, and both exclaimed in a breath—"Go on with

the marriage, holy father, and heed not this heretic! Will nobody seize this woman, and take her out of the Church?"

"I am the lad's mother!" exclaimed she, "and I forbid the marriage?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the priest—"seize the heretic! She has condemned herself! Away with her to the rack!"

My uncle sprang forward to seize her. At the same moment, I recovered from the stunning effect of this disclosure. I *felt* that it was my own mother who stood before me. Nature cried aloud in my breast; and, breaking away from the girl to whom I was about to be united, I grasped my uncle's arm, and hurled him away from my mother. Others came suddenly up to lay hands on her, while the priest gnashed his teeth with rage.

She immediately drew a paper from her bosom, and held it up in the view of all. It was a copy of the law which had just been passed, called THE EDICT OF NANTZ, which granted to dissenters the free exercise of their religion throughout all France.

The assailants fell back. My uncle and aunt saw that they could no longer exercise control over me by force. Both approached me, and with insinuating smiles, desired me to go through with the marriage ceremony, as it was not possible that a good Catholic like me would be ruled by a heretic mother.

"She is my mother!" cried I; "and as she is living—contrary to my former suppositions—I owe my duty to her. You know that I abhorred this marriage from the first; and now I am freed from it by the command of my long-lost mother."

"Father," cried my intended wife, "cannot Edward be put on the rack for refusing to marry me, and for obeying this Huguenot woman?" "Alas! no"—replied her father. "We have now no power over him, for the very Huguenots themselves are protected by this new law." I stopped to hear no more, but followed my mother out of the church, fondly clinging to her side for fear I should lose sight of her again.

My mother went directly to the house of the Cimbredes; and there I soon became acquainted with facts that filled me with amazement.

It appeared that my father owned the house and lands now in possession of my uncle; but my parents turned Huguenots. My uncle informed against them, and they were obliged to flee to Holland to save their lives. My uncle and aunt then took possession of my father's estate. So sudden was the flight of my parents that I was left behind, and consequently came into the power of my uncle. In the course of a few years, my father died; and my mother being anxious about me, came to France and took up her residence in a cave upon the mountain which overlooked my uncle's dwelling. There she resided several years, and was furnished with food by the parents of Antoinette. That was the secret of the basket which I had observed so often on the arm of Antoinette, and which was transferred to a trusty servant after the intimacy between myself and the daughter rendered it imprudent to send her any more to the mountain.

My mother was, therefore, the "*guardian angel*" who attended to my wants, when I was suffering from the ill usage of my uncle and aunt. Of course, she had had ample opportunity to become acquainted with every thing which transpired at the villa.

My mother immediately took possession of our estate; and my uncle and aunt relinquished it with curses deep and loud against those who had prevailed on the king to grant toleration to heretics. They retired to a smaller estate of their own which had been rented to others.

The influence of my mother's conversation was soon apparent; and I saw the folly of clinging to a church which had become rotten with corruption, and which chained the reason and conscience of her votaries.

I had now ample opportunity to enjoy the company of Antoinette, and our attachment was smiled upon by the parents of both.

Although the Edict of Nantz had been passed, yet my mother had little faith in the constancy of Catholic toleration. She sold her estate, and removed with me into Holland, to which country she was soon followed by the Cimbredes; and there, over my father's grave, Antoinette and I again renewed our vows. Soon after our removal to Holland, our marriage took place, and I was made the happiest of men.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

Oh! miracle profound! where shall weak thought begin
To note His being, not conceived in sin;
The uncreated, yet of woman born,
His bed a manger, place the most forlorn;
Though worlds on worlds, without His aid must fall,
And chaos cover as a funeral pall,
Yet wondrous mystery, so vast, so deep,
He o'er whose head angels did vigils keep,
By whom these angels, were upheld, sustain'd,
Meekly reposed, where only herds remain'd,
When heavenly messengers proclaim'd His day,
And a new star, directed where He lay.
The wonder would we learn, the reason trace?
Let us first know, why God has form'd our race.
Why were we made? what was the wond'rous plan,
When out of nothing God created man?
Here is a mystery we cannot solve,
This, cannot fathom howsoever resolve.
'Tis vain, that finite, ever should contend,
With that infinitude which has no end.
We know not its beginning, cannot know,
The more our search, deeper the theme will grow.
We know that we are form'd, and made of clay,
And hold a being which will not decay.

A vital principle within us glows,
Which in earth's nothingness still lives and grows.
Panting for life unshackled by the clay,
Which but impedes its flight, its destin'd way.
He shew'd the insignificance of earth,
Who chose a manger for his place of birth.
Men, and all animals, to Him, the same,
'Till on man's soul, He stamp the eternal name.

Men dwell on earth, but to prepare for Heaven,
Illum'd by lamp of faith, which at Christ's birth was given,
His resurrection, proved earth could not hold,
The living principle which earth control'd.
He who gave earth its mould, its strength, its all,
By taking flesh, redeem'd it from its fall.

Oh! woman! chosen vessel from on high,
To clothe in flesh the mighty deity,
Sure thou wert first design'd to hold a place,
Pre-eminent among the human race.
Oh! sacrilege! to mar the holy shrine,
Though fit receptacle for Him Divine.
Woman! beware—oh! tarnish not the frame,
Which once was meet for angels' proud acclaim.

From the Metropolitan.

ACTING UPON SUSPICION.

BY MRS. ARDY.

I have often thought that I could make a very amusing volume upon the serious and comic consequences of acting upon suspicion.—*Memoirs of Charles Matthews.*

MR. STANFIELD of Elbury Hall married his first cousin. Many objections have been made to such matches, but, in Mr. Stanfield's case, the result was marvellously satisfactory. Mrs. Stanfield was very like her husband in person, more so in mind, and most of all in temper and habits. Her twenty thousand pounds in the funds made an agreeable addition to his two thousand a-year landed property; they neither of them liked London; they neither of them required, or fancied they required, watering-places; and they lived on their own acres, happy in themselves, and respected by others. Their house was not above half a mile from the populous and gossiping town of Westford, but even Miss Sowerby, the most scandal-loving and fault-seeking spinster of the place, could say nothing worse of the Stanfields than that "they were imposed upon by their servants, duped by the poor, and had a great deal too much good-nature to be burdened with much good sense!"

Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield had been married above ten years before they had any prospect of a family; and, quite in keeping with their usual character, although they had been very happy without a child, they prepared themselves to be still more happy with one.

The child was a daughter, and was named Amelia. Miss Sowerby predicted it would die within a year; the apothecary of the village confided to a few chosen patients his opinion that it might live three years; and the father and mother deemed it such a prodigy, that they feared it would never live at all. However, at ten years of age, Amelia Stanfield was alive, and likely to live, although far from healthy, and having very moderate claims to beauty. Intellect is sometimes thought to descend on the side of the mother, and sometimes on that of the father. In Amelia Stanfield's case, the point might be easily settled;—she had no right to the inheritance on either side, and, accordingly, she gave no indication of possessing it.

It was considered that a governess would be very useful in developing the dormant intellectual organs of the young heiress, and here again Mrs. Stanfield enjoyed wonderful good fortune. She took no pains about the business, and yet it was as thoroughly well done as if she had called in a committee of the conductresses of a dozen finishing schools to manage it for her.

Mrs. Stanfield did not advertise her in the "Times," or even read the advertisements in it; she simply wrote a few lines to an old-fashioned acquaintance in Soho Square, saying that she wished to obtain a gentlewoman of competent attainments, good temper and sound principles, to undertake the education of her little girl, and the very next post informed her that Mrs. Rivers awaited her pleasure. Mrs. Rivers proved to be a young widow of five-and-twenty, who had married for love, and been rewarded by ill treatment and poverty. She was now obliged to exercise her talents for a subsistence; and as, although clever and well read, she could not sing like a *prima donna*, or draw like a Royal Academy artist, she felt inclined to accept a hundred a-year, the care of a very backward common-place child, and a home with kind-hearted, well-meaning people, who literally fulfilled their promise of considering her as one of their own family.

A year passed on with great tranquillity. Amelia's progress in knowledge, although slow, was sure. She was an affectionate child, and became truly attached to her governess. Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield respected and admired her; and although Miss Sowerby repeatedly made known her opinion that Mrs. Rivers was far too handsome for a governess, the accusation fell harmless to the ground, for Mrs. Rivers was propriety itself in manner and demeanour, and Mr. Stanfield—whether from habit, taste or principle, I do not pretend to say—considered that the whole regions of fancy and reality did not supply so delightful a person as his own wife.

This year of peace was closed by a melancholy event. Mrs. Stanfield, after a short and severe illness, died, and her husband lamented her as deeply and truly as if she had been (what indeed he always thought her) a marvel of attraction and excellence.

Miss Mitford says, "there is no running away from a great grief," and the observation is very true; but change of scene, although it may not

cure our affliction, certainly diminishes its intensity. So thought the friends of Mr. Stanfield. They persuaded him to travel; and although it was useless to mention France and Italy to so home-keeping a personage, a tour through Wales and Scotland was of essential service to him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rivers and his daughter. They stayed a few weeks at each of the principal places they visited, and returned to Elbury Hall just a year after the death of its mistress.

The popularity of Mrs. Rivers now drew to a close. Mr. Stanfield was a rich widower; his spirits had recovered the death of his wife; he was tolerably well-looking, not much turned of fifty, and deserved the epithets liberally showered upon him of "so amiable, such a temper, such a heart, &c." much better than the generality of persons do on whom they are bestowed. Many a lady, old and young, spinster and widow, felt herself inclined to become the second Mrs. Stanfield; and happy would they have been to have had any pretext for asserting that Mrs. Stanfield's servants wanted a mistress, that his daughter wanted a mistress, and that he himself wanted a companion. But alas! Mrs. Rivers filled each and all of these characters, and filled them so admirably well, that it was very difficult to suggest any improvement in her discharge of the duties annexed to them.

Miss Sowerby was at the head of the love-lorn damsels pretending to the hand of Mr. Stanfield. She had heard it said that persons generally become enamoured of those who are most the reverse of themselves in character, and consequently she imagined that Mr. Stanfield, whom she always designated as "mild to a fault," would inevitably succumb to the fascinations of a shrew. Mr. Stanfield, however, showed no symptoms of captivation, and the spinster changed her plan of attack—became soft and sentimental, talked of moonlight and poetry, and actually revived the practice of several of the songs of her youth. All, however, was in vain.—She sang in a shrill and high-pitched voice, "Dinna ask me why I love thee," and "I want those eyes to gaze on me;" but Mr. Stanfield complied with the request of the first song, and disregarded that of the second, and, to complete his enormities, asked Mrs. Rivers to sing Italian—"a piece of absurd affectation," Miss Sowerby observed, "since every body knew he did not understand a word of it." Miss Sowerby next endeavoured to enlist Amelia on her side, but completely failed in her attempt. Children are not only good physiognomists, but are also, if I may be allowed the expression, voice-fanciers, and they invariably shrink from a sharp, dogmatical tone. Miss Sowerby, too, like most people who are not naturally fond of children, had only one way in which she could talk to them—that of cross-examining them respecting their studies. Now Amelia had just begun to know enough to feel rather ashamed of not knowing more, and Miss Sowerby's anecdotes of "little girls younger than herself, who played the harp, sketched from nature, and studied German," had not the effect of amusing or edifying her, but generally led her to steal to the side of the patient and judicious preceptress, who, allowing for her early deficiencies, carefully watched the slowly-opening bud of intellect, without attempting to force it open by premature development. Miss Sowerby, therefore, was obliged to relinquish the hope of gaining Amelia as an ally, saying to herself that "the child was shockingly spoiled, and that no good could be done with her until Mrs. Rivers was fairly out of the

house." How to get Mrs. Rivers fairly or unfairly out of the house, however, appeared a difficult matter;—but none knew better than Miss Sowerby the power of scandal to wound and annoy, and she tried its effects in the present instance.

She called on every family in Westford, and expressed her opinion that it was highly incorrect that so remarkably handsome and attractive a young woman as Mrs. Rivers (Miss Sowerby could employ praise when it was for the purpose of subsequent depreciation) should be domesticated in the family of a man in the prime of life, like Mr. Stanfield, and that it was really quite the duty of some kind friend to represent to him the sad outrage he was committing on the established usages of society. Many of the ladies to whom she addressed herself were single, others had single daughters, sisters, or nieces, and all agreed that "Mr. Stanfield's conduct was perfectly horrible—that it would be a kind but very delicate office to admonish him—and that nobody was so fit to undertake it as Miss Sowerby."

Miss Sowerby thanked her friends for their favourable opinion of her, professed her readiness on that and every other occasion to do any thing, however repugnant to her own feelings, that might conduce to the good of others, and forthwith walked over to Elbury Hall, and requested a private interview with Mr. Stanfield.

Her host looked horror-struck at her communication. The idea of either compromising the fame of the affectionate preceptress of his child, or dismissing her from his house, was equally distressing to him.

"I must have time to think of it," said he, in a nervous, hurried tone.

But Miss Sowerby did not take the hint to depart. She turned over several volumes on the table, chose Mrs. Opie's "*Detraction Displayed*," which she was wont to call a most excellent book, and very much wanted, since there was such an abundance of scandal in the world, and evidently prepared herself for a long study of its contents. Mr. Stanfield, meanwhile, walked up and down the room for about ten minutes, much as if he were perambulating the quarter-deck of a ship, and then stopped short and spoke.

Mr. Stanfield had but a small share of intellect, but it did for him what a much larger share often fails in doing for its possessor—it always came to his assistance when he most wanted it. He spoke without his usual nervous hesitation, and looked his "fair foe" full in the face.

"I see the justice of what you say, Miss Sowerby," he replied, "I should be very sorry to give any room for censure, and I promise you that the cause of it shall soon cease to exist. I am very much occupied this morning, and beg you will excuse me for leaving you."

Miss Sowerby excused him very readily; she had gained her point, and returned to Westford in high spirits, praising Mr. Stanfield as "the most persuadable man in the world, always ready to listen to reason."

Two days afterwards, the inhabitants of Westford were surprised to hear that Mr. Stanfield, Mrs. Rivers, and Amelia, had gone to London—but Miss Sowerby easily accounted for it. "Mr. Stanfield was such a good creature, that doubtless he wished to consider the feelings of Mrs. Rivers, by dismissing her from London rather than from Elbury Hall, where she had been so long domesticated."

Mr. Stanfield, however, was still more considerate of the feelings of

Mrs. Rivers than Miss Sowerby had supposed. Before the month was at an end, the newspapers announced the marriage of Mr. Stanfield and Mrs. Rivers, and the servants at Elbury Hall had received instructions to prepare every thing for the reception of the bride and bridegroom.

The bells rang merrily, the wedding party were welcomed by children strewing flowers, the inhabitants of Westford were bountifully supplied with wedding-cake, and returned the favour by duly-paid morning visits. Some few disinterested people (solely, however, among the gentlemen) said that "Mr. Stanfield had done very well for himself," and the judgment of the disinterested was, as it generally is, worth listening to. Mrs. Rivers had not acted unwisely; she respected Mr. Stanfield's excellence of character, and had an affectionate regard for his daughter; she had known the ills of poverty, and was thankful to be preserved from them in future; she resolved to recompense Mr. Stanfield for his choice of her by making an excellent wife to himself, and a kind mother to his child. And she gave every indication of meaning to keep her word. Miss Sowerby was so enraged by Mr. Stanfield's marriage, and so vexed with herself for having been the unintentional means of bringing it about, that she had almost resolved not to call on the bride and bridegroom, till she thought that she might probably do some mischief by going, and could do none by staying away.

She encountered the house-keeper in the hall, and addressed her in a tone of whining condolence on the subject of her new mistress; but the house-keeper would not submit to be pitied. "Mrs. Stanfield was a lady whom any body might be happy to serve," she replied; "so very liberal in her ideas, and so very mild in her temper." Miss Sowerby passed on without any rejoinder; she probably thought that so satisfactory a report would not be given of herself by her maid of all-work, whose complaints of scanty living were about on a par with those of the inmates of the Westford poor-house, and who had given to half the town a lively delineation of the fury of her mistress when she carried to her the tidings of Mr. Stanfield's marriage—fury which, like that of Cleopatra on a similar occasion, could only find adequate vent in giving a box of the ear to the innocent messenger, thereby inducing the very natural assertion, "I that do bring the news, made not the match!" Miss Sowerby was more successful in the drawing-room; she made Mrs. Stanfield look flushed by talking about dependants and mercenary marriages, and Mr. Stanfield look pale by frequent allusions to the first poor dear Mrs. Stanfield. A nobleman and his lady, who lived at some distance, were, however, fortunately announced, and their unaffected courtesy and attention restored the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and left Miss Sowerby no alternative but that of stepping out from the French window on the lawn to join her "dear young friend Amelia," whom she had descried watering flowers in the garden.

Miss Sowerby attempted to make her dear young friend very unhappy by enlarging on the miseries in store for her, but Amelia was unaffectedly and warmly glad of her father's marriage.

Mr. Stanfield, in fact, had married principally for the sake of his daughter. I know that this assertion is often made by fathers when introducing to their house and hearth a virago, at whose first searching eye-beam the poor little trembler destined to experience her tender mercies quails in well-founded horror of its future doom. The present case, however,

was widely different; Mr. Stanfield really meant what he said, and really effected the object at which he aimed, and Amelia's answer to Miss Sowerby's remark did credit to her grateful and affectionate disposition.

"I always loved Mrs. Rivers dearly," said she; "and it would be strange if I were to love her less now that she is papa's wife."

"It is to be hoped, Amelia," said Miss Sowerby, clasping her hands and looking up theatrically to the skies, "that your poor dear mother knows nothing of this terrible business!"

"I am sure if she did," replied Amelia, "she would be very much pleased, for she often said how earnestly she hoped that Mrs. Rivers would never leave me till I grew up."

"Poor child," said Miss Sowerby, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "you will grow up to no inheritance. I dare say your unprincipled step-mother will have a son to despoil you of your ancestral acres."

"I do not know what ancestral acres are," answered Amelia, "but I should like to have a baby in the house of all things, and papa told me on his wedding-day that he had made over to me all mama's fortune, so I am never likely to be very poor; see, Miss Sowerby, what a beautiful nose-gay I have gathered for you!"

The spinster, who made it a rule never to refuse any thing, took from the hands of the child a fragrant boquet of roses and geraniums, in return for the rue and wormwood which she had been unsuccessfully endeavouring to administer to her, and returned home, declaring that "the domestic happiness of the Stanfields had too much of display in it to be lasting; and that Amelia was more spoiled, and a greater simpleton than ever!" The domestic happiness, however, of the newly married pair seemed to increase instead of diminishing; in fact, Mr. Stanfield had never been so happy at any other period of his existence; the good fortune to which I have alluded as his lot through life, shone brighter instead of growing dimmer, and although he was perfectly satisfied with his first choice, he had still more reason to congratulate himself upon his second. His present lady had all the sweetness and mildness of disposition possessed by the former, adding to it that which she wanted, a strong cultivated mind. Mr. Stanfield was not clever himself, but he could judge of cleverness in another, just as a person without musical knowledge can judge of the style of a first-rate singer, unable to appreciate every little ornament, but admiring the general effect of it, and feeling that it is different to the performances of ordinary people. The intellect of his wife gave him consequence in society, and was accompanied by so much good taste and good feeling, that she never assumed superiority over her husband on that account, and she was rewarded by his devoted and grateful affection.

My readers will suppose that Mrs. Stanfield, thus idolized by her husband, must have attained the summit of human felicity; but such was by no means the case. Mr. Stanfield was nervous, sensitive, or, to use a plain but expressive term, "fidgety;" these qualities seldom decrease with age, and they had much increased since his second marriage; loving his wife so fondly, he thought that his greatest proof of affection was to make himself very unhappy about her every hour of the day; if she sat near an open window, he dreaded all the horrors of consumption; if she seemed out of breath, he anticipated a complaint of the heart; and if

she returned from a walk a little later than usual, his fancy, not generally very vivid, conjured up a terrific phantasmagoria of footpads, mad bulls, gipsies, and runaway horses. Mrs. Stanfield was annoyed by this over care, as every clever woman must be; but she had set out in her matrimonial career with the golden rule of looking at all the good of her situation, and disregarding, as far as she could, all the evil of it; and by dint of sometimes rallying and sometimes reasoning with her too anxious husband, she contrived to keep his inquietude within tolerable bounds, and to avoid the fate of being quite killed with kindness. A year passed on in peace and satisfaction; at the end of that period Mrs. Stanfield was looking decidedly ill, and seemed much out of spirits. The Westford *Æsculapius* was rejoiced: he hinted a hundred inquiries as to her symptoms, but Mrs. Stanfield evaded them all—she would not confess herself to be ill. Strange to say, Mr. Stanfield, with all his nervous anxiety, did not feel uneasy about her when there appeared real cause to do so; perhaps, however, this inconsistency is not very remarkable; those who waste their attention on trifles of any description, usually deaden their energies to a degree that renders them indifferent to matters of real importance. All that Mr. Stanfield feared was that his wife had caught cold, and as this verified his constant predictions that she would do so, he felt some self-satisfaction in his own wisdom, and contented himself with anathematising his dear Sophia's thin shoes, and loading her with presents of sable boas, pelerines, and mantillas, which would have qualified her, had private theatricals been the fashion at Westford, to have taken the part of the heroine of a Russian melo-drama, dressed quite in keeping with the character. Mr. Stanfield might be blind to his wife's illness, but Miss Sowerby was not; the quick apprehension of hate far exceeds that of love. Mrs. Stanfield would not have recourse to medical advice; it was evident, then, that her disorder was on the mind, and Miss Sowerby was only anxious to find out the precise nature of it. She knew that her troubles could not proceed from disagreements with her husband, for Miss Sowerby had luckily a spy in the Elbury establishment. Soon after Mr. Stanfield's marriage, his house-maid followed his example; her place was vacant in consequence, and Miss Sowerby's laundress was anxious to see her daughter promoted to the situation. Miss Sowerby promised her interest, but, like many patrons of higher posts, made it a condition that her protégée's little services should be at her command, or, in other words, that every little dispute, trouble, or misunderstanding which might occur in Mr. Stanfield's house, from the basement to the attics, should forthwith be conveyed to Miss Sowerby to disperse all over Westford, or not, as it seemed best to her discriminating judgment. Nothing, however, occurred; and as Martha Wilson was not a fashionable novelist, or a penny-a-line contributor to a newspaper, she could not make an interesting story without any materials for it; at length, however, she paid a visit to Miss Sowerby's parlour, and poured a welcome tale of scandal into the ears of her delighted patroness.

Two months ago, it appeared, Mrs. Stanfield's own maid began to receive letters with the London post-mark, directed in a free, bold, manly hand; she was taxed by the servants with having a lover, and, like most ladies in high or low life, denied the accusation. A few days ago she happened to be from home when a letter arrived for her; it was only se-

cured by one of the modern wafers, which are so easily removed that honour alone renders them any security at all. The honour of Martha Wilson was not proof against the temptation: under the pretence of taking care of the letter for its owner, she conveyed it to her room, and carefully removed the wafer—it was only a blank cover; within was a letter directed to Mrs. Stanfield, but the writer, more careful of that than of the enclosing sheet, had sealed it with a crest, and Martha, afraid to examine it, folded it up again, replaced the wafer, gave it to the lady's maid when she returned, and proceeded to Miss Sowerby to enlighten her with the news. Miss Sowerby immediately, of course, placed the worst possible construction on the mystery; in fact, the circumstance *did* appear rather suspicious, for Mrs. Stanfield had frequently mentioned that she had no relations living except a family of cousins, who were settled in London in independent circumstances, and with whom she was in habits of regular and recognised correspondence; the letters could not be from any petitioner for her bounty, for the generosity of her husband rendered it quite unnecessary that such communications should be made in private.—“They must come from a lover,” said Miss Sowerby, and her heart beat with rapture at the thought. She gave Martha five shillings, a donation of unexampled prodigality on her part, and told her at all risks to open the next letter that came, read the contents, and secure it again with a plain seal; but, alas! the next letter was taken in by the lady's maid in person, who stood in the hall evidently on the watch for it, and Miss Sowerby could only console herself by assuring all her friends at Westford, in the greatest confidence, that she had ascertained that Mrs. Stanfield was in habits of correspondence with a lover, and that she should immediately disclose her conduct to the poor injured husband, did she not deem it prudent to wait till matters came to a more decided crisis; consequently the whole female population of Westford looked on Mrs. Stanfield with horror, as being something of a mixed personation of Calista in the Fair Penitent, and Alicia in Arden of Feversham, and longed as earnestly as a child for the beginning of a pantomime, that the day might arrive which would bring discovery, disgrace and ruin, on a woman who had never injured them except by her superiority to themselves in mental and personal endowments.

On the following day Martha Wilson called on Miss Sowerby, not to acquaint her of the arrival of another letter, but to tell her of an extraordinary plan of Mrs. Stanfield's, which a more candid judge than any of the Westford coterie might call rather suspicious. I have mentioned that Mrs. Stanfield had a family of cousins in London; their name was Belton, and they resided in one of the unfashionable streets of Bloomsbury; she had made known to her husband and her household her determination to go and pass a month with these relations, only taking her own maid with her. Mr. Stanfield felt that losing his wife for so long a time would be like losing a part of himself; he offered her a house for the season in London, and gave her permission to invite her whole family of cousins to Elbury Hall for an indefinite time; but Mrs. Stanfield, usually so mild, patient, and self-denying, was on the present occasion fixed in her purpose; and as she eagerly thanked him for his painfully-extorted consent, he began for the first time to think that his wife was a little less angelic than he had supposed her to be; the discovery of her human weaknesses, however,

did not at all reconcile him to the loss of her society, and the sound of the carriage coming to the door on the morning of her departure seemed to him like the knell of all his social happiness for the next month. Neither had Mrs. Stanfield at all the air of a lady who, having battled successfully to get her own way, is on the point of leaving her uneventful home and dull companions, to enjoy the gayeties of London unwatched by any restraining eye; she took leave of her husband more as if it were for life than for a month, weeping bitterly as she did so, and clasping Amelia in her arms with earnest affection.

Miss Sowerby was at her window as the carriage passed through Westford. "Well," said she, "if I ever become a wife, I shall prove a very different sort of one ——;" and two or three gossiping visitors who stood behind her simultaneously exclaimed, "No doubt you would."

Miss Sowerby had very important business to perform that day, more important even than calling on Mr. Stanfield, and telling him how unfortunate a man he was to be thus deserted by his wife. Martha Wilson had informed Miss Sowerby of the name of the street in Bloomsbury where Mrs. Stanfield's cousins resided, and it was music to her ears. In that street was a boarding-house, in which was domesticated a little busy, loquacious widow, an intimate friend of Miss Sowerby's, and she wrote her a long letter, telling her all the circumstances that had recently occurred at Elbury Hall, and instructing her to make inquiries, whether any young man in particular visited intimately at the Belton's, and whether Mrs. Stanfield rendered herself the subject of any observation or animadversion. A week elapsed before Mrs. Pearson answered this letter; and Miss Sowerby had paid her projected visit to Mr. Stanfield, and rendered him so nervous by her dire forebodings and melancholy condolences, that the house-keeper was obliged to administer hartshorn drops, camphor-julep, and sal-volatile, alternately to him during the rest of the day.

When, however, the letter came, it completely repaid Miss Sowerby for the trial of waiting for it so long.

"The lady you mention," wrote Mrs. Pearson, "came this day week to stay at the Belton's. I was greatly surprised when you said in your letter that she meant to remain with them for a month, for I had happened to know some weeks ago that they intended to pass three months in France about this time, and that they had let their house for the period of their absence. In three days they carried their plan into execution, and their visitor and her maid vanished, where I could not tell, but they did not accompany the family on their travels. Knowing your anxiety for the information, and knowing that the party who had engaged the house had not yet taken possession of it, I called, and asked the servant, who remained there, if she could tell me where Mrs. Stanfield had removed; she informed me that she had taken a lodging in one of the streets near the Regent's Park, and as she acquainted me with the name of the street and number of the house, I walked there the next day. I found that she occupied only a part of the house, since the remainder was to be let. I asked to see the landlady, under pretence of wishing to engage the apartments, and make some inquiries respecting her other inmates; she informed me that she had only a lady and her maid, who had taken the lodgings for a month, and had been with her two days; that the lady appeared out of health and spirits, and of very retired habits, and that she

had each day received a visit from a gentleman. I think you will allow, my dear friend, that I have acquitted myself very successfully in this little delicate commission, and have gained a great deal of information without committing myself or you. If you would like to come up to town, and sift the matter fully in person, Mrs. Hutton's establishment is extremely select and very reasonable."

Miss Sowerby dropped the letter in the excess of her joy. She might have said, as gentlemen do when their health is drank at public dinners, "This is the proudest day of my life!" so complete a triumph did it give her over the envied and hated Mrs. Stanfield. Carefully picking up the precious document, she placed it in her bosom, and sallied forth that evening to a tea-party, feeling qualified to be the complete lioness of the evening. As soon as tea was over, Miss Sowerby disclosed her information to the company, and professed her determination to go to London forthwith, for that the guilty ought always to be exposed; it was a duty to society to do it. It is astonishing how zealously people discharge their duty to society when they can destroy the peace and reputation of a fellow-creature by doing so!

"Poor Mr. Stanfield will break his heart," said a compassionate old lady, taking out her pocket handkerchief.

"Not at all," remarked a portly matron by her side, encircled by five unmarried daughters, "he will get a divorce, marry again, and be much happier than he ever has been yet."

"I should not like to marry a divorced man," said a pale, sentimental girl.

"Nonsense, my dear," said the portly matron, "it is the best thing you could do; you would be sure never to be reproached with the good qualities of his first wife."

"I think," said the lady of the mayor, casting a furtive glance at her husband, "that when the affair becomes generally known, the public authorities of Westford ought to carry up an address of condolence to Mr. Stanfield."

"Ridiculous, my love," replied the mayor, with a reproving look; "it is no matter of condolence at all; that is," he added, in a hurried manner, perceiving the four stormy orbs of his wife and his daughter Clarinda fixed upon him, "gentlemen have nothing to do with those things; if the ladies like to compile a little address among themselves, I am sure I have no possible objection to it."

This hint mollified the lady, and that night she wrote the rough draft of an address of condolence to Mr. Stanfield, which Clarinda copied the next morning in an exquisite Lilliputian hand, on a sheet of superfine lavender paper edged with black.

It is much more easy to talk about an undertaking than to carry it into effect. Miss Sowerby had declared her intention of proceeding to London "forthwith," in as decided a manner as if she had nothing to do but to desire her own maid to pack up her dresses over-night, and to give orders to her coachman to bring the carriage to the door early the next morning; there were many preparations, however, to be made prior to the commencement of the journey. Miss Sowerby, like most country ladies, had an awful idea of the finery necessary to constitute herself presentable in London, and felt quite unequal to the task of facing the "select circle" of

Mrs. Hutton's establishment, till her straw bonnet was lined and trimmed with pink, her blue silk dress turned, her blond scarf cleaned, and her apple-green satin dyed black. All these economical contrivances occupied a great deal of time, and a fortnight elapsed before Miss Sowerby's wardrobe was duly refreshed, and her place taken in the coach for the ensuing day. She did not, however, much lament this delay. Mrs. Stanfield had engaged her lodgings for a month, consequently there would be no fear of her escape, and every day would be likely to accumulate fresh evidence, and render her guilt more glaring and decided; besides which, Miss Sowerby, in this intervening fortnight, was loaded with caresses, fine speeches, and invitations to tea and supper from the *élite* of Westford, who all wished to see Mrs. Stanfield exposed without incurring the risk and responsibility of being themselves active agents in the exposure, and consequently welcomed in Miss Sowerby that character not to be found in fable, and rarely existing in real life—the rat willing to tie the bell round the cat's neck!

The day after Miss Sowerby's arrival in London, she proceeded, according to the direction of her friend Mrs. Pearson, to the street where Mrs. Stanfield resided, carefully cloaked and veiled, so that she might not be recognized by her erring neighbour if she should happen to be at the window.

Beyond all expectation, Mrs. Stanfield *was* at the window, looking very pale and ill.

"Ah!" soliloquised Miss Sowerby, "conscience has been busy with her; no doubt her lover begins to grow tired of her; I dare say she is watching for his approach."

If such were the case she did not watch long, for a very handsome man, in the prime of life, knocked at the door, was admitted, and Mrs. Stanfield immediately disappeared from the window. Miss Sowerby returned home, exulting in her good fortune, to communicate it to her dear friend Mrs. Pearson, to declare her belief, from the upright bearing and carriage of the stranger, that he was certainly military, and to indite a long epistle to Mr. Stanfield, telling him the whole state of the case, adjuring him to come up to town without delay, and recommending to him, as a legal adviser, Mr. Stephen Sharply, a most promising young man, and a third cousin of her own. The wish to do good is said to have the power of brightening our mental faculties; the wish to do harm has often the same effect. Miss Sowerby was not in general a good letter-writer; but so inspired was she by her present subject, that Mr. Stephen Sharply himself could not have stated the facts with more clearness and accuracy than did his third cousin.

The feelings of Mr. Stanfield, when he received this letter, were truly pitiable: knowing little of the world, and still less of books, he was not at all conscious how frequent are the instances in which innocence is unjustly aspersed, and "life's life lied away," under circumstances of mere suspicion. Thinking (unlike most husbands) humbly of his own attainments, and highly of those of his wife, he was disposed rather to blame himself, for having ever supposed she could love him, than to censure her for ceasing to do so.

"Oh! how will she repent," he thought, "how bitterly will remorse be felt by such a mind as hers!"

Taking a hurried leave of Amelia, whom he merely told that circumstances of great consequence demanded his presence in London, the unhappy husband, thus suddenly precipitated from the height of happiness to the depth of misery, proceeded on his journey, and when he arrived in town, immediately wrote to beg that Miss Sowerby would come to him at the hotel where he had fixed himself. She complied with the summons, all sweetness and sympathy, for she, like the poor matron at Westford, anticipated a divorce, and thought that in that case Mr. Stanfield might turn his tardy regards on herself, in which event she meant generously to forgive his former neglect, accept his proffered hand, and pass a speedy reform bill for the benefit of himself, his daughter, and his household, who had all, she averred, been completely spoiled and ruined by the milk-and-water insipidity of the first Mrs. Stanfield, and the hypocritical cajolery of the second. She immediately proffered her company to Mr. Stanfield on a visit to his wife's apartments, hoping, as she expressed it, "to surprise her into a confession;" and though she declared it was "inexpressibly painful to the feelings to go on such an errand," no one would have been inclined to believe that she was suffering deep distress, who marked the brisk alertness of her walk, and the unwonted sparkle of her eye.

Arrived at the door, she desired the wretched husband "to place the matter in her hands," and inquired if Mrs. Stanfield was at home; the servant replied in the affirmative, and Miss Sowerby hastily ascended the stairs, leaving her companion to follow as he could. How did she congratulate herself on her good fortune when she beheld the *tableau* that awaited her entrance. Mrs. Stanfield, pale and drooping, was reclining on a sofa, and by her side sat the handsome stranger, whom Miss Sowerby had before seen; he was holding her hand, but quickly dropped it on the appearance of the unwelcome visitor. Mrs. Stanfield looked amazed at the sight of Miss Sowerby, but started violently when she beheld her followed into the room by Mr. Stanfield.

"My dear husband!" she exclaimed, rising to meet him, "who could have possibly told you of my retreat, after all the pains I have taken to keep it secret?"

"O Sophia," said the unhappy man, bursting into tears, "how could you desert one who so truly loved you?"

"Perhaps my conduct was injudicious," replied Mrs. Stanfield, "but, believe me, dear Stanfield, it only proceeded from a wish to spare your feelings."

"Dreadful to listen to such sophistical hardihood," exclaimed Miss Sowerby; "she calls conjugal infidelity 'injudicious,' and declares that she runs away from her husband because she 'wishes to spare his feelings.' Now, Mr. Stanfield, you see what comes of marrying a literary lady, and Amelia told me only last month that she had three hundred volumes in her own little library."

Mrs. Stanfield sank back on the sofa, apparently too much horror-struck at Miss Sowerby's accusation to be able to reply to it, and the handsome stranger for the first time spoke.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that this lady is accused of having deserted her husband and her home?"

Miss Sowerby was so shocked at being addressed by this "gallant gay Lothario," that she had never so much felt the want of her fan; she, how-

ever, made a temporary one of her well-darned Scotch cambric pocket-handkerchief, and replied, "Facts speak for themselves, Sir; your presence here is a confirmation of them, and an insult to the eyes of indignant virtue."

The handsome stranger burst into a contemptuous laugh, and then took the hand of Mrs. Stanfield. Miss Sowerby imagined that he was seized with sudden delirium, especially as he held the lady's hand in a very extraordinary manner, compressing the wrist within his thumb and finger. In a moment he dropped it, and said, "My name probably is known, madam, to Mr. Stanfield and yourself, although my person is not. I am Sir Walter Tudor, and the world has imputed to me some skill in surgery. Three months ago I was staying in your neighbourhood, and received a letter from a lady requesting a private interview with me. I complied—the place of meeting was at an hotel in Westford—the lady was Mrs. Stanfield. She informed me that she wished to consult me on the state of her health, and that she had an important reason for declining to acquaint any medical man in the vicinity with her illness; this reason, Mr. Stanfield, was her consideration for the feelings of her husband, who was, she said, so nervous and apprehensive, that were he acquainted with half her symptoms, he would deem them to be indicative of some fatal disorder. Happy should I have been to inform her that she had no reason for uneasiness, but it was my painful task to tell her that the symptoms of which she spoke were likely to increase, and that in the course of two months it would be necessary that she should undergo a painful and dangerous operation."

Here the penitent husband uttered a smothered exclamation of horror and grief, but the surgeon, who evidently regarded him with more disdain than sympathy, did not stop to re-assure him, but proceeded regularly in his narrative.

"Mrs. Stanfield received this intelligence with unexampled fortitude; she promised to write to me from time to time to acquaint me with the state of her health, and desired me to send my answers under cover to her own maid, that the secrecy might be preserved, which she considered of so much importance. At length the period drew near for which I had prepared her, and to my great surprise she wrote word to me that it was her intention to come privately to London, with no attendant but her own maid, and to undergo the operation without the knowledge of her husband and friends. I deemed it my duty to write to her, remonstrating with her on this extraordinary measure, and telling her how much, at such a trying time, she would need the comforts of home, and the consolations of the society of her family. She was, however, resolved upon the project; no consolation, she wrote to me, could be so great to her mind, as that of feeling that her husband was spared the pangs of knowing her present suffering, and anticipating her future danger. "If," she continued, "you consider me in a precarious state after the operation is over, it will then be time enough to write to my husband; I shall at least have saved him many weeks of sorrow: if, on the contrary, I recover, and return home in health, how delightful it will be to tell him the whole that has happened, and to receive his thanks for my consideration of his feelings!"

Sir Walter Tudor here paused a moment, and directed a searching glance

to Mr. Stanfield, which I am concerned to say that gentleman had not courage to meet.

"I then," he continued, "ceased my opposition, and Mrs. Stanfield, attended only by her faithful and affectionate servant, removed to these apartments shortly after her arrival in London. Ten days ago, the destined operation was performed, and never, Mr. Stanfield, has it been my lot to witness, among those who have been sustained and encouraged by the presence and attentions of their nearest and dearest friends, such fortitude and powers of endurance as were displayed by your wife in her self-imposed seclusion and desolation. She rapidly recovered, greatly owing to her happy disposition and firm mind; and I had just been telling her that in a very short time I should consider her sufficiently restored to health to return home, and cheerfully congratulating her that her trials were over. How little, alas! did I conjecture that her worst trial was to come; that she was to undergo mental tortures far more painful than the bodily sufferings to which she had been subjected, and that her generous disregard of self, and kind anxiety to spare the feelings of her husband, would be made the groundwork of an accusation against her truth and honour! Fearing that in her present weak state the task of vindicating her aspersed character might be too much for her, I have taken upon myself to relate this simple narrative of facts, and will leave it to herself to pronounce the pardon of those whose injurious suspicions have so deeply wronged her."

Sir Walter Tudor was a man of good taste and judgment; he had not the least wish to be witness of a "scene;" therefore, when he had concluded his speech, he took his departure without waiting for any comments upon it from his audience.

Miss Sowerby had sat perfectly immoveable during his narrative, looking just like an evil fairy, whose spell has been suddenly destroyed by the superior influence of a good one; she had never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Westford, kept silence for so long a time before. Mr. Stanfield, usually reserved and taciturn, now became suddenly wordy if not eloquent.

He implored his wife to forgive his unjust suspicions, and concluded by ungallantly playing the part of "king's evidence," showing up Miss Sowerby as the original contriver and instigator of his journey to London, and earnestly attempted to convince his dear Sophia that he ought to be blamed very little, because the malicious spinster who had deceived and misled him, deserved to be blamed so much more. Mrs. Stanfield, who was not quite perfection, although very near it, looked rather coldly at her husband while he was uttering his apology; soon, however, she reflected that as he did not possess a strong mind and good abilities, he was not so accountable for his conduct as if he had been endowed with those gifts—that, in effect, it was his feeble and inert character which had rendered her plan of secrecy necessary, and that his recent fear of the loss of her affections was but another branch of the thousand-and-one misgivings and doubts respecting her health, spirits, and tranquillity, which had been a source of passing annoyance to her ever since her marriage; accordingly she graciously accorded to him her pardon, and Miss Sowerby, encouraged by the sight of the olive-branch extended to a fellow-culprit, began piteously to request that dear Mrs. Stanfield would be so good as not to pun-

ish her by withdrawing her friendship from her, but would continue to think the same of her as ever.

"I am willing to grant both your requests, Miss Sowerby," said Mrs. Stanfield with somewhat of her former animation; "I cannot withdraw my friendship from you, because you never possessed it; and I am willing to think the same of you as ever, because I always believed you capable of wantonly aspersing the character of your fellow-creatures, although I never until now had an opportunity of knowing on how slight a foundation you could raise the edifice of calumny. I need not inflict any punishment on you, because you have one in store for you; not that of a reproofing conscience—the conscience of the slanderer is generally tolerably seared and hardened—but you have failed in your endeavours to injure and disgrace me; this will be the first part of your punishment, and the second will be, that you will be universally ridiculed for your disappointment. I am not going to read you a homily, Miss Sowerby; none, I believe, systematically break the ninth commandment who would not upon temptation break any of the others, and it must be a higher power than mine that can reform a mind so evil in its ways. Let me, however, give you some advice on the score of policy, if not of principle. When next you endeavour to blight the fair fame of a neighbour, take care that you do not, like the hero of *La Mancha*, mistake wind-mills for giants; let your "assurance" be "doubly sure" of her guilt before you proclaim it to the world; and do not content yourself with planning four acts of a tragedy, unless you can certainly foresee the melancholy catastrophe of the fifth, lest, as in the present case, it be suddenly converted into a comedy, setting forth the mistakes and mortifications of those scandalizing ladies who adopt the hazardous measure of 'Acting upon Suspicion.' "

VISIONS.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

I DREAMT that thou wert a beauteous dame,
 Who liv'd in the days of yore,
 And I thought that a myriad of suitors came,
 And knelt thy charms before:
 Then I looked on a brilliant tournament,
 And I heard the trumpets' strain,
 And a number of gallant knights were bent
 To strive on the martial plain;
 There was a laurel crown, and the favour'd knight
 Who bore that prize away,
 Might claim the hand of thy beauty bright,
 On the eve of that joyous day;

And I thought that I was a warrior bold,
And I won the laurel crown—
'Twas dearer to me than a wreath of gold—
At thy feet I laid it down.

Again I dreamt, and methought that I
Was a proud young cavalier,
Who liv'd in the glance of his lov'd one's eye,
And thou wert she most dear ;
We dwelt in the sunny land of Spain,
And a thousand gallants strove
The heart of thy virgin breast to gain,
Yet thou gav'st to me thy love ;
And I came to thy balcony's jutting shade,
By the light of the moon and star,
And I warbled a pensive serenade,
To my lightly struck guitar :
I bore thee away in the dreamy night,
To the holy altar's side,
And there, in thy garments of snowy white,
I made thee my blessed bride.

Once more I dreamt, and I thought me dead,
But my spirit left its clay,
As a captive bird its cell, and fled
Beyond the star-paved way ;
And I met thee there in those realms of light,
With thy shining eyes and hair,
Enrob'd in a halo of glory bright,
The fairest 'mid angels fair.
We wandered those heavenly scenes among,
In the shade of celestial groves,
And our voices swell'd in a sacred song,
And we talk'd of our former loves ;
We sigh'd for those friends who remain'd on earth,
From pleasures so sweet and pure,
And our gladness, that in the soul had birth,
We knew would for ever endure.

I breathe to thy beauty my true heart's sigh,
And thou seem'st to my waking gaze,
As fair as thou wert to my dreaming eye
When a nymph of the olden days ;
And I love thee as well as I lov'd in my dream,
When I thought thee a maiden of Spain,
And sung, in the light of the starry gleam,
To my sweet guitar a strain.—
Though the dazzling pageants of vision have fled,
The star of my dreaming is here,

And though fancy's illusions around it were spread,
'Tis as fair—to my soul 'tis as dear:
If the spirit of life from my bosom should flee;
And unto yon far heaven stray,
Though bright as the heaven of my dream it should be,
'T would avail not if thou wert away.

A D D R E S S .

BY BRO. DAVID T. DISNEY, ESQ.*

IN an age like the present, the human mind is ever on the alert to discover new sources of enjoyment and improvement; and amid the different inventions which in all ages have from time to time occupied the attention of the human race in order to promote the comfort and happiness of man, none has more deservedly received the approbation of the wise and just, than the various regulations for the support and protection of the helpless and distressed. The dependence of man on his fellow has been wisely ordered by an overseeing Providence, to bind our race in a common bond of union; and while it not only reminds us of those frailties to which all are alike subjected, it at the same time teaches us to discharge those duties to others which our own imperfections tell us may some day be required to be discharged towards ourselves. The harsher attributes of man's nature, which so readily repels all claim upon his assistance, and which seeks to convert all things to minister to his own selfishness, are well corrected by the thought of his own weakness, and the imperfectability of things truly admonish us how frail is the tenure by which we hold the advantages of fortune, of birth or of position. Wealth taketh to itself wings and fleeth away, and all the comforts, whether of power or of place, of wealth or health, are but the plaything of the sheerest accidents. In our land and under our institutions the mutability of fortune is more than proverbial.

Reflections, such as these, are well calculated to make us feel our mutual dependence on each other, to engender that feeling of kindliness which prompts to generous actions and to cause us to view in all mankind, children of the same Great Parent.

In the strife of the world, where self-interest is the guiding principle, man becomes hardened by his struggles with his fellows, and when old age has crept upon him, he finds too often that the more generous emotions of his youth have perished unborn within him. The youth budding into the first freshness of manhood, enters the arena of life overflowing with hope and joy. To him the world is fair and its gay and glittering scenes most tempting. The wise warnings of the past fall unheeded up-

* Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at the celebration of Harmony Lodge, No. 14, Rossville, Ohio, May, 1843.

on his mind, and testing them by his own truthfulness, the professions of his fellows only make him wonder how they could be disbelieved. Sad and harsh must be the realities which can deceive him. The maxims of his senior fall upon the dull ear of incredulity, and his bounding spirit mingles with the world, extending faith and confidence on every hand. But disappointment after disappointment begins to teach him that all is not true that's fair. Doubts engender each other, and as he advances in life he is too apt, springing from one extreme to another, to conclude that all are false and none are true. Such is frequently the history of man. The harshness of feeling which such an experience begets, manifests itself in turn, and thus another is added to the list of those who have ever a deaf ear to the wants of humanity;—and amid so much selfishness, the truly philanthropic mind is too seldom relieved by the manifestations of a more noble spirit, which indeed, occasionally flashes out, gilding and lighting up the darker parts of our nature.

In the early ages, when mankind were in a rude and barbarous state, the wants of men were few and simple. A few roots and the running stream supplied their frugal meal, and the rude skins of the slaughtered beasts formed their only covering. The vices of civilization were unknown, and though the evil passions of the human heart still had their existence, yet the opportunities for their development were comparatively few and far between. Experience led to new discoveries, which by gratifying the appetites of men engendered new wants; and thus, as civilization commenced and refinement spread abroad, the objects became multiplied, which tempted men's passions and men's cupidity—a more extended intercourse among the human family, corrupted the simplicities of their natures, and as time rolled on, man became more refined and more corrupted.

With all their vices, however, it remained for modern ages to form societies for purely benevolent purposes, and among such is the society of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. In scanning its objects and determining its effects upon community as well as upon its own individual members, it can be a matter of but little consequence to us how far back it dates its origin, or how long the hoar of antiquity may have mantled upon its brow. Deep amid the mists which hover around ancient things we trace the institution of mysteries, and amid the dim pages of early history we learn that symbols were used by the earliest nations to teach their most sacred and lofty truths.

The love of secrecy seems implanted in the human breast—and the air of solemnity which floated around the mysterious rituals of ancient Egypt, elevated the character of its priesthood and commanded the homage and respect of those who believed in the truth and purity of their doctrines. Dim, vague, and shadowy in the eyes of men, those institutions dwelt apart from the world and held no intercourse with mankind. A few outward ceremonials was all that met the eye of the mass, while in their secret chambers the most profound truths were developed and taught to the aspirant with an accuracy proportioned to their importance. The human mind naturally shrinks from an exposure to the rude observation of the public eye. The more delicate the sensibility, the more elevated the tone and the more refined the taste, jars the more harshly the coarse criticism of public remark. The thousand little sentiments cherished deep within

the human heart, and upon which we delight to dwell, worshipping them as our household gods and nurturing them with the holiest affection, would but poorly submit to the shock of public exposure. Like the sensitive plant, the mind, suddenly surprised in the enjoyment of such feelings, instantly contracts within itself, and presents to the eye of the observer only the calm apathetic appearance of indifference. The cold and frigid rules of conventional life, pay to courtesy and politeness an ample tribute in the sacrifice of nearly all the natural emotions, and however the outward intercourse of society may be promoted, and the peace and harmony and aggregate happiness of society be secured, yet it is only in the depths of the private circle when man among his chosen ones unbends from the artificial appearances which he daily wears in the world, and in that interchange of heart with heart and mind with mind, truly enjoys that happiness which his Creator so wisely ordered should flow from intercourse with his fellow.

The mysteries of the Greeks admitted only their most distinguished citizens, and it became a matter of high distinction to be numbered among the votaries. Among that fickle and changeable people, a love of learning and a keen perception of the advantages of virtue, remained the only principles unchanged. Cultivating with ardor the different arts and sciences, their philosophers inculcated the most profound truths in relation to man, and light and civilization shone in full splendor over that wonderful people. As they emerged from barbarism the spread of letters flung its refreshing spirit over the land, and her mysteries felt the full influence of the classic spirit it produced. Her warriors, poets, and statesmen, eagerly bowed in reverence before her sacred mysteries, and popular faith early invested them with all the sanctity of religion. * * * * * The doctrines of Socrates and Plato spread a benign influence among the people, while the learning of the schoolmen was taught under her mysteries in the classic shades and groves of Athens. Sacred from the haunts of men the solitudes of nature were chosen to add to the gloomy solemnity which pervaded the sanctuary of their rites, and not unfrequently the civil law lent its aid and inflicted the punishment of death upon the unsanctimonious intruder who dared to violate with profane footsteps the consecrated ground. Connected alike with their government, and their religion, the mysteries of Greece exercised a powerful influence in controlling both. * * * * *

Derived from that mysterious land whose plains are watered by the Nile, her mysteries and her learning retained all the characteristics of their origin. With a language which has long since passed from the knowledge of the earth, the inundations of barbarism and the crashing of empires crumbling ages ago, swept away nearly every vestige of the historic record of Mighty Egypt. The time-defying pyramids and the wonderful fragments of her ruins almost alone now remain to tell us of the glory and splendor of that mighty empire. The mistress of learning, it was from the priests of Egyptian mysteries that letters spread abroad through the world. The philosophers of Greece visited that famous land, and amid the dark recesses of her temples were taught those mysteries which in aftertimes made their own the seat of learning and of song.

Wandering amid her ruins the mind loves to lose itself in contemplation of the past. Glancing far down the vista of by-gone ages, her earlier

days seem but a step from the creation. Modern curiosity, digging among the tombs of this primeval race, has not hesitated to invade the sanctuary of the grave, and burst the cerements of the tomb, in order to expose to the gaze of vulgar astonishment the last remains of a people who have been silently slumbering in repose for thirty long centuries past.

The subjects of Sesostris and of the Ptolemies, the task-masters of Israel's people, the high priests who worshipped at the altars of Isis and Osiris—the sorcerers who contended with Aaron, and the men who pursued Moses to the Red Sea—the people who witnessed Joseph in all his splendor and authority, and who had looked upon the patriarch Jacob—the students of the sacred mysteries of Egypt's holy temples—the philosophers who had taught the sages of Greece and opened their eyes to the wonderful secrets of nature—the men who were afflicted with the locusts and the flies, and those who had mourned over their first born when the angel of the Lord passed over their dwellings and made Egypt a land of mourning because of Pharaoh's hardness of heart—all dragged from the last resting place of humanity to gratify the unhallowed curiosity of modern inquisitiveness.

Land of mystery and of learning—the dim shadow of thy greatness falls upon the sight through the misty veil of long forgotten centuries, like the faint records of earth's first born. The days of thy glory have long since passed. The slave of the Turk now revels where thy mighty men of yore assembled to lead captive the nations of the earth. The wild Arab of the desert now hovers around the ruined monuments of thy departed greatness, and thy proud pyramids cast their shadows over the arid sands which have usurped the seat of thy fertile plains. The scenes of thy splendor and glory are now filled with the slaves of ignorance and barbarism, and the wild descendants of Ishmael find fuel in the corpses which thy reverential care of the dead has preserved. Thy river-gods still bask in the sunshine on the banks of thy sluggish stream, but hoary headed time, whose youth witnessed the building of thy temples, now points in mockery to their ruins to show the folly and feebleness of man.

Connected with the patriarchs the institutions of that land are identified with the pages of holy writ, and her secret rites seem to acquire the reverence of a religious faith.

At this late day we can but little more than wonder what the doctrines may have been which her priests so closely veiled from the people—but we have ample proof that in other lands where the religion of the State taught men to worship a host of deities, within the sacred veil of their mysteries, the candidate was taught the sublime truth of the existence of one Great Eternal and Supreme Being.

Among the Jewish Essenes their secret rituals distinguished them from the rest of their tribe, and the peculiar faith of the sect was known only to the initiated. A love of mystery and of symbols indeed seems in all ages to have peculiarly marked the oriental nations. Their writings abound with parables and metaphors, and the spirit of their people seems to delight to riot in the splendor of imagery and the rich fulness of symbolic representation. Vivid in imagination and glowing with the genius of their clime, their mellow fancies invested their ceremonies with all the gorgeous splendor of the east, and presented the simplest truths decked out in all the pomp of imperial magnificence. A peculiar trait marked

the Essenes of Judea. Originating and continuing among a people the most remarkable of all who have ever inhabited the earth, for the oneness and purity of their nationality—a people, who believing themselves the chosen people of God, ever with most singular jealousy, carefully excluded all strangers from intercommunication with their government or their religion, and who to the present day are as isolated in their nationality as they were in the days when they came up out of the land of Egypt, or when the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices.—Yet in the mysteries of the Essenes, men of every nation, of every religion, and of every walk in life were admitted. A principle so liberal in its character, so humanizing in its effects, distinctly marks the comprehensive views of the sect, and shows how grand must have been the designs which they concealed under the veil of their mysteries. * * * * *

The fragments of their history which have descended to our own day, merely inform us that they adopted many of the Egyptian mysteries, and that like nearly all the secret associations of antiquity, they united the study of moral with that of natural philosophy. They inculcated the necessity of a virtuous and upright life, were respected and honored by men in the highest ranks, and the correctness of their conduct and the innocence of their order, gained them the universal approbation of the people among whom they lived.

It is said that Pythagoras drew the principles of his system from the Eleusinian, Dyonisian and Essenian mysteries. "The fraternity which he formed, he instructed in all the known sciences and received none as his disciples until a minute and diligent enquiry was made into their temper and character. If the result of this enquiry was favorable to the candidate, he bound himself in an engagement to conceal from the uninitiated, the mysteries he might receive and the science in which he might be instructed. The doctrines of charity, of universal benevolence, and especially of affection to the brethren of the order, were warmly recommended to the young disciples, and such was their influence that discord seemed to have been banished from Italy. Strangers of every country, of every religion and of every rank in life were received, if properly qualified, into the Pythagorean association. The initiated had particular words and signs by which to distinguish each other and correspond at a distance. They wore white garments as an emblem of their innocence, and advanced from one degree of knowledge to another. They were forbidden to write their mysteries, which were preserved solely by tradition." Such is the account that we have of this famous association, and it can hardly be doubted, that in it we trace the origin of the benevolent secret associations of modern days. The Odd-Fellow can easily recognise in this description sufficient to satisfy him of the source from whence was derived much connected with his institution. It was toward the close of the last century, we are told, that the name of Odd-Fellow Lodges was first used in England; and however humble and obscure may have been their origin, their rapid extension and benevolent principles have already placed them on ground sufficiently high to command the respect of every class in community. The quaint name of our Order, it is true, betrays no classic origin. Assumed it may be for its singularity, it has proved a term of honor and respect. The real influence of the institution exists in its con-

duct and its principles, and it is a misplaced apprehension which fears a withdrawal of the world's approbation unless its origin can be traced to the long-forgotten past. Based upon the immutable principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, it may well bid defiance to the assaults of prejudice. The purity of its principles will ensure its prosperity so long as virtue retains a friend, or vice can find a foe.

The age has gone by when the musty errors of the past were handed down as consecrated things. In our land and in our day, the broad glare of public observation penetrates the most dark recesses, and neither the rust of antiquity nor the glossings of interest can arrest the free scrutiny of public criticism. It is in fact an utilitarian age—men, like things, are judged of by their usefulness. And the constant practice of the virtues of Odd-Fellowship must place the institution far above the shafts of ignorance or of malice. In England as in America the great mass of Odd-Fellows are of the working class, though in both hemispheres the institution numbers among its votaries many of the great and gifted of the land. The early Lodges in England who met under this appellation, were composed principally of working men, and being self-instituted they held no connexion with each other, and it was not until 1809 that the whole were united under one common system of regulation. Yielding to the common practice of the day, conviviality was introduced among them, and it soon caused the institution to be looked upon with coolness. Increasing in numbers, however, it soon embraced among its members men distinguished for their character and intelligence, who, regretting the prevalence of the evil, determined to make an effort to shake it off and place the institution on more elevated grounds. Appreciating its immense value if properly conducted, they set themselves about the work of reformation, and finally established in the town of Manchester the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. With a code of laws for its regulation, based upon the strictest rules of morality and virtue, the institution in that country has progressed in the most rapid manner; and at this time, we are told, it numbers one quarter of a million among its members. The amount of its charities has been immense, and its influence in that land is felt in every part where human sufferings can be found, and human misery demands relief. From England it found its way to this country: and but twenty-four years have elapsed since five individuals constituted the first Lodge which was established on this continent. At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States the annual returns were made from the Grand Lodges of nineteen States, besides the District of Columbia and the Republic of Texas, independent of the returns from subordinate Lodges in one other State and three Territories. The number initiated into the mysteries of the Order during the past year, we learn from the same document, was seven thousand five hundred and forty-six. The revenue of the various subordinate Lodges during the same period was one hundred and sixty-three thousand and seven hundred dollars, while the amount paid out for purposes of relief fell a little short of fifty thousand dollars. Such an increase we may safely say, was never before witnessed in the history of any institution, and well may it excite wonder and admiration. Overspreading the country with such rapidity, the public mind has a right to enquire into its principles and its tendency. Flying abroad on the wings of the wind it has already penetrated into every circle and every sanctu-

ary. Men of every sect and of every opinion, of every class and of every degree have united in the common bond of Union, and are marching forth under the broad banner of Odd-Fellowship.

The idea of secret associations is as old as the history of man, manifesting their existence in the pages of holy writ—from the time of the sorcerers of Pharaoh we trace their continuation down to the days of the primitive Christians. Varying in their forms and ceremonies, the same general idea seems to pervade them all, both ancient and modern; and though the days when necromancy was practised in their secret cells by the Chaldeans have long since passed, yet modern credulity has hardly failed to invest the secret rites of the later associations with all the grotesque absurdity of the darker ages. Through all the various associations of antiquity the principle is still perpetuated amid the changes of dynasties and the falling of empires. The primitive Christians who immediately succeeded to the Apostles, surrounded as they were by all the perils incident to the propagators of a new creed which was at war with the religious faith of the State in which they lived, were early struck with the necessity and importance of a oneness in the assertion and preservation of their faith. The severe laws which were enacted by the Romans against the professors of a creed which threatened to unsettle the established religion of the empire, compelled its disciples to the adoption of the most solemn and impressive forms, in order to effectually guard against the introduction of treacherous converts, who in their infamous character of spies, only sought an introduction in order to betray, and to guide with certainty the vengeance of pagan authority against the pure and upright believers in the sacred tenets of Christianity. The same necessity also led to the establishment of those tokens by which they recognized each other in all companies, and which so effectually defeated all the efforts of their persecutors, as to leave them no resource but in the slanders and misrepresentations of their writers. The solemn mystery which enveloped the sacred rites of the early Christians was well calculated to create an undefinable impression on the popular mind, and their adversaries did not hesitate to charge them with indulging in the most immoral and fiendish orgies. Cemented together as a band of brothers, the primitive Christians were pledged to assist and support each other against the wild fury of the ungovernable multitude, and the cold, heartless and yet ferocious punishments of the pagan government. Christianity survived its persecutors, and its pure and benign precepts now form the basis of Odd-Fellowship.

The rules of the Order admit to membership every man of good moral character who is capable of pursuing the ordinary avocations of life. No distinction of religious faith is recognised, nor is the voice of the sectary heard within her halls. The Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and Mahometan, all meet in one common faith; and in obedience to the precepts of the Order, are only emulous of who shall prove most worthy. With lessons drawn from the pure pages of holy writ the doctrines we are taught point out the whole duty of man.

The harsh feelings and the rougher asperities of our natures are bowed to the mild influences of Friendship, Love and Truth; and the great truths of moral philosophy are impressed deep on the heart of every member. The exercise of the cardinal virtues and restraint of the appetites and passions are constantly urged in her precepts, and the character of man is

sought to be elevated and placed in its proper scale in creation. He is taught that he was not made to live for himself alone. Dependent on each other for protection and support, it is his duty to render others as happy as his power will permit. Soothing the distressed and aiding the unfortunate his mission is one of mercy and of kindness. The frailties incident to man receives at his hands all the generous allowance of a human heart, while the graver follies encounter his stern rebuke. Studiously impressed with his duty to be a peaceful citizen in the State, he countenances no disorders nor supports a violation of the laws of the government under which he lives. With a code of the purest morals he can encourage no distinction of duty, but must frown on every effort to loosen the social tie. Regarding the welfare of man as of the highest importance, he bends all his energies to promote the happiness of his race, and only acts the part of an Odd-Fellow when he acts and speaks like an honest man.

Like the quiet gliding of the silver stream which pursues its noiseless way, a thousand green spots in human life point out the footsteps of Odd-Fellowship. Cultivating the charities of life it is an abundant fountain swelling up with all the kindly sympathies of the human heart, and overflowing its banks, spreading joy and gladness all around.

By the rules of the Order a fixed sum of money every week is allowed to each member when confined to a bed of sickness; this, together with the amount allowed to his family in case of his death, constitutes what properly and technically may be called the *benefits* of the Order. So far as this extends, the pecuniary operations of the institution are not dissimilar to the ordinary benefit societies of the day. But this is among the least of the duties of Odd-Fellowship. Charity, in its broadest and noblest sense is inscribed high on the tablet of her professions. Not that charity which with mincing gait doles out its cold and pitiful alms; but, like the emblem of our Order with heart in hand, that charity which blesses him that gives and him that receives; administering consolation to the afflicted, and relieving the wants of the distressed; hovering like an angel of mercy around the fireside of poverty, and wiping the sweat from the sick man's brow. The poor widow marked as consumption's victim, bows her weak and exhausted frame before the midnight lamp, toiling with lean and meagre fingers to earn the scanty pittance which gives her bread. In the still silence of the night hour after hour rolls along, while melancholy thoughts press and crowd upon her busy brain. The scenes of her youth pass in rapid flight before her; and if now and then a thought of former comfort does arise unbidden, a mother's love is still triumphant, and she is regardless of herself. The silent tear trickling down her haggard cheeks, fast dropping as her busy fingers fly, tells how deep is her agony as she dwells upon the fate of her little ones when her feeble race is run. Forgotten by the world her very hopes have passed away. But the watchful genius of Odd-Fellowship has recognized the relict of a brother. Swift on his errand the angel of mercy comes. With words of kindness on his tongue he soothes the agony of her woe. The wants of nature are relieved; with promises of protection to her helpless ones, the bitterness of her grief is assuaged. Her dim eye glistens with gratitude as she once more sheds a tear of happiness—and she now feels prepared with humble resignation, to lie down in the tomb beside the father of her

children. Her load of grief removed, she bows in humble thankfulness before her Creator for the kindness of his creatures.

We read that when "he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother and she was a widow, and much people was with her; * * * * * and when the Lord saw her he had compassion and said weep not. And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still, and he said: "Young man I say to thee, Arise, and he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and he delivered him to his mother." Benevolence restoring to the bereaved mother the only consolation of her widowed heart is characteristic of the divine founder of our faith. In conformity to his precepts and in humble imitation of their divine author, the mild spirit of Odd-Fellowship seeks no higher mission than ministering to the widow's grief and orphan's wants. When the pestilence stalks abroad and man flies from the face of his fellow—when all hearts are chilled into utter selfishness—when disease and pain wring the brow, then charity with steady patience and unyielding sympathy ministers to the sick man's bed and holds the cup of consolation to his lips. Such is the charity of Odd-Fellowship—giving out in her pure teaching the beautiful doctrine of brotherly love and affection. The touching incidents which we find recorded in the affecting story of Jonathan and David remind us of the duty which every Odd-Fellow owes to his brother. The moral lessons which we meet with in every step of our Order should be deeply engraven on the hearts of all—from the young initiated, who has just passed through the probation of the threshold to the ancient patriarch, who is of the order of the royal purple. Living in the practice of its precepts, our bond of union will be strengthened, the honor of the Order will be advanced and the world at large convinced of its good effects.

Ladies, you have a deep interest in the institution; though denied by its rules the privilege of membership, you are no less connected with it than you are with the fundamental institutions of the government under which you live. There is no reason which debars you from membership that does not apply to all the other associations of the day. The peculiar opinion which has marked the line of action for the sexes seems to have precluded you from this in common with the rest. The wild fanciful notions of the reasons of your exclusion have no foundation but in the credulity of ignorance. There is nothing in the institution which would deny you the privileges of the Order independent of long established custom and the force of public opinion. Its connection with your fathers, brothers and sons, must have a deep and abiding effect upon their lives and conduct. Flinging its mantle of brotherly love around them, it aids and supports them through the difficulties of the world, and should misfortune overtake them, will hasten to relieve you both. Your gentle natures perform the duties which its laws inculcate, and your countenance will aid them in complying with its precepts. An observance of its rules will render them better parents, better husbands, and better men, and your efforts will assist in producing such a result. Cheered by your countenance and flattered by your approbation, the institution will move on in its career of mercy and of love, and sustained by the widow's prayer and the orphan's blessing, it will go on and increase the sphere of its usefulness.

Brethren, we have this day made an exhibition of the mysterious emblems and devices of our Order, and a public exposition of its principles. Let their mysterious language impress us with new zeal in the discharge of our duties as Odd-Fellows. Remembering our motto, "In God we Trust"—let our intercourse with the world be in conformity with the divine injunction, that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye to them also—and in the cultivation of that spirit of brotherly love and affection, our Order will go on in prosperity until its branches shall overspread the land.

MUSIC

BY MISS E. C. H., OF NEW YORK.

ALL nature teems with harmony
Music the earth doth fill;
It floats on air from warbling birds,
Bounds in the sparkling rill;
In the soft murmur of the breeze,
In the loud torrents roar,
It whispers 'mong the leaf-clad trees,
Resounds from shore to shore.
Nature, dear nature, be my theme,
Without the aid of art;
Oh! give to me earth's sweetest charm,
The music of the heart.
Sweet is the music of the voice,
In words of kindness spoken,
Without the artificial whine,
Which doth deceit betoken.
Give me the tone of sympathy,
The gentle words of love,
In soothing notes of tenderness,
Which judgment may approve.
Give me the sigh of pathos,
Which can the bosom thrill
With pleasure exquisite and pure,
And sanctify the will.
These be the strains which move me,
And yield a calm delight;
These are the notes of melody,
And touch life's chords aright.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is pleasant to take a retrospective glance at the progress of Odd-Fellowship in our country, and as we follow its vicissitudes to mark the elevation of character and rank, which it has attained by its own inherent virtues against a tide of popular disfavor with which from its institution it has had to battle. It must however in candour be allowed that much of the opprobrium to which in its early day it was subjected, was to some extent not unmerited. It could not be expected that any intelligent and well ordered community would regard favorably the pretensions of an Order which whilst it professed to inculcate virtue, afforded but little evidence of the sincerity of such professions, when some of its prominent practices were regarded. However beautiful its theory and principles, mankind were indisposed to confide in its moral fitness for good in view of the ordinary places selected for the assemblage of its votaries and the degenerating tendencies inseparable from such association. Whilst great honour is due to the Founders of the Order in America, it has occurred to us that, if the names of the Brothers could be ascertained who first virtually infused life and vigour into the body, by the successful application of the knife and cautery to its leading social characteristics, and who followed up this effort until they had thoroughly reformed its early uncongenial practices, they should be held in grateful recollection by the Order at large throughout the world. It is no difficult thing to imagine what Odd-Fellowship would have continued to be unless the spirit of some intelligent and discerning brothers had by giving this new impulse to its being, presented it to the world as consistent in its theory and practice and as a pure unmingled scheme of benefaction to the human race, richly entitled to the favor and countenance of all good men.

In looking back upon its career from the period of this elementary reform we behold a continuing and gradual improvement in the details of its work and government, matured by the wisdom of its rulers or suggested by a due respect to the enlightenment and intelligence of the age in which we live. That which was but a few years ago regarded by many as at best a queer and unmeaning individual association, now takes rank foremost among the benevolent institutions of the day—and they who were once regarded as powerless to effect the objects which they professed are now almost universally conceded to be benefactors of the human family. They who were a short time ago, a despised and contemned few, have now become a vast multitude, commanding the admiration and ap-

probation of all whose good opinion is worth regarding. How has this great revolution in the adaptation of Odd-Fellowship to do good, and in the public appreciation of its works been brought about? It is the simple result of a judicious reform, which acting like the rain of heaven upon a sickly drooping plant gave vigour, tone, energy, yea life itself to Odd-Fellowship. The establishment of the Order in the United States it is true dates back to 1819, but it is a fact within the recollection of hundreds, that it was not until the year 1828 that it attracted for a moment the concern of the public—from that period it has gone on overcoming every obstacle which impeded its progress, until it has covered the whole republic—originally instituted for mere social enjoyment, how strange that the very cause which called it into being, should become the real sacrifice which gave to it honour and character—how remarkable that an institution designed at furthest to relieve the sick and bury the dead, should under the influence of an enlightened spirit of improvement now grasp as by sympathy all the human charities in its hold, and scatter the blessings of moral and intellectual culture throughout the land. These things strange as they appear are sober truths which loudly invoke our thanksgiving to Him whose providence has watched over us from infancy to maturity. We are now a truly prosperous Order, and while we may rejoice in the retrospect, let us not forget that the preservation of the system mainly depends upon a steady, respectful submission and subordination to its laws and a strict veneration for the sacred principles which its teachings inculcate.

An "Official Circular," has recently been issued to all the State Grand Lodges and Encampments, having reference to the Covenant and the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States. That instrument assumes that large salaries are paid by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and that she is engaged in a business transaction in the publication of the Official Magazine which is not legitimately within her sphere, and which should be properly left to the spirit of private or individual enterprise: the Grand Lodges and Encampments are therefore invoked to correct these alleged evils. Upon this matter we have no hesitation whatever of speaking freely, independently, although we are the immediate subjects of the proposed reform.—We may be permitted to premise what we have to say upon the merits of the question, with the remark that the position which we occupy is not one of our own seeking: to the office of Corresponding Secretary we were under the most flattering circumstances against our individual wishes invited by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and to the Editorial Department of the Covenant by a vote of that body which we believe was unanimous.—We may also add at this time as we desire to place ourselves before our readers in a position in which we may review the question raised by the Grand Lodge of Connecticut independently, that neither of the offices in view of the *large salaries* which they afford possess any attractions whatever. The office of Grand Corresponding Secretary is perhaps the most responsible one in the Order, and is attended with as much severe and exhausting labour as that of any clerical appointment in the coun-

try. This perhaps is unknown to many, but the truth is, if properly performed, the duties of this office will absorb *all the time* of an active business man. We speak of course of the office as now constituted, not as it was conducted in former times when the sum of \$50 per annum was appropriated as a compensation to the Corresponding Secretary. Let us examine what are the duties of the office.—The Corresponding Secretary is required to act as Recording Secretary during the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to keep the journal and unaided to have that record up with the rapid and voluminous acts of a deliberative body whose session rarely extends beyond a week, and whose proceedings not unfrequently compose one hundred pages of printed matter—very early after the adjournment he is required to put to press these proceedings, to correct and review the proofs and disseminate one thousand copies at least throughout the country—of the labour of preparing this volume for the press few can form any correct opinion unless they have had some experience on the subject. He is required to keep an account with every State Grand Lodge and Encampment, and with every Subordinate Lodge and Encampment in the country where there are no Grand Lodges or Encampments, to correspond constantly with each, to preserve copies of this correspondence, to receive all monies transmitted from these sources; to receive orders for and transmit degree and charge books to every section of the country, to issue all warrants and dispensations for new Lodges or Encampments, to have prepared all the forms, to advise by letter from time to time with the Grand Sire, to counsel and instruct new Lodges and to report at the Annual Session upon his entire work during the year—nor is this all, a thousand other incidental duties of office are ever at hand requiring his unceasing attention—for this service he receives the sum of *four hundred dollars per annum!* a compensation how far adequate all may determine who value time, labour, talent and integrity of character. So much for the large salary of the Corresponding Secretary.

We believe that the Editorial Department of this work was offered to us in view of our position as Corresponding Secretary. It was well known that the appropriation made for the office of Corresponding Secretary was entirely inadequate, and it was expected that out of the appropriation made of \$1000 to the Editorial Chair of the Covenant, that the principal Editor would disburse one third of that sum to an assistant whose services were deemed indispensable, and one other third to literary contributors of the work, leaving a third to himself, which added to his salary as Corresponding Secretary would afford the best compensation which the Grand Lodge of the United States was in a situation to offer for the time and talents of a suitable brother. The legislation upon the subject was made under the full hope that the patronage of the work would liquidate these new liens upon the Grand Lodge, and leave its proper revenue free of any charges whatever. In this particular however the Grand Lodge has been disappointed.

With these explanations all may judge how far the *large salaries* granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, are proper subjects of reform—upon the subject of the propriety of the act of the Grand Lodge in publishing the "Official Journal" raised by the circular referred to, we barely say that if the means were at the disposal of that body to command proper Editorial and literary aid to the work, we have no doubt

whatever that in a very little while Odd-Fellowship would occupy as it deserves to occupy the *highest* post of honour among the benevolent efforts of the age in which we live, and that thousands of the choicest citizens of the republic would flock to its standard in every quarter of the country—as for individual enterprise, it is free, perfectly free and unrestrained; good may be derived from such publications to the Order at large, if so, we say well done, yet no consideration of such a character should weigh for one moment in legislating upon this subject. The Grand Lodge of the United States has no concern, can have no concern for individual interest, her aim should be to promote the common weal: if it can be enhanced by the publication in question, she has the undoubted right to avail herself of the means—if experience has shown that the effort has involved her in embarrassment and that from necessity she must abandon it, that is another question entirely, she will then act from very different promptings than the arguments of the “Connecticut Circular.”

OFFICE G. SEC'RY, G. LODGE STATE OF NEW YORK, }
City of New York, August 18th, 1843. }

In Grand Lodge of State New York, Annual Session 1843.

TO JAMES L. RIDGELY, ESQ., G. Cor. }
and Recor. Sec'ry G. Lodge, U. S. }

Dear Sir and Bro.—At this session of the R. W. Grand Lodge among other proceedings the following was had, viz:—

The Committee of Correspondence to whom was referred the communication from the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, relative to the “Covenant and Official Magazine”—“Proxy Representatives,” &c. &c., submitted the following, which was accepted and the resolution *unanimously* adopted.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York State, I. O. of O. F.

Officers and Representatives;

The Committee of Correspondence to whom was referred the communication from the R. W. Grand Lodge of Connecticut in which was embodied resolutions adopted by that body, relative to the “Official Magazine,” “Creation of new Salaried Officers,” and abolishing Proxy Representation in the Grand Lodge of the United States, have given the same due consideration and submit the following:

The first subject named in the Circular was adverse to the Grand Lodge of the U. States assuming any business that interfered with private enterprise, consequently opposed to the publication by that body of the “Official Magazine.” Your R. W. Body was the first, it is believed that recommended the measure, and engaged to further its operation as far as possible, by its recommendation to the Subordinates under its jurisdiction.—The design was to prevent what the Grand Lodge of Connecticut seems anxious to nourish.

It is apparent to all that if individual speculation is to be the means of communication for the Order, it will have as many different views of vital

matters relating thereto, as there are individuals engaged therein. Besides holding out inducement to embark in the establishment of such undertakings is wrong; for the Order at present, if we may be permitted to judge by what has been, cannot support more than one publication of the kind, and that should be under the control of the head of the Order, so that whatever is contained therein relative to the Order could be relied on as emanating from a responsible source, and members acting by such authority would be relieved from apprehension of violating the regulations of the institution. Also, the Order could at all times have access to official and reliable information from all parts of the jurisdiction.

Your Committee feel in duty bound to advise your R. W. Body of the propriety of again recommending the "Official Magazine," to the favourable consideration of the brotherhood, as it will be carrying out the repeated expressions made by you, whenever a proposition was before you, for the publication of matters relative to the Order, except by authority. The "Creation of new Salaried Officers," being immediately connected with the "Official Magazine," which is the next subject treated of in the Circular, it is unnecessary to say much about, for if the Order will support and wants an "Official Magazine," there must be agents to conduct it, whose time and labour it is just should be paid for. The expense, however, will be defrayed out of the avails of the publication, and cannot be deemed as a charge on the funds of the Order. And as the revenue of the Grand Lodge of the United States is rapidly decreasing, on account of the institution of State Grand Lodges, and her expenses gradually increasing by the same means, the support of an Official Paper by the brotherhood will furnish sufficient support for that Body without resorting to taxation on her Subordinates.

The third and last subject in the Circular is in opposition to "Proxy Representation" in the Grand Lodge of the United States. Your Committee consider that in passing that resolution one of the principal features of the Order was lost sight of, viz: "*Charity*." It is compelling a sister Lodge some 2 or 3000 miles off, to be represented, to spend a large amount of money for travelling expenses of a representative, besides the brother losing in time nearly two months, to gratify the whims of those within one day's travel of the seat of government of the Grand Lodge of the United States; while at the same time the distant Lodges (those most interested) have been perfectly satisfied to be represented by Proxies.

As your R. W. Body has already expressed an opinion on the subject of "Proxy Representation," a recommendation by your committee is uncalled for.

Respectfully submitted in F. L. and T.

CHARLES MCGOWAN, } *Committee of*
WILLIAM FARDON. } *Correspondence.*

New York, June 28th, 1843.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge approves of the publication by the Grand Lodge of the United States of an "Official Magazine," for the benefit of the Order, and disapproves of the publication of papers relating to it, by individuals for merely private pecuniary gain.

Resolved, That it is essentially necessary for the Grand Lodge of the

United States to adopt such measures as will ensure a more regular issue and delivery of the "Official Magazine," to its patrons.

The following brothers have been duly elected and installed, officers of the G. Lodge State of New York for the current year, viz:—

EDWIN WAINWRIGHT, No. 33, M. W. G. Master, Residence 285 Spring street, New York.

S. ALPHEUS SMITH, No. 26, R. W. D. G. Master, Brooklyn.

ISAAC H. GIBBS, No. 56, R. W. G. Warden, New York.

JOHN G. TREADWELL, No. 22, R. W. G. Sec'ry, 9 Spruce street, N. Y.

MOSES ANDERSON, No. 30, R. W. G. Treasurer, New York.

EBA F. CRANDELL, No. 27, R. W. G. Chaplain, Troy.

A. HEYER BROWN, No. 19, R. W. G. Rep. No. 1, Albany.

ABM. D. WILSON, No. 30, R. W. G. Rep. No. 2, New York.

CYRUS LAWTON, No. 33, W. G. Marshal, New York.

WM. N. LEWIS, No. 34, W. G. Con., New York.

WM. M. LENT, No. 40, W. G. Guar., New York.

I am Yours Fraternally,

JOHN G. TREADWELL, G. Sec'ry.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

District of Columbia—Extract of a letter from Brother Edward S. Hough, dated Alexandria, August 5th, 1843.

I am pleased at being enabled to assure you of the prosperity of both branches of our Order in this place. Our silent but sure efforts in the cause of benevolence and charity, our devotedness to the true principles of our institution and our faithfulness in the general work of the Order are steadily advancing our society into that standing and respect in this community which Odd-Fellowship must every where command where its precepts are fully adhered to by the brotherhood.

North Carolina—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. John Campbell, dated Weldon, August 10th, 1843.

Our brothers in Fayetteville are "going ahead" with their *preparations* for a Lodge in that place, and will doubtless be engaged in the good work itself before the close of the present month. The character of the brethren and of those gentlemen who are already candidates for membership, warrant the assurance that zeal and a right spirit will place the Order there upon a solid and flourishing footing at the very outset.

Our Order has not spread as rapidly in the "Old North," as in some of her sister States. Her citizens are noted for the caution with which they enter upon any new enterprise; but when once engaged in a work of the utility of which they are *convinced*, no people on the globe are more steady, active, zealous and devoted.

Odd-Fellowship entered her limits under rather unfavourable circumstances. It first planted its standard at a small place, scarcely dignified with the name of *village*, on the extreme northern border of the State;—its bearers were obscure men—mostly mechanics and "rail-rovers"—who had to contend against prejudices innumerable. *Religion* called it "a wolf in sheep's clothing"—*Masonry* styled it a bastard—and "*good society*" viewed it as a mischievous, if not a dangerous Monster. But no terms of reproach, nor mode of opposition, for one moment cooled the ardor or betrayed into imprudence, the small but determined band. They passed "the fiery ordeal unscathed"—they came out of "the Lion's Den unharmed." Then was produced a revulsion in public feelings. Religion extended her hand of encouragement to the Order. Masonry embraced it as a sister—and "good society" seemed disposed even to adopt it as *her* child.

Thus our beloved Order has worked and is working its way from village to town, and from town to city—slow but sure and with increasing speed. God speed it onward, and still onward.

Extract of a letter from Brother John MacRae, Jr., dated Wilmington, August 8th, 1843.

The Order has progressed steadily though gradually here; our Lodge at presents numbers about 120 or 125 members and will I think continue to increase though not so fast as heretofore. They are now making arrangements and getting ready to open a Lodge in Fayetteville in this State.

Our Encampment has not increased as fast as I could wish or hoped it would, it numbers at present 20 members, 2 having withdrawn.

Altogether we have much cause to be thankful to Providence as we have not lost a member by death since the first opening of our Lodge in May, 1842.

Georgia—Extract of a letter from Brother John S. Wright, dated Milledgeville, August 5th, 1843.

Our Lodge (Druids' No. 4.) has just been established in this city and under the most cheering auspices. But a few days have elapsed since its formation, and we have already between fifteen and twenty members, and a certain prospect of a large and respectable addition. The feeling amongst the members is enthusiastic in the extreme, and the Order is admired and respected universally throughout the community.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Representatives elect to the September Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, 1843, so far as heard from.

GRAND LODGES.

<i>Massachusetts.</i>	{ ALBERT GUILD, DANIEL HERSEY.
<i>Connecticut.</i>	{ WM. H. ELLIS, J. C. PALMER.
<i>New York.</i>	{ A. HEYER BROWN, ABM. D. WILSON.
<i>New Jersey.</i>	{ SYLVESTER VN. SICKLE, A. R. HARRIS.
<i>Pennsylvania.</i>	{ JOHN W. STOKES, P. G. M. HORN R. KNEASS, P. G. M.
<i>Maryland.</i>	{ R. MARLEY, P. G. M. H. S. SANDERSON, P. G. M.
<i>Dist. of Colum</i>	W. W. MOORE, P. G. M.
<i>Virginia.</i>	{ WM. G. WEBB, P. G. M. JOSEPH SEGAR, P. G.
<i>North Carolina.</i>	JNO. CAMPBELL, P. G. M.
<i>South Carolina.</i>	{ S. A. HURLBUT, P. G. R. W. SEYMOUR, P. G.
<i>Alabama.</i>	E. SALOMON, G. M.
<i>Mississippi.</i>	G. I. DICKS, P. G. M.
<i>Louisiana.</i>	SAMUEL LUCAS, P. G. M. (proxy.)
<i>Tennessee.</i>	T. KEZER, P. G. M.
<i>Kentucky.</i>	W. MARSHALL, P. G.
<i>Missouri.</i>	W. S. STEWART, P. G. M.
<i>Indiana.</i>	A. H. COLEMAN.
<i>Ohio.</i>	THOS. SHERLOCK, G. M.

GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

<i>Connecticut.</i>	R. S. HINMAN.
<i>New York.</i>	JOHN G. TREADWELL.
<i>Maryland.</i>	ROBERT NEILSON, P. G. P.
<i>Virginia.</i>	GEO. M. BAIN, P. G. M.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1843.

No. 10.

SONGS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

SUNSHINE. NO. I.

THE Almond budding by the stream
Is wakening from its winter-dream—
“Oh fair spring-sunshine art thou here,
With warmth my frozen veins to cheer?”

The warbling lark sings high in air—
“O welcome skies so blue and fair!”
The ring-dove coos, the fountain flows
And zephyrs woo the opening rose!

To man alone the sun of spring
Comes not with healing on its wing;
Warmed by its rays, all else is glad—
The human heart alone is sad!

THE VESPER BELL. NO. II.

The vesper chimes are ringing
On evening's silent ear,
The same sweet music bringing
My childhood loved to hear!

Those tones so sweetly gushing,
They thrill through all my breast;
Their solemn cadence hushing
Life's brooding cares to rest!

Now far my thoughts are winging,
O'er mountain and o'er vale
Where flowers 'mid graves are springing
In evening's moonlight pale!

And up they now are swelling,
Their tireless wing unfurled,
To where my dead are dwelling,
Within the Better-world!

THE WANDERER'S SONG. NO. III.

Let me wander!
Let me wander!
Hear ye not the summons ringing!
Trees are rustling, grasses springing,
Streams are murmuring, birdlets singing—
Let me wander! Let me wander!
Joyful is the wanderer's way!

Through the forest,
By the fountain,
Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
Over seas and rivers flowing
Where the fresh, free air is blowing,
Let me wander—let me wander!
Joyful is the wanderer's way!

Let me wander!
Let me wander!
Hush! some lips loved lays are singing!
On my ear old tales are ringing,
To my heart sweet echoes bringing!
Let me wander! Let me wander!
Joy attends the wanderer's way!

RESIGNATION. NO. IV.

If Thou, my God, my steps 'mid flowers shall lead,
Thanks for Thy mercy to thy throne shall speed!

If piercing thorns and stones bestrew my way
Still thanks to Thee my heart and lips shall pay !
My anguished bosom each complaint shall shun—
Thy will, O God, and not mine own be done !

Thou, for my truest peace, my lasting good,
Hast joy or griefs with wisest hand bestowed !
Thou knowest my wishes ere they are exprest,
And giv'st me all that for my soul is best !
For this my bosom each complaint shall shun—
Thy will, O God, and not mine own be done !

O, may I feel in sorrow's darkest hour,
When doubt and weakness all my soul o'erpower,
That Thou, my God, dost love me, and that Thou
E'er chastenest those Thou lovest here below !
Still may my bosom all complainings shun—
Thy will, O God, and not mine own be done !

SPRING. NO. V.

The bud its covering parts
And forth in beauty starts
The blossom—
So smothered passion strives
In youthful hearts, and rives
The bosom !

By furious tempests torn,
How many a bud at morn
Doth perish !
So, swept by Feeling's storm
Fades many a youthful form
We cherish !

Fair Spring ! by thee, what dowers
To earth of leaves and flowers,
Are given !
Yet treasures virtue still
Our longing hearts shall fill
In Heaven !

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

A TALE.

MR. DALZEL was a lawyer, who, from great attention to business, and a prudent management of his concerns, had been able to support a respectable appearance, and to lay by a certain sum, which he took a silly pride in hearing that his friends and neighbours magnified into many times its value. His wife had been dead for some years, when his only child, a fine-looking lively girl of sixteen, returned from a fashionable boarding-school, to take her place at the head of his table. Henrietta Dalzel's good looks, genteel manners, and lady-like accomplishments, were her father's pride; and as she played, sung, and danced well, he thought it evident that the money laid out on her education had been well spent, and looked forward, with almost certainty, to her making what he called a good marriage. How many interpretations does this phrase *a good marriage* bear, and what widely different meanings do different people attach to it! Suffice it to say, that, when used by Mr. Dalzel, it exclusively meant that his daughter should marry a *rich* man. And so entirely did this idea take possession of him, that he never saw a wealthy man lead her to the dinner table, to the harp, or to a quadrille, without immediately fastening on him in his imagination as the person who was to lead her to the altar. But while many were the disappointments experienced by the father, as several years passed on, and his hopes were not realized, yet he did not despair; for his daughter was still young and handsome, and seemed, moreover, to know her advantages so well, that he observed, with satisfaction, that, though she had no objection to a little flirtation, she never seemed to give those young men any serious encouragement who could not offer her what the world calls "a good establishment."

It was the misfortune of Henrietta Dalzel that she thought too much, as her father did, on the subject of matrimony, in as far at least as regarded making money a principal requisite, though the advantages to be derived from it were viewed in very different lights by the father and daughter. Mr. Dalzel had always been a plodding man of business, who, having neither time nor inclination for the gaieties of life, valued money for the pleasure of placing it in the bank, and for that degree of solid consequence which seemed in his eyes imparted to its owner in proportion to the sum he possessed. Thus he had taught himself to believe that wealth is one of the first ingredients in human happiness; and as he loved his daughter, it was very natural that he should wish her to obtain what he considered so indispensable to her future welfare; yet he had never once thought of how she might imagine it necessary to dispose of the mammon in order to its constituting her happiness. This point, however, had been long settled in his daughter's mind, who had observed, even before she left school, the deference paid to wealth, and the many advantages it commanded, among which show and what is called "dash" she considered as the most enviable.

At the school where Henrietta received her two last years' finishing, she had formed a sort of friendship with a young heiress, whose fortune of £50,000 procured her the hand of a younger son of a poor nobleman,

and conferred on her the title of Honourable. This young woman, who since her marriage figured in the first rank of folly, had reached the very summit of Henrietta's ambition, whose occasional visits to her splendid mansion, and the kind of society she met there, had filled her heart with envy and her head with vanity, and tended to convince her more than ever, that there could be no happiness independent of wealth. That young female, however, who remains totally indifferent to all impression in favour of good qualities or handsome exterior, and the acknowledgment and constant manifestation of a devoted attachment, must possess the insensibility of the princess in the fairy tale, whose heart, being made of a ruby, was impervious to all the attacks of the tender passion. Now, as Henrietta, though she loved rubies and such like things better than good qualities, had a heart not absolutely formed of one, it at length melted, in some measure, in favour of Basil Sinclair, a promising young advocate, who, partly from being well connected, and partly from being considered talented, was received into the best society, and admired and flirted with by young ladies of decided fashion. This latter consideration was sufficient, at first, to make his attentions an object of ambition to Henrietta, and afterwards the returning them an object of pride. But young Sinclair had too much sense, and too much proper feeling, to become the acknowledged dangler of any young woman of whose affections he did not think himself secure. He therefore required that Henrietta should express herself decidedly in his favour, and allow him to ask the consent of her father to their union, at the same time that he informed her £4000 and good prospects in his profession were all he had to depend on.

This exceedingly honourable offer, of which any sensible young lady would have been justly proud, disconcerted Henrietta in no small degree. She had hoped to retain Basil as a lover, without being obliged, in such a hurry, to accept him as her future husband. She therefore required a few days to determine; and though this procrastination seemed in her lover's eyes not very flattering to the hope he entertained of having inspired her with feelings similar to his own, it is so natural to attribute amiable qualities to those we love, that he imagined there must be some particular and proper reason for her conduct. Meantime, Henrietta, driven either to give up her lover or renounce her long-cherished dreams of ambition, could neither eat nor sleep during the time she had required to make up her mind. That she really cared a great deal for Basil Sinclair, she had no difficulty in persuading herself; and that he was not the possessor of a large fortune, she did most feelingly regret, as then all hindrance to her loving him with her whole heart would be done away. At length she formed the unworthy design of sounding her father on the subject, in the hope that his disapproval would give her an excuse for refusing to marry him at present, trusting to her power over him as the means of retaining his affections till she could resolve on what conduct she meant to adopt; and in this plan, formed during a sleepless night, she was unexpectedly aided at breakfast the next morning by her father's observations—"Why Henny," said the old gentleman, as he sat down a cup of tea he had just taken from her hand, and rubbing his spectacles with the table-cloth, he adjusted them, so as to be assured that he experienced no deception of vision; "why, I say, what's the matter with you? Are you ill, that you look like a piece of cream cheese."

"No, papa, I am not ill," was the reply.

"What the mischief is the matter with you then? No silly love story, I hope, that makes idiots of half your sex—no nonsense of that kind, Hey?"

Henrietta blushed deeply, more from surprise and pleasure at this opening of a subject on which she knew not how to begin, than from any other feeling; and the old man, confirmed by a sign which he thought so decided a proof of his penetration, went on—"Ay, ay, I see how it is; that young fellow Basil Sinclair, has been too much about the house of late. Yes, yes, I thought it strange he should put off his time so often in bringing me the papers himself that I consulted him on. So, so, he is very attentive to your old father indeed; but it won't do, Henny, it won't do—not but that his connections are better than ours, and that he's a rising lad too, cannot be denied. No, no, I cannot deny that; he's a lad of very extraordinary abilities, and I would sooner take his opinion, in many cases, than the oldest wig among them; and I don't like the thoughts of perhaps losing the benefit of his counsel; but it won't do, Henny, I tell you, and so you must let him understand. Hey, do you hear?"

"Indeed, papa," said his dutiful daughter, "it is very strange how you came to guess so well; but you must tell him what you think, for he is going to ask your consent, and I am sure I am willing, *quite* willing, to be guided by you, as is my duty to so good a father; so just say to him what you think right, only don't tell him I have mentioned the subject."

"Well, well," was the answer, "you are a good child, and you know your welfare is all I consult. If young Sinclair had been richer, I am sure I should have had no objection to your taking him; but I know his father had not much to leave, and so I hope you will do better, my dear; yes, yes, you are young enough, and you'll do better."

So saying, he took up some law papers from the breakfast table, and left the room much pleased with the reasonableness of his dear child in love matters, for she had spoken really so much from the heart when she expressed her willingness to submit to his discarding her lover, that her father felt she had expressed her real sentiments. That very forenoon, Basil Sinclair called to receive his answer from Henrietta, and was referred to her father. Her lover did not fail to remark her altered looks, and that, while she expressed to him her doubts of what might be her father's answer, she turned still paler, and looked much agitated. All this appearance of feeling was attributed by this honourable young man to affection for himself, and he resolved at once to know the mind of Mr. Dalzel on the subject nearest his heart. Accordingly, he sent in his name to the old gentleman's study, and was immediately admitted, but, having made known his business, was refused permission to carry his addresses to Henrietta any farther; while her father dwelt so long on the praises of his dutiful child, and the confidence he felt in her obeying his will, that Basil Sinclair, who was formerly persuaded of her attachment to himself, admired and loved her more than ever, and imagined that her demand of time to think of his proposals had been occasioned by the struggle she felt between the fear of her father's answer being unpropitious, and her own reluctance to give him up. In short, she succeeded in her plans, and contrived to keep Basil Sinclair as her lover, in the hope of Mr. Dalzel's being brought to give his consent when he had risen higher, and acquired

a fortune by his profession. Meantime Henrietta, under pretence of disinterestedness, would not hear of any absolute engagement, though it was virtually implied by the terms on which they continued to live. This enabled her to say, with truth, that she was not engaged, and she took care to let it be understood by all her particular friends, who were desired to contradict any such report. Meantime young Sinclair, as indefatigable in business as he was ardent and honourable in his attachment, thought only of Henrietta, and of acquiring what her father might deem a sufficient fortune to entitle him to her hand. About this time, her school-fellow, the Honourable Mrs. Fotheringay, who was extremely capricious, had quarrelled with her most dear and confidential friend, and took a fancy to put Henrietta in her place, and to make it understood that she had taken her particularly under her patronage. In this lady's house, where money was the grand criterion by which all things and persons were judged, and where Henrietta herself was only received on the strength of the supposed £20,000 which it was rumoured she would inherit from her father, all her evil propensities were fostered.

It is not the lot of many to possess minds so strong as not to feel influenced by the opinion of those who form the mass of their acquaintance; and we have seen that the already perverted ideas of Henrietta on the subject of wealth, as the essential means of procuring splendour, consequence, and happiness, required no fostering. But, leaving all minor events and considerations, let us hasten on to relate by what means she at length attained her wishes.

Henrietta was one evening sent for into her father's study. The old gentleman received her with a smiling countenance, and having seated her beside him, he prefaced his discourse by assurances of his fatherly love, and many commendations of her dutiful conduct, as instanced in the rejection of Basil Sinclair, and many other *poor* young fellows, whom he had reason to think she had not given him the trouble of answering.—“And now, my dear Henny,” said the worthy father, in a cajoling tone, “I have a sight to show you, and a secret to tell you—ay, two secrets: the first is what I never intended you should have been made acquainted with till my death; and indeed it is not natural, you know, for parents to tell these things to their children. However, for your good it is that I inform you, that I have on your account expended so much, since your return from school, in your dress and expensive trinkets, and in entertaining such company as I thought a likely method of securing you a good marriage, that you will not heir from me so much as £5000, being not the quarter part of what the world has given out.”

“Well, papa,” said his daughter, not a little shocked and chagrined by this intelligence, for she had implicitly believed the report of the world in this instance, “I suppose you have some reason for telling me this; let me hear it, if you please.”

“Surely I have,” said her father, “as I repeat that you would not have known it during my life. Now, look at what I am going to show you, and listen to me.” Having said this, he opened a strong box, from which he took one large bundle of bank notes after another, to the number of eight or ten, and having laid them deliberately on his writing-table, he stood exultingly over them, looking on them with gloating eyes. “Now, Henny,”

he said, "how much money do you think is there, all in good sterling notes of Sir William Forbes' bank."

"Nay," said his wondering daughter, "I am sure I cannot even guess, for I never saw so many at once in my life."

"Ha, ha!" responded the old man, "I believe you; it is a sight not to be seen every day, and a gift not to be refused, I should think; but that is for you to determine, when I tell you there lies £5000."

"Me to determine!" said Henrietta, with the utmost astonishment depicted in her countenance; "what can you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," answered her father; "that, unless you force me to carry them to the bank, I am empowered to put all these notes into your lap this moment, to buy your wedding clothes, and all your various trinkets, if you will accept the man whose annual income is nearly twice as much, and who will marry you to-morrow, and, what is more than that, will leave you by testament all his property, heritable and moveable, which I know to be worth £150,000."

"Can this be true—and who is he?" burst from the lips of Henrietta, as she still kept her eyes fixed on the bundles of bank notes.

Her father assured her of the truth of what he had spoken; and then, with all the palliations and the artful glossings which he could devise, he informed her that this person whom he recommended as a husband was a Mr. Macfarlane, an *old* man, who, in all human probability, had not long to live; that he hated the person who was his heir-at-law; and that, having it in his power to leave his property to any one he chose, he was desirous of bestowing it upon a wife, in preference to disposing of it in favour of a mere acquaintance, as he had no relations save the person he was determined to deprive of it; and, to be brief, that he had offered himself to the acceptance of the daughter of his man of business, having no predilection for one lady more than another: and feeling, from certain symptoms, that he was not likely to live long, and might be suddenly cut off, he was anxious to have the matter concluded as soon as possible, that his will might be made. When Mr. Dalzel had finished his harangue, Henrietta seemed lost in thought, but, as soon as she could articulate, begged to know *how old* the gentleman was—if he was at present *very ill*—what was his disease—and to be allowed to think of his offer till the next day. To these questions her father's answer was, that he did not know his age, that his disease was gout, and that its having threatened his stomach was the cause of apprehension that his life might be speedily cut short.

Shall we gain credit, even after all we have related in the way of preparing our readers, when we say, that after the night's deliberation, this girl, young and handsome, and feeling all the preference she was capable of feeling for the young, the intelligent, Basil Sinclair, nevertheless went with her father to be introduced to Mr. Macfarlane at his own house; being obliged, as her father said, to waive ceremony in consideration of the gout. How shall we describe a meeting so revolting to female delicacy, and to every moral principle and feeling? The old man, who had not left his bed-room for several months, thought it necessary to be carried in his easy-chair into the next apartment, which was the drawing-room, that he might there receive his bride elect. But this was the utmost he could sacrifice to appearance, for when she entered the room, he was unable to rise; but when she looked, for the first time, upon the shrivelled features

and the bandaged limbs of this living mummy, all life had nearly forsaken her. During her night's cogitations on the subject, she had, however, weighed the money against all impediments which her fancy was capable of conjuring up, and tasked herself to bear it all; and she now reverted in her mind to the determination of what she imagined her cooler judgment, and soon recovered some degree of composure while receiving the compliments of her intended husband, and listening to the arrangements made by him and her father for her marriage on the following day. Nor did she object to this hasty measure, for that was neither time nor place for common forms, or even for that hypocrisy which seeks to fling the veil of decency over a deed of enormity: all was avowed, shameless, and open bargaining; and, therefore, the sooner the matter was settled, the better, for each of the parties felt the wholesome dread of the grizley tyrant's snatching his prey before the expiry of the sixty days which the Scotch law renders necessary to elapse between signing the last will and the death of the testator, in order to its validity. If it be here objected as improbable that this old man, believing himself on the verge of eternity, could act thus, we pretend not to explain his code of religion or morality, or, in short, any of his views and feelings, which we confess to be utterly inexplicable to ourselves, and merely refer the reader to undoubted facts.

When Henrietta left the house of Mr. Macfarlane, she went straightway to that of her confidential and honourable friend, Mrs. Fotheringay, not with the slightest intention of taking her advice, should it run counter to her own determination, but with the hope that her approval would tend, in a great measure, to remove certain uneasy misgivings which seemed much inclined to intrude themselves. In telling her extraordinary story to her friend, she thought it absolutely necessary to alter some few circumstances, and, accordingly, gave a more favourable account of the age and appearance of her old lover, than truth by any means warranted, while she gave her to understand, that, as a client of her father's, she had long known him. In short, she misrepresented every circumstance, excepting the fortune he was to leave her, the sum she had already received for her wedding clothes, and the near prospect of his death. The consequence was, that, when her friend had sufficiently wondered and marvelled at all the details of this singular story, she confirmed her in her evil sentiments, by assuring her that she highly approved of her determination, and finished by saying, "You are quite right to secure all that immense wealth; for, believe me, (though I never told you so before,) that love, and all that childish romantic stuff, is the greatest nonsense in the world. I am quite convinced that Fotheringay married me for my money. Indeed, when we quarrel, he does not scruple to tell me so. And, pray, where do you think I should find my happiness now, were it not for the pretty tolerable slice of my fortune which I insisted on retaining the disposal of?" Had Henrietta wanted any confirmation of her own opinions, this was proof sufficient that she was right, and she pursued her way home muttering to herself, "love, and all that childish romantic stuff, is the greatest nonsense in the world;" and consoling herself with the thoughts of the brilliant figure she was determined to cut immediately, and of being more admired by all than she had yet been. By *all*, she thought again; will Basil Sinclair be among the number? No, that was neither to be expected nor wished. He, of course, would be very angry at first, then sorrowful and desponding. But

she trusted he would live through his disappointment; and then who could say what might happen when the gout had done its office, and the young, beautiful, and wealthy widow, was the theme of all tongues. Then, indeed, her hand, should she be inclined to bestow it on his well-trying constancy, would be worth his acceptance.

But we are tired of these iniquitous and heartless reasonings, and proceed in our task, entirely for the benefit of those, of whatever sex, who may feel the slightest inclination to barter real happiness for wealth and show. To proceed, then. The marriage of Henrietta took place on the next day, with no witnesses save her father and those whose presence was perfectly necessary. The momentous will was signed, and Henrietta so busy for some days in the midst of a levee of coachmakers, dressmakers, milliners, and jewellers, that she had scarcely time to go into the old man's room to ask how it fared with his gout, which, of course, she earnestly wished might be kept out of his stomach for the remainder of the sixty days. In this wish she was gratified; and, before the term of their expiry, every fashionable street in Edinburgh had been driven through again and again by the beautiful Mrs. Macfarlane, in her splendid new carriage, with its four greys and its superb liveries. She had during that time seen and been seen by all the people she knew, excepting Basil Sinclair, whom her eye had in vain sought in every direction, and whom she dared not mention. At length, she plucked up courage to enquire what he was doing, and was informed that he had gone to London a few days after her marriage, where he still remained. Of this she felt glad, for it was her wish not to see him, until her friend, the gout, had paved the way for an amicable meeting. One forenoon she left her carriage at the door of a shop, to have some purchases put into it; and, leaving orders for it to call for her, she proceeded on foot to pay a short visit to her dear friend, Mrs. Fotheringay, and, taking a fancy not to be announced, that she might give her an agreeable surprise, she entered an ante-room on her way to the drawing-room, where, perceiving that the lacing of her shoe had become loose, she put her foot on the rail of a chair, which stood near the drawing-room door, to tie it. By this means, her ear came so nearly in contact with the door, which was not quite closed, that she distinctly heard what was passing inside, and, catching the sound of her own name, she became exceedingly curious to know what they were saying.

"I am heartily glad," said a gentleman, "that my worthy friend, Basil Sinclair, has had such a narrow escape; for I am sure he was truly attached to her, and would have married her, but for the avarice of her sordid old father, who, I do believe, almost forced her to form the scandalous connection she has done; though nothing certainly can excuse her for it."

"Oh, no," said her kind friend, Mrs. Fotheringay; "there is no excuse for her, not even the slight one you have imagined of her father's interference; for I have reason to know that she was quite left to her own will in the matter: and I can assure you, since I have heard all the horrid particulars, it is my opinion that she ought to be sent to Coventry by all respectable people. I really don't think, for my part, now she has become so notorious from her vile marriage, that I shall visit her again, though I have called once, as most of her acquaintance have done, from curiosity, to see if we could, by any means, get a peep of the frightful old man."

"That was not likely," said a volatile girl who spoke next, "for they

say he is really almost dying; and, do you know, they say he is such a disgusting old creature, that some one has to stand constantly beside him to wipe the saliva from his mouth, that it may not run down over his clothes. Do you know, when I heard all about him, it put me so much in mind of the marriage of Beauty and the Beast, that I could not get it out of my head. Only the poor beast, you know, was after all a much better husband, even before he was turned into a prince, than that dirty old scarecrow Macfarlane."

The laugh which followed the young lady's remarks was all that the enraged and chagrined Henrietta heard, before she darted out of the house, scarcely taking time to order her carriage to follow her home. When she arrived at her own house, she threw herself into a chair. "So these are the first fruits of wealth," said she to herself, "and this is fashionable friendship, to run me down as Mrs. Fotheringay did, instead of taking my part; but I have done with her from henceforward; she shall not have the pleasure of casting me off, even if she intends it, which I much doubt." The ladies met in a few days, and Mrs. Macfarlane gave her dear friend a full stare, and then turned away her head as if she had never seen her before. This was very strange, very extraordinary, Mrs. Fotheringay kept repeating to herself, till, by some accidental means, she discovered that the lady who had been let in a few mornings before would not be announced, and then disappeared. The mystery was unravelled, and the two friends became avowed enemies.

Six weeks had elapsed from the time of her marriage, when Henrietta found herself a widow, in full possession of the money she had made such sacrifices to obtain. Grief, to do her justice, she did not pretend to counterfeit, though a stranger might have thought so, by all the pomp of weeds and mourning appointments she exhibited; there was, however, in her conduct not even the semblance of woe. Shortly after old Macfarlane's death, Basil Sinclair again made his appearance among his friends, and it was not many weeks before they met at the house of a mutual acquaintance. When her late lover entered the room, and perceived Henrietta, he coloured deeply, and she flattered herself that her power over his heart still remained, but neither by word nor look did he again, during their interview, manifest the smallest embarrassment. In short, his unaffected indifference was so evident to her who knew him so well, that she saw at once contempt for her conduct had obliterated every vestige of love, and she rose to depart with a keener feeling of her folly, in bartering for wealth all else that was valuable, than she had ever yet experienced. There was no pains spared by Henrietta in after meetings to revive old feelings on his part. She was always grave, and even melancholy, in his presence, except when he addressed her, and then her smiles were as encouraging and as radiant as ever.

But it was all in vain; she could excite no sympathy. Basil Sinclair had, indeed, suffered deeply at first—wounded love—surprise at her desertion of himself, and choice of such a husband—indignation at her baseness, and contempt for its motive, all contended for the mastery, till at length the latter was the only sentiment that remained, and he knew not how sufficiently to rejoice that he had escaped the misfortune of uniting himself to such a woman; nor would all the combined riches of the world have tempted him again to think of her for a wife. It is natural to prize

what we cannot attain; and Henrietta, though piqued by his coldness felt that she had really never cared for him before, and would gladly have resigned the money she had so dearly purchased, to be to him again what she once was. But she had lost for ever all hope of attaching an honourable and amiable man, whose judgment would have been her guide, and his affection her solace. This was felt too late by the avaricious and weak-minded Henrietta, whose crime against the affections was yet to meet an additional punishment—in the loss of her wealth. While what we have been relating was passing, the heir-at-law of old Macfarlane, who was his nephew, and a respectable man with a family, had determined to endeavour to obtain his right, and, from some new light thrown upon a former destination of the property, succeeded in depriving the widow of all, save what was moveable, which reduced her fortune to a moderate competence; while she had, in a short time afterwards, the mortification of witnessing the happiness of Basil Sinclair with a tenderly beloved wife who, with every amiable quality, excelled her in all those advantages on which she prided herself most, except the wealth, for which she was content to lose all worth living for, and which was itself lost at last.

The death of the old churl, her father, which was brought about by a disorder in the mind, produced through a complication of vexation and remorse, soon left her in a still more friendless condition. Pitied by none, and despised by all, even by the very menials who waited upon her, she escaped from the scene of her folly, and how wears out existence in an obscure village on the west coast of Scotland, where the story of her conduct, however, became known, and where she is never spoken of by her unsophisticated neighbours but as “a world’s wonder.”

REPORT OF THE M. W. GRAND SIRE.

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States,
of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows:*

THE stated assembling of the Grand Representatives of the Order brings with it the necessity for the Grand Sire to make report in conformity with the requirements of the constitution. The peculiar fitness of such an occasion for offering, one to the other, gratulations on our continued and increasing success, also admonishes of that higher duty which requires of those who feel a lively and grateful sense of obligation to make audible expression to the author of all good, who has during the whole of our existence in a land, and under a government of singular adaptation to the frame and objects of our institution, and especially during the year which has just past, vouchsafed to us a cherishing support. “Strength; harmony and brotherly love” continue to be the characteristics of our progress. Nearly all parts of the jurisdiction give forth, by an unity of expression, their exultation on the prosperity which has resulted from our labors.—And at the present session we are enabled to ascertain the highly gratifying fact, that but two States of the entire extent of our wide domain now remain in which this Odd-Fellowship has not been successfully established: and in each of these we have satisfactory evidence that progress is mak-

ing, which will within a few months include them also in our social compact: when will be presented the pleasing spectacle of every portion of a great nation having united in rendering a benefaction to humanity unsurpassed by any former moral effort.

Although every thing within offers such flattering evidence of present prosperity, and holds up so high our future hopes, the large fund of gratification we enjoy is in no small degree diminished by the absence of advance having been made toward an amicable settlement of our foreign relations. Very soon after the adjournment of the last session, notification was made to the Board at Manchester of the proceedings had by the Grand Lodge in the premises. No official acknowledgment has been received, that the communication reached its destination, or of what nature were the acts of the A. M. C. at Bradford in June last: but sufficient has come to hand of an unofficial, though eminently authentic form to satisfy us that all previous aggressive mandates against the universality of Odd-Fellowship had been reiterated and more active efforts had been directed to be made. Already we have the proof of their being engaged in collecting for obvious use the names of all members who have emigrated within a few years to the U. States, and we may with reason expect a hostile demonstration upon the heretofore conceded limits of our jurisdiction at a very early day.

Meanwhile, during the recess, much anxious enquiry has continued to be made relative to the establishment of the Order under the ancient work, throughout various parts of Europe. The brethren in England are impatient for action, and stand ready to forward applications for Lodges from various parts, immediately on the contingency arising under which charters are to be granted, viz: when "the authority of the Manchester Unity of Great Britain persist in carrying into effect the powers conferred on them by the Annual Moveable Committee at the Isle of Man in 1841, and reiterated at the Wigan Annual Moveable Committee of 1842, to *establish Lodges within the United States.*" In the absence of an overt act on the part of the authorities adverted to, the Grand Officers have felt themselves restrained from counselling the brethren, or holding out to them any encouragement not justified by the letter of the resolution of last session. Otherwise applications would be presented in due form with this Report. Not only is it in England, but in other parts of Europe that the brethren are fully alive to the importance of a permanent and universal work: Among the communications herewith presented are those on the subject of establishing the Order in Germany which merits special attention;—these communications do not emanate from persons ignorant of our institution, but from brethren who have had ample experience, both in our work and mode of business, by connexion with German Lodges in Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia, to render them capable of judging of the adaptation of the Order to their native country. The devotion and zeal of these brethren is fully evinced, by their willingness to incur the expense of time and money in visiting the United States, should that course be deemed necessary to the successful establishment of the Order according to the principles and practice which distinguish it in this country.

It is not only in England and Germany that we may expect to be enabled to give immediate spread to Universal Odd-Fellowship, but in other remote countries the fields are ripe for the harvest, and it is only necessa-

ry that we should enter in to possess them. The period has nearly arrived, if indeed it is not already at hand, when (let the ultimate action of the A. M. C. be what it may) it will be our work, as it will be our pleasure, to plant Odd-Fellowship throughout the earth. So well disseminated has the Order become among all classes of the people of this country, that wherever they go Odd-Fellowship goes with them, and the acknowledged intelligence of American travellers will afford them a preponderating influence co-extensive with our commerce. Let us then make wise provision for the future, nor wait until the present shall overtake it and render more difficult that which even now is not without its perplexities.

The imperious assumption of power on the part of the Manchester dynasty, to which the dignity of manhood and a just sense of the true principles of the fraternity, would not suffer us to succumb, should operate in season on ourselves by awaking within us a determination to build universal Odd-Fellowship on a foundation from which it cannot be removed, and where its yield will be perennial. To accomplish so desirable an end, it is merely necessary that the maxim should influence our every act which teaches, whatever would be wrong in us to submit to, would as clearly be improper for us to assert on our own behalf toward others. Would it not then be adding to the already high reputation of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to make provision in time for the independence of the Order in foreign countries, so soon as a Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment are established in any civil division: and for the holding of a Universal Convocation, periodically, represented on a basis of numerical strength of membership. Let such general convocation have exclusive and entire power over the Work of the Order, so as to inhibit all infringement or change without the approbation or knowledge of the entire fraternity; bestow upon it complete jurisdiction in all matters partaking of the character of intercommunication, and let its sessions be sufficiently remote to ensure permanency in both work and regulation. By such fundamental provision we should establish on enduring principles a Universal Order, and secure for ourselves the respect of the world by the evidence of our sincerity while making a demand on the authorities of the Manchester Unity.

The first advance toward an external spread of the Order occurred at the session of 1838, when Lone Star Lodge, No. 1, was authorised to be established at Houston, in the Republic of Texas; since which time, excepting the institution of two other Lodges and the Grand Lodge in Texas, no movement has been made on the part of the Grand Lodge of the U. States for similar extension. Brethren who are resident in various other foreign places have evinced much solicitude to have the advantages of the Order extended to them. Among whom may be enumerated those of the several republics of the South and the neighboring Colonies on the North, who have from time to time exhibited much eagerness on the subject; but from a desire not to embarrass the pending negotiations with our former contemporary, their solicitations had not been received with decided approbation. The position in which affairs stood at the close of last session, however, warranted the Grand Sire in holding out to such brothers every proper encouragement. It has already resulted in the opening of one Lodge at Montreal, in the Province of Canada, as hereinafter more circumstantially reported, and the assurance that within a very short time

the number will be swelled by several other applications from the same and adjoining Provinces. The astonishing success attendant on the first colonial effort is evidence of the discrimination of its inhabitants, and conclusive proof of the abiding prosperity which awaits its progress among them.

It has ever been a source of unalloyed satisfaction to contemplate the progressive advancement of the Order in our own land; tracing it from its small beginnings until as at present it is spread over twenty-four of the twenty-six States of the Union, two Territories and one separate District. Every city and considerable town in its range have their Lodges, and the Patriarchal tent is nearly co-extensively set up. Our system of government has been proven by twenty years' experience to be just such as is suited to ensure our internal prosperity. Grand Lodges are in successful operation supervising the subordinates within their several limits of jurisdiction in the States of Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Louisiana, Ohio, New Jersey, Kentucky, Virginia, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Connecticut, Tennessee, S. Carolina, Alabama, N. Carolina, and in the D. of Columbia and the Republic of Texas; and subordinate Lodges are permanently established in Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire and the province of Canada. Grand Encampments also are employed in the charge of Encampments in the several States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Connecticut, New Jersey and S. Carolina; while subordinate Encampments have their tents pitched in the District of Columbia, and in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, N. Carolina, Tennessee, Massachusetts and Georgia. The subordinates alluded to are at present under the immediate jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States; but in several districts rapid preparations are in progress for the organization of Grand Lodges and G. Encampments, and very few have not attained a highly flourishing condition. Among the number of Subordinates here alluded to, those in Canada, Maine and New Hampshire are on newly acquired territory for Lodges, while Rhode Island is a revival from a dormancy of some twelve years' standing. The new ground taken by Encampments is in N. Carolina, Tennessee, Massachusetts and Georgia. It might be deemed neglect to pass over the rapid and healthy success which has attended the Order in Massachusetts, where after it had slept the sound sleep of death for upwards of ten years, it suddenly awoke invigorated by its long repose, and in the short space of two years has increased from two weakly Lodges and a handful of distrusting, though indomitable veterans, to a G. Lodge with fourteen Lodges, nineteen hundred members and five Encampments. Within the same period the prosperity of the Order in New Jersey has also been astonishingly great; from two infirm Lodges, only, one of them more so than the other, has grown up a body of eighteen Lodges and upward of fourteen hundred members. The success and condition of the Order in S. Carolina is equally deserving of special notice, where in little more than the same space of time it has grown from the seed and become a Grand Lodge with eight Lodges and twelve hundred members, and a Grand Encampment with three Encampments. The prosperity attendant upon the efforts of the brethren in N. Carolina and Georgia is also deserving of regard. Among the small portions of the Order indicating debility at last session, Louisiana was specially designated; it is gratifying to be enabled to announce that

the policy of moderation recommended by the Grand Lodge has infused activity and a generous degree of improvement; one dormant Lodge has been revived, and the prospect of a speedy return of former prosperity is apparent. Let the brethren continue a wise and conciliatory course, and all unreasonable hostility will, as it has done heretofore, consume itself.—The only portion of the jurisdiction which seems to need special succor is that located in the remote regions of the West; you are respectfully referred to the Report of D. D. Grand Sire Potts for details.

Similar reasons to those laid before the Order last year have prevented the formal presentation of the Grand Charter ordered for the Grand Lodge of Texas. But as will be seen on reference to a communication from D. D. Grand Sire Cordova, there is abundant ground for hope that all cause of further delay is removed. Quiet and good order having once more been restored to our sister Republic, and its citizens again permitted to apply themselves to peaceful occupations, we may with reason expect an immediate realization of our most sanguine wishes in regard to the prosperity of the Order in that interesting and chivalric nation.

Since the rising of the Grand Lodge the Grand and Subordinate warrants granted during last session have been promptly delivered and returns made to the proper office, as set forth in the detail of this report. The promptitude with which these duties have been performed reflect the highest credit on the several brothers to whom they had been entrusted and is deserving the special notice of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Charter granted at last session for opening and constituting the Grand Lodge of North Carolina was issued on the 8th November, 1842, and the duty entrusted to D. D. Grand Sire Geo. M. Bain, by whose return it will be found that the Grand Lodge was instituted and the warrant delivered by him at the city of Wilmington, N. C. on January 6th, 1843. In this State the Order has grown with the rapidity usual in other parts of the jurisdiction during the time it has been in progress. The first Lodge was established there under a dispensation dated 22d March, 1841, and the grant was made for a Grand Lodge within eighteen months from that time. Previous to the opening of the Grand Lodge the worthy and efficient D. D. Grand Sire had performed the additional duty of presenting the warrants granted at your last session to Cape Fear Lodge No. 2, at Wilmington, and Washington Lodge No. 3, at Murfreesborough and received from them the Dispensations under which they had theretofore worked, which were duly returned for file to the office of the Grand Corresponding Secretary in October, 1842.

At the late session the Dispensation issued by the Grand Sire for the removal of Florida Lodge No. 1, of Florida, from Black Creek to the town of Jackson, East Florida, was confirmed; and immediately after the adjournment the necessary warrant was issued and entrusted to D. D. Grand Sire Albert Case, within the limits of whose charge the Lodge is located, for delivery; which duty was performed by Past Grand Lawrence Ryan under special Dispensation from the D. D. Grand Sire on November 15th 1842, and the dispensation and former warrant reached the office of the Grand Corresponding Secretary on August 8th, 1843.

The warrant granted in lieu of the Dispensation issued by the Grand Officers to Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, of the State of Georgia, was forwarded by D. D. Grand Sire Case for delivery, and by him entrusted to Past

Grand Alvan N. Miller who performed the duty of delivering the same on the 6th day of December, 1842. The Dispensation was returned and filed August 8th, 1843, in the office of the Grand Corresponding Secretary.

The conditions contained in the grant of a Charter for a Lodge at Burlington in the Territory of Iowa, to Richard Mansley and four others, not having been complied with, no further steps have been taken toward the establishment of a Lodge there.

Pursuant to the resolution of last session granting a Grand Charter for the Grand Encampment of Virginia, the necessary issue was made at an early day after the adjournment, and the deputation for opening entrusted to our indefatigable D. D. Grand Sire who had heretofore had the Subordinate Encampments in the State of Virginia in charge, by the reports herewith submitted including that of the convention, the Encampments to whom the matter was referred selected as the location the town of Portsmouth in the County of Norfolk, and that the Grand Encampment was in due and formal manner opened and constituted there, on the fifteenth day of November, 1842. The D. D. Grand Sire had previously in the month of October delivered to Damascus Encampment No. 9, and Salem Encampment No. 10, the Charters granted, and returned to the office of the Grand Corresponding Secretary for file the dispensations formerly issued.

The Charter ordered for Palmetto Encampment No. 1, of South Carolina was forwarded by D. D. Grand Sire Case and by him delivered to the Encampment in October, 1842. The Dispensation of this Encampment has been returned and is now on file.

The warrant for Lebanon Encampment No. 3, of Illinois, was entrusted for delivery to D. D. Grand Sire Wm. S. Stewart, whose charge was extended to the 40th degree of N. Latitude in that State, and by whom it was presented to the Encampment at Springfield on the 29th August, 1843.

And the one by the same vote ordered for Mount Ararat Encampment No. 3, of New Jersey, was delivered by the Grand Sire to that Encampment at a session held at Newark on December 14th, 1843. The Dispensation having been delivered up is now on file.

On the return of the Grand Sire from the session of your predecessors he was met at Trenton, New Jersey, by the petitioners to whom the Grand Lodge had granted a Charter for "Olive Branch Encampment No. 4."—when on the 26th of September, 1842, he had the gratification to open and duly constitute the Encampment and present the Charter. The G. Sire is happy to be enabled to assure the Grand Lodge that his fears, expressed at last session have not been realised, that a second Encampment could not be successfully sustained by so small a body of members as the fraternity have in this neighbourhood; on the contrary the highest degree of prosperity is apparent not only in the vicinity of Trenton, but throughout the State, as will be seen by reference to the reports presented from this fertile field of Odd-Fellowship, which last year was entitled to no more than one vote in your body, but is represented here now by three.

The number of Dispensations which have been issued by the Grand Officers in the recess just closed is uncommonly large, if not the greatest that has been so issued in the same space of time. Embracing three for Grand Encampments, thirteen for Subordinate Encampments and twelve for Subordinate Lodges, and leaving several applications entirely at the disposal of the Grand Lodge, one of which for a Grand Lodge for the State

of Georgia is deficient in the unanimity desirable in such cases: And another for an Encampment at Macon in the same State, but recently received, is met by an opposition on what may appear a sufficient ground to require a modification of the grant. Others are in progress, a portion of which may be presented before the close of your session. First, of Subordinate Lodges.

On the 25th day of December 1842, a dispensation was issued, on the application of Brother Guy L. Warren and six others, who were highly recommended by D. D. Grand Sire Case, for "Franklin Lodge No. 2," to be located at the City of Macon, Bibb County, Georgia, and was instituted by the above named efficient officer on the 27th of January 1843, under more flattering promise than any Lodge that has ever been opened under this jurisdiction. Your attention is specially invited to the return of the Worthy D. Dep. which is herewith submitted.

Upon the application of Brother James S. Baker and five others, and under the recommendation of a number of Worthy Past Grand's residing in Buffalo in the State of New York, dispensation was issued on the 16th day of January 1843, for "Milwawkie Lodge No. 2," to be located at Milwawkie in the Territory of Wisconsin. The location of the Lodge being within the limits entrusted to the care of D. D. Grand Sire John G. Potts, the dispensation was forwarded to that officer for delivery, which duty was promptly performed on 14th March, 1843. The Report of this distinguished brother exhibits his great devotion to the Order in undertaking the task of instituting this Lodge located at such a distance from his residence as to require eleven days to perform the journey through an unbroken country in an open sleigh during a winter of extraordinary severity.

A petition from Brother Elisha Parsons and five others for a Lodge to be located at Savannah, Georgia, and to be styled "Live Oak Lodge No. 3," was issued on January 16th, 1843, and forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case, his return which is herewith submitted, shows that with his accustomed promptitude he proceeded to the location and opened and constituted the Lodge on the first day of February.

Application was received from Brother John S. Shekle and seven others, recommended by Florida Lodge No. 1, for a Lodge to be located at St. Augustine, East Florida, and on the 2d of February, 1843, dispensation was issued accordingly and forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case; previous to presenting which, however, owing to a want of harmony among the petitioners, the acceptance of the dispensation was declined, and it was returned to the office of the Grand Corresponding Secretary. On the sixteenth day of March another petition was received from Brother John S. Shekle and four others recommended in like manner by Florida Lodge No. 1, for "Kennedy Lodge No. 2," to be located at Black Creek, East Florida, and Dispensation issued the same day, which was forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case, and on the 24th of May the Lodge was duly opened and constituted by P. G. Lawrence Ryan under special commission from D. D. Grand Sire Case, as by return is shown.

A dispensation was authorised, dated April 21st, 1843, on the application of Brother John Hully and five others, for a Lodge to be located at the City of Providence in the State of Rhode Island to be entitled "Eagle Lodge"—although no Lodge was in operation in that State at the time, yet two Lodges having formerly been in being there that had suspended their

functions for a season, this application was registered as No. 3. D. D. G. Sire Daniel Hersey within the limits of whose charge the location lies, performed the office of opening and instituting "Eagle Lodge No. 3," on the 29th of April, 1843. The return of this veteran brother in the cause of Odd-Fellowship is herewith presented.

The Grand Lodge of the United States at the session of 1841, granted a restoration of the Charter of "Friendly Union Lodge No. 1," of Rhode Island (which had been surrendered) to P. G. James Wood and others formerly members of the said Lodge. The unsettled state of the public mind in that locality and the great desire of the petitioning brothers to re-organize their Lodge in such manner as to insure a successful career, delayed their active efforts until the 19th of June last, when a meeting of P. G. Wood and his associates took place during a brief visit of the Grand Sire, which resulted in a formal application from five of the former members for re-opening and constituting their Lodge. The warrant of this Lodge having become much defaced, on the 21st of June, special dispensation, drawn in form to meet the case, was issued, and forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, who on the 19th of August, 1843, performed the duty of re-instituting this once flourishing Lodge, as will be seen by his return accompanying this report. The brethren who undertake the revival of these dormant bodies, are entitled to the special regard of the fraternity. Nothing can be more detrimental to the reputation of the institution than such glaring hiatus in the roll of our community. Wherever it can be done without violating the principles of re-constituting, except in the cases of expulsions or suspensions for offence committed, care should be used for reviving dormant Lodges, in preference to granting new Charters. The form of the Dispensation issued in this case is herewith submitted.

Dispensation was issued upon the petition of Brother Fred. H. Sanford and four others who were recommended, on July 1st, 1843, for "—— Lodge No. 4," to be located at the City of Milledgeville, Georgia. D. D. Grand Sire Case, to whom the Dispensation was forwarded, by authority, specially deputized P. G. M. John H. Honour of South Carolina to perform the duty of opening and constituting, who proceeded to the location of the Lodge, and on the 20th July, 1843, faithfully discharged the trust. The return of D. D. Grand Sire Case is herewith presented. The name selected for this Lodge by the petitioners has not been approved by the Grand officers, and the Grand Sire submits to the Grand Lodge the propriety of substituting a more appropriate one.

On the twenty-sixth day of May last a petition was received from P. G. George Mathews and four other brothers, accompanied by cards from Lodges under this jurisdiction, praying for a Charter for a Lodge to be located at the City of Montreal, in Canada, and to be hailed by the style and title of "Prince of Wales Lodge No. 1," of the province of Canada.—Three of the petitioners were personally known to the Grand Sire as worthy brothers, ardent in the cause of the Order, and eminently qualified for performing the duties devolving on pioneers. The capacity and fitness of the remaining two were strongly attested by well known brothers, and no doubt existed of the entire adaptation of the whole number for the distinction they claimed. By the terms of article I. of the Constitution of the G. Lodge of the United States as adopted in 1833, and remaining unchanged at the present time, it is expressly and unequivocally provided, that "this

Grand Lodge has inherent power to establish Lodges in Foreign Countries where no Grand Lodge exists.—Such Lodges shall work by virtue of a warrant granted by this Grand Lodge.” No doubt can remain as to the assumed powers of the Grand Lodge under a constitutional provision adopted anterior to any difficulties arising between the two great branches of the Order. Not a single impediment or qualification is added as necessary to be attended to in granting a Charter for a Foreign Country, more than is provided for on application for one within the limits of the United States, to wit:—That a Lodge cannot be established by the G. Lodge of the U. States in a place where a Grand Lodge power exists un-reclaimed. This prohibition is applicable as well within as without, and every other requisite is as necessary for application from without as from within. The petition for the Lodge at Montreal was therefore deemed a constitutional application, and as such was considered. The 13th article of the By-Laws confer on the Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire and Grand Recording Secretary the power of granting Dispensations to Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments during the recess, subject to the approbation of the Grand Lodge. In cases of every-day occurrence it has not been usual for delays to be made in order to obtain the formal sanction of each of the three officers here named, two being competent for such act it has ordinarily been performed by those whose signatures are necessary for the documents.—But in a case so uncommon as this application, and involving as it does such various and important considerations, it was formally submitted by the Grand Sire to his colleagues on the commission. Each of whom returned an opinion adverse to an immediate issue of Dispensation, under an apparent impression that the resolution of last session applied in some sort to the case in hand. On more mature reflection one of the Grand Officers coincided with the Grand Sire in his view that the resolution adverted to, had entire relation, as it expresses itself, to the grant of “Dispensations on proper applications coming from Europe,” and that action on applications from Foreign Countries out of Europe was not prohibited, even could a naked resolution prohibit that which is provided for being done by constitutional provision. The delay produced in settling these preliminaries was extremely vexatious to the petitioners, who having been counseled to make preparations for working a Lodge, had not hesitated to incur heavy expense in fitting up apartments in a style equal to those ordinarily in use in this country. Under the considerations of the heavy expenses and liabilities of the petitioners, the undoubted authority assumed by the constitution, and the powers conferred on the Grand Officers by the By-Laws, a Dispensation was issued on the 29th of July, 1843, as prayed for, and entrusted to P. D. D. Grand Master Alfred Moore of Ransellaer in the State of New York, who repaired to the City of Montreal opened and constituted the Lodge on the 10th day of August. By the return of Brother Moore, which accompanies this report, it will be seen that the location where this Lodge is established was ripe for an Order which carries with it the characteristics of universality. No less than eighteen persons of good standing in the community, were initiated within the first week of its opening, and every prospect of continued success presented itself.

The Grand Sire does not hesitate to congratulate the Representatives and the Order at large on the result of this step toward covering the whole

earth with an Odd-Fellowship, efficient in its benevolence, pure in its morals, unexceptionable in its practices and universal in its language.

On petition of Brother David Robinson, Jr., and four others recommended by Brothers in Boston for a Lodge to be entitled "Maine Lodge No. 1," to be located at the City of Portland in the State of Maine, Dispensation was issued on the 9th day of August, 1843. The deputation for opening was entrusted to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, by whose return, which is herewith presented, it will be seen that the Lodge was opened and instituted on the 25th of the same month. The Report of this officer affirms that in his experience, which all will readily admit has been extensive, he has never installed a Lodge where the prospects were more favourable—thirty-five of the most respectable citizens were initiated within the first week and the community manifested every feeling in its favour.

Dispensation was issued on the 18th August, 1843, on the petition of Brother Orvell Huntriss and four others, who came recommended from Boston, for "Saco Lodge No. 2," to be located at the Village of Saco, Maine. The deputation for opening this Lodge was conferred upon P. D. Grand Master George W. Churchill, who resides in that locality, and by his report which is herewith submitted, it will be seen that he performed the duty on the 29th of the same month; and that application for another Lodge in that State will speedily be presented.

On petition of Brother W. A. Robertson and four others, properly recommended, dispensation was issued for "United Brothers Lodge No. 5," to be located at Macon, Georgia, on the 11th September inst. and the deputation forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case. Sufficient time has not yet transpired for the opening to have taken place.

On the thirteenth day of August, 1843, application was received from David Philbrick and four other brothers with cards, and also under high recommendation by the indefatigable Boston Brethren for "Granite Lodge No. 1," to be located at Nashua, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire; Dispensation was issued same day and forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey with a deputation for him to open the Lodge, which duty he performed on the eleventh of the present month, as shewn in his return herewith submitted. Second, of Subordinate Encampments.

On the 25th of October, 1842, a deputation was issued to Patriarch C. F. Haberlie, whose standing and capacity was strongly attested by well known Officers and Brothers in Kentucky, where he had long been a member, authorizing him to confer the Patriarchal Degrees on Brother James M. Scantlan and eight others of the scarlet degree, residing at Nashville, Tennessee; being the same individuals whose application for a Charter for an Encampment at last session was denied, not being in conformity with the 2d article of the By-Laws, with the addition of two others whom the Grand Sire was anxious to unite with the earliest movement for the establishment of the Patriarchal Order in that State, but who declined a compliance with his wishes. This deputation was issued under express authority given to the Grand Sire by the resolution of last session, as recorded on page 81 printed proceedings; a copy of the form prepared to be used in such cases is herewith presented. When the applicants for the degrees were before the Grand Lodge on a former occasion, their personal reputation or fitness was then deemed undoubted, and their petition was not acceded to, simply because of its incompleteness.

Abundant testimony was in the hands of the Grand Officers, of their good standing in the subordinate branch of the Order, both by the certificates of their respective Lodges, and by the numerous communications from the Grand Officers adverse to their application, but which testified to their perfect membership. The objections raised to them was that they had not been specially selected and recommended by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee or any of her subordinates for the purpose of introducing the Patriarchal Order into that State. To have acceded in any degree to this objection would have involved the Grand Officers as parties in an attempt to reduce the independence and supreme authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, by requiring qualifications for petitioners alike unknown to her laws and the usages of their predecessors, and subjecting the spread of the Order to the action of a branch of it, which in the nature of things is wholly disqualified to exercise such superintendence. The respected Brethren of the G. Lodge of Tennessee have entered into a discussion of the questions connected with this exciting matter with much feeling and sincerity; and laid claim eventually for their Grand Lodge to the entire jurisdiction within the limits of the State of all things in Odd-Fellowship without limitation. In the course of their earnest effort, citation was made from the instrument of their authority, as follows: "that said trusty and well-beloved Brethren and their successors duly and legally elected, have full power and authority to hear and determine all and singular matters and things relating to the Order *within the jurisdiction of said Grand Lodge, according to the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge of the United States.*" The ardour of zeal sometimes prevents its votaries from perceiving those things which are not concealed from other persons, and in this controversy our admiration has been excited, that Brethren of the most brilliant talent and undoubted ability have suffered themselves to read but a portion of the very extract they were making from the Dispensation which contained their entire authority. The rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge of the United States have constructed the Subordinate and Patriarchal branches of the Order distinct and independent of each other. The whole correspondence had, is herewith submitted. At the time of issuing the deputation the only question which was deemed necessary for consideration in addition to the moral and legal fitness of the applicants, was that involved in the Resolution of 1842, and it being well known to the Grand Officers that no regular constituted Encampment had been established there, no hesitation was made when the proper application was received to appoint a special Deputy for the occasion. The degrees were accordingly conferred on the applying brothers on the eighth day of November, and the Encampment opened and constituted at the city of Nashville as "Ridgely Encampment No. 1," on the 20th of December 1842, by Patriarch Haberlie, whose return of the performance of duty is herewith presented.

On the application of John Mockar, jr., and six other scarlet degree Brothers, praying to have the Patriarchal degree conferred on them to enable them to apply for a Charter for an Encampment to be located at the town of Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 8th November, 1842, deputation was issued authorizing D. D. Grand Sire Bain to perform that duty; Dispensation was issued bearing same date for the formation of the Encampment, and on January 5th, 1843, the Brethren were instructed, and

"Campbell Encampment No. 1," was duly opened and constituted by the efficient Deputy to whom the duty was entrusted. His return is herewith submitted.

Application was received from Brother John McKenzie, and sixteen others of the scarlet degree praying to receive Patriarchal degrees so as to enable them to apply for a Charter for an Encampment to be located at the city of Columbia, South Carolina. A deputation was issued to D. D. Grand Sire Case, authorizing him to confer the requisite degrees on the 12th November 1842, together with Dispensation for the Encampment. The Brothers having been instructed, application was made for a Charter for "Eutaw Encampment No. 2," by them in conjunction with Patriarch E. W. Marshall, who presented a card from Palmetto Encampment No. 1, of South Carolina. The Encampment was then opened and constituted on December 8th, 1842. The return of the worthy D. D. Grand Sire is submitted.

On the petition of Daniel Hersey and six other Patriarchs (nearly all of whom were personally known to the Grand Sire) for a Charter for "Massasoit Encampment No. 1," to be located at Boston, Massachusetts. Dispensation was issued on 28th January 1843, and the deputation for opening was entrusted to P. G. P. Wilson Small of New York, and P. C. P. Wm. E. Sanford of Connecticut, who proceeded to Boston and performed the duties of the trust reposed in them on the eleventh day of February 1843. The return of these Brothers accompanies this report.

Upon March 20th, 1843, a petition was received from Patriarch Joseph Clowes and six others, for an Encampment to be located at Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, under the title of "Mount Sinai Encampment No. 5." On the same day Dispensation was issued, the petitioners being Brothers well known for their efficiency and capacity; and the Encampment was duly opened and constituted by D. D. Grand Sire Sylvester Vn. Sickell, on the 22d March, 1843. The return is herewith submitted.

On the 22d day of April, 1843, Dispensation was issued authorizing the formation of "Trimount Encampment No. 2," to be located at Boston, Massachusetts, upon the petition of Patriarch Edward Tyler and six others, with cards from and highly recommended by Massasoit Encampment No. 1. A portion of the petitioners for this Encampment were of a body of scarlet degree members who applied in form within two days after the receipt of the application for Massasoit Encampment No. 1, to be instructed so as to enable them to petition for an Encampment, and which application the Grand Sire felt himself obliged to decline as violating the spirit of the Resolution under authority of which instructions are imparted for such purpose: Evidence being in his possession that the Patriarchal Order could be established in that locality by the ordinary and natural mode, and which in his opinion was best calculated to secure its prosperity. The success which has attended the course pursued may be deemed as some testimony favorable to the propriety of this opinion, independent of its manifest justice. The Dispensation for this Encampment was entrusted to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, and by him it was duly opened and constituted on the 6th day of May, 1843. Herewith is the return submitted.

A Deputation was forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Bain on the 26th of March, authorizing him to confer the Patriarchal Degrees on Brother Ely

Carter and six others of the scarlet degree, residing in Murfreesboro', North Carolina; and on the 6th day of May Dispensation was issued for "Bain Encampment No. 2," to be located in the town above named. Our highly respected and very worthy Brother who has so ably and faithfully performed the many laborious duties imposed on him for the Order, discharged them in this case with his usual alacrity, and on the 23d of June, 1843, opened and constituted the Encampment. His return accompanies this report.

On petition of Patriarch John Schouler and seven others, with cards from and the recommendation of Massasoit Encampment No. 1, praying for a charter for "Monotomy Encampment No. 3," Dispensation was issued on the 12th of May, 1843, locating the Encampment at West Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, with the power of deputising. The worthy Brother entrusted the opening and constituting of the Encampment to C. Patriarch R. L. Robbins, who under special commission performed that duty on June 21st, 1843. The return is herewith submitted.

Upon the first day of June, 1843, Dispensation was issued on the application of Patriarch Thomas Barr and six others, with cards and the earnest recommendation of Massasoit Encampment No. 1, for an Encampment styled "Monomake Encampment No. 4," and to be located in Lowell, Massachusetts. The Dispensation was forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, and the Encampment was opened and instituted by him on the 29th day of June, 1843. His return is herewith presented.

On June 8th, 1843, Dispensation was issued on the petition of Patriarch Samuel R. Slack and six others, with cards and the recommendation of Massasoit Encampment No. 1, for "Bunker Hill Encampment No. 5," to be located at Charlestown, Massachusetts. This Dispensation was also forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Hersey, and by him opened and constituted on the ninth day of August, 1843. His return in this case also accompanies this report.

On the application of Patriarch P. V. Dibble and six others, with cards from Palmetto Encampment No. 1, praying for a Charter for "Ashley Encampment No. 3", to be located at Charleston, South Carolina, Dispensation was issued on the 14th July and forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case, who promptly instituted the Encampment in due form, on the 19th of the same month, as shown in his return.

Application was received from Brother Alvan N. Miller and nine others of the scarlet degree, and one Patriarch of Palmetto Encampment No. 1, praying to have the Patriarchal Degrees conferred on a sufficient number to enable them to apply for a Charter for an Encampment to be located at Savannah, Georgia, and to be entitled "Magnolia Encampment No. 1. A deputation for the purpose was forwarded to D. D. Grand Sire Case, accompanied by a Dispensation for the Encampment, on the 28th July, 1843. The degrees were conferred and the Encampment constituted on 16th August, 1843, as reported by return threunto annexed.

On the first of August Dispensation was issued for "Washington Encampment No. 2," to be located at the town of Columbia, Merry County, Tennessee, on the petition of Patriarch Henry Wade and six others, who presented the recommendation of Ridgely Encampment

No. 1, in their favor. At the request of the petitioners the deputation was forwarded to Patriarch J. M. Scantlan, under special commission, authorizing him to open and institute the Encampment. No return has yet been received of the opening of this Encampment. In issuing these dispensations for Lodges and Encampments, care was had to so arrange their terms as to make them close on the thirtieth day of June, and the corresponding periods throughout the year, as provided for by resolution of the session of 1842, page 74, printed proceedings.

The application from Brother Ebenezer C. Grannis and ten others of the scarlet degree for dispensation to qualify them to petition for an Encampment to be located at Macon, Georgia, has been deferred action from indubitable evidence having been laid before the Grand Sire that at least five Patriarchs of the R. P. Degree were in connection with the Order at that place who were anxious to procure others to unite with them in a more perfect application for an Encampment: it is with the connecting circumstances respectfully submitted. Third, of Grand Encampments.

A joint application was received from Sassacas Encampment No. 1, and Oriental Encampment No. 2, of Connecticut, signed by the Representatives of the respective bodies, being all the Encampments within the State, and having seven Past Chief Patriarchs in membership, praying for the establishment of a Grand Encampment for the State of Connecticut. Dispensation was issued on the 19th of April, 1843, and a special deputation made in favor of P. G. P. Wilson Small, who repaired to New Haven and opened and constituted the Grand Encampment of Connecticut and located it in that city on the 20th of the same month. His return of the manner in which he performed this duty is herewith presented:

Application was received from Trenton Encampment No. 2, Mount Ararat Encampment No. 3, and Olive Branch Encampment No. 4, having fourteen Past Chief Patriarchs in good standing, and the assent of Mount Sinai Encampment No. 5, was signified by vote (having no Past Officer to represent her in convention) praying for a Grand Encampment for the State of New Jersey, to be located at the city of Newark, and also to grant the privilege of holding sessions at the city of Trenton until the first of January next; Dispensation was accordingly issued and the Grand Encampment opened and instituted at Trenton as prayed, and its permanent location fixed at Newark, on the eleventh day of May, 1843, by the Grand Sire, assisted by the valuable services of the Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of New York, John G. Treadwell.

Application was received from Palmetto Encampment No. 1, and Eutaw Encampment No. 2, the only Encampments at the time in operation in South Carolina, praying for the grant of a Charter for a Grand Encampment in that State. Dispensation was issued on the 21st of July, 1843, authorizing the same to be located at Charleston. The deputation was forwarded to the worthy D. D. Grand Sire Case, who opened and constituted the same on the eleventh day of August, 1843. His return is herewith presented.

Each of these Dispensations will require the action of the Grand Lodge during the present session to authenticate them.

An application was received in August last from Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, and Live Oak Lodge No. 3, for a Grand Lodge to be located at Savannah in the State of Georgia. Two other Lodges being at the time the application was made, in successful operation within the limits of the jurisdiction prayed to be formed, who had not united in it so far as relates to location, it is respectfully submitted to your direct action.

At the time when the Order was organized in this country on its present successful plan, those who were most active in framing it were anxious to retain a general numerical registry of all Lodges then in being, and which should thereafter be instituted under the remote as well as the immediate jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The failure to establish so valuable a regulation at a period so propitious to its successful introduction and operation, is subject for sincere regret. Modification of our system and mode of Government, under circumstances where experience convinces us it so nearly approaches the perfection desired, would be attended with much labor and no little vexation. Yet, to delay to future time a regulation which ever would have been useful, and is likely to become more essentially so in time to come, will be providing for an increase of these difficulties superadded to that of rendering the task less possible to be performed with correctness. It is respectfully suggested to the Representatives to adopt measures for ascertaining the date of instituting the several Subordinates which have been opened since the establishment of the Grand Lodge of the United States, whether by the authority of this Grand Lodge, or that of the States, and to have the same registered in formal manner, Lodges and Encampments separately, and to provide for the preservation of a perfect register hereafter; so that a complete chronological record of the past and future progress of the whole Order may be preserved in the archives. A measure of this kind would not interrupt the mode of preserving numerical registry under the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments as at present practised; each State and country could continue the use of local numbering; but it would provide for additional registration on general books. In view of a more extended operation than has heretofore limited our efforts, these preparations are the more essentially necessary at the present time.

Nothing can be more serviceable in preserving the welfare and purity of the Order at large than the exercise of proper care in the selection of persons for admission to membership. Among remaining practices in various parts of the jurisdiction requiring correction by General Regulation, and which is legitimately within the province of the Grand Lodge of the United States, may be enumerated that of initiating persons at places remote from their permanent residences, while Lodges and Encampments are known to be located in their immediate neighborhood. Constant complaints are being made that highly improper persons have been thus admitted to membership, who in many cases have been refused admission by those to whom they were known, and admitted to the Order by those who had opportunity to be nothing but strangers to their true reputation. Would it not be well in such cases for the Grand Lodge to protect one portion of the Order from the inconsiderate action of another part of it.

Previous to the time arriving for the several D. D. Grand Sires to enter into their office according to the terms of appointment, the Grand Sire, pursuant to the suggestion on the subject in his report of last year, had prepared a formal commission, detailing the duties proper for such officers to perform. A copy is herewith submitted for the sanction of the Grand Lodge. The exceeding great usefulness of these adjuncts to the Grand Sire have been proved in the most satisfactory manner during the current year, while such extraordinary accession has been making to both branches of the Order. It affords unmeasured satisfaction to be enabled to present for the first time reports in formal and regular manner, setting forth the performance of their duties and the condition and prospects of the Subordinates under their charge. Much that was hoped for from method has already been obtained, experience will supply the deficiency. Among those who have performed the largest amount of service during the term, may be noted D. D. Grand Sires Case, Hersey and Bain; these brethren have labored with an industry deserving of all commendation. Besides furnishing special reports of every official act as it transpired, Brother Case has presented a semi-annual report worthy of being considered a model. Each of the persons announced as having been selected for appointment by the Grand Sire were duly commissioned, excepting one, who not being qualified by the requisite degrees, his commission has been withheld and the duties devolved on brothers specially deputed. Full returns of the state of their respective charges have been received from D. D. G. Sires Moore of the District of Columbia, Glazier of Delaware, Stewart of Missouri, etc. Potts of N. Illinois, etc. and Mondelli of Louisiana—which places the department within their limits in the most promising position, excepting so much as relates to the Encampment branch in Delaware, which is stated to have been prevented from successful revival by the rates of charges for initiation &c. under a Grand Encampment in a neighboring State being on a lower scale than the G. Lodge of the United States requires her Subordinates to exact. This is a proper subject for the G. Lodge to so regulate as to prevent one part of the Order from inflicting injury on another. In the Districts composed of the States of Connecticut, New Jersey and South Carolina, the necessity of such officer is superceded by the establishment of Grand Encampments within their limits, which completes therein the arrangement for local supervision.

A laudable solicitude continues to manifest itself in every portion of the jurisdiction for information on the proper mode of work; and much anxiety exists for the personal visit of a proper Officer of the Grand Lodge to impart instruction. The Grand Sire was prevented from accomplishing a long cherished desire of performing such duty in portions of the Order most likely to need it, by circumstances as sadly painful as they were imperative. It is however gratifying to know that the necessity has been in some degree abated by the frequent visitings of Brothers from all parts of the country to the seat of the Grand Lodge. Yet the uniformity of work is a matter which cannot be compromised and the most active measures are necessary to perfect it.

For several years past a deep and abiding anxiety has exhibited itself on all sides for a revision of the style of the lectures and charges. None have opposed it as an unnecessary proceeding, but division has heretofore existed on the most appropriate time for its performance. Very few of the causes for delay now remain, the most important, that of supererogation in case of a settlement of differences with the A. M. C. (when an entire revision was expected to be necessary) is likely forever removed. No occasion more fit can occur than the present to commence the work, equally on account of our freedom from external controlment and the great abundance of mental accession to our councils. Would it not at the same time be commendable in the Grand Lodge to direct the preparation of suitable Lectures for the Side Degrees?

At the earliest possible period after the adjournment of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Sire, in pursuance of the vote on the subject, by commission appointed P. G. Frederick P. Goll, jr., and P. G. James Gavey, jr., of Concordia Lodge No. 43, of the State of New York, to examine and report on the correctness of the French translation of the lectures. Their report, which with their commission, is herewith submitted, will more fully inform you of the character of the reputed deficiencies in the translation committed to them for examination. Under further instruction, they kindly consented to revise and prepare a more finished and correct version; this labor they have performed to the entire satisfaction of capable Frenchmen to whose inspection it has been submitted. The Resolution of last session, by which the above cited commission was raised, authorized the Grand Sire to compromise with the translator of the former version for the amount of his claim. Opportunity having been offered to bring together all the parties, the Grand Sire was enabled to conclude an amicable arrangement which will no doubt prove satisfactory to the Representatives. It is suggested to present each of the P. Grands who rendered assistance in improving the translation, with a suitable memorial of the consideration in which valuable services are held by the Grand Lodge.

Notwithstanding the very clear manner in which our regulations on regalia define the mode of distinguishing the various ranks, there still appears to exist some little misapprehension on a few minor points; should time permit, your attention to the subject is requested. The Grand Lodge will not fail to observe that while legislating on the denoting emblems of advancement and office in the Order, it has heretofore neglected to define the appropriate jewels for its officers, as well as for every other grade of office. By providing for Jewels suited to each office in the Order, the Grand Officers will be much relieved and assisted, as at present they are obliged to refer to the enactments of the several State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments which are as various as they are numerous.

The Official Magazine has continued in its onward course of usefulness to the Order, and gratifying evidence is afforded of the energy and capability of those to whose hands its management has been entrusted: much improvement is apparent as well from the increased experience of its able Editor and the style of its execution, as the

growing punctuality of its publication. A certainty of regular appearance at the stated times, will further add to the confidence which the brethren throughout the land already evince towards it as a medium of official communication. The time has passed by when it seemed problematical whether advantage would result from the dissemination of useful official information, judiciously selected. The only question which can now be profitably considered in relation to it is one involving the best means of making it support itself, and incidentally contribute to the declining financial ability of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This latter part will be more particularly adverted to in another portion of this communication.

It must be gratifying to the Representatives to observe the interest manifested by brethren in various parts of the jurisdiction, favorable to the permanent establishment of this important assistant to their own labors in supporting, the true principles of the Order and promulgating valuable information relative to its interest and progress; untrammelled by local feeling or the jealousies arising from rival competition: Such qualities are essentially requisite to the channel of public communication with the brotherhood at large and the community in which we live. And such may with certainty be expected from a work under the immediate control of the Representatives of the constituent bodies, dependent for support on the whole extent of our fraternity. Much to forward the work might have been done during the past year by agents especially authorized to visit the most eligible localities for obtaining subscribers. Several Brothers high in the confidence of the Order, have within that period, made formal application for such appointment, and however much it might have gratified the Grand Sire to be thus instrumental in aiding this means of prosperity, nevertheless he could not conceive the power for such appointment rested in his hands. The propriety of taking measures for such commission in future, and the adoption of every other means which will tend to the improvement and success of the Official Magazine is urgently pressed on the attention of the Grand Lodge. The Agent whose special duty it is, will lay before you the details connected with the business department of the Magazine, to which you are referred for more full information.

You are referred to the Reports of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer for the detail of receipts and expenditures during the current year. Our system of finance was no doubt well adapted to a more limited operation and less profuse disbursement; but it has now become experience that an entire renovation is required to render it at all adequate to the necessities of an extended and still extending jurisdiction. In his last report the Grand Sire called attention to the propriety of a more vigorous enforcement of system and accountability:—in a slight degree the legislation of the session was in accordance with the suggestion, leaving however the more important defects wholly untouched. Is it not essential that immediate measures be adopted for re-organizing the manner of receiving and disbursing the funds, and for systematizing the mode of keeping the accounts? Under the present system of heterogeneous accounts the income of the Grand Lodge appears, to the superficial observer, much more considerable than in re-

ality it is. That which in justice can alone be reckoned as bona fide revenue is such as is realized from charter fees, dues and percentages : all other receipts are little else than re-imbursements for expenditures advanced in the preparation of books, &c., for the use of the fraternity. These should be kept as distinct as possible, every class of subjects of account appearing for itself, and periodically the ascertained profits, should any accrue from the sale of books, &c., could be carried from such account to the general fund of the Grand Lodge. By adopting a plan of this character the true amount of available revenue would be exhibited, and the business of the Grand Lodge correspondingly accelerated.

Misapprehension appears to exist even among the best informed, relative to the financial abilities of the Grand Lodge. And hence it becomes a duty to lay before the Order the present and future means of support. To perform such work in a manner to do justice to the great interests involved, would claim more attention than can possibly be devoted to it during the haste usual at the sessions of the Grand Lodge; and may make it necessary for a committee to take charge of the subject in the recess, and digest such improvements as experience and the prospects of the future may demand. While our attention is thus directed, it may not be improper in advance, to inform the Representatives assembled that unless important improvement is made in the lateral sources of revenue, the Grand Lodge will be compelled, within a very short period, to resort to the doubtful expedient of an increase in the rate of dues. Every Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment added to our constellation, involves the substitution of a specific, direct and limited amount of dues for the more expansive income arising from Charter fees and per centages previously received from the Subordinates to whom the grant is made; and is therefore in effect a diminution of revenue from a locality where the natural growth of the Order will require an increased expenditure from the general fund in its behalf. The system of direct taxation, which in theory many deem the most equitable and just, and to a limited extent in practice is so doubtlessly, has ever when solely used for filling the public coffers been abhorred as the most odious : and it has passed into a concession that the lighter such burdens are laid on those who contribute toward public expenses, the more popular and prosperous the government and contented the constituency. Under our system of government a general increase in the amount of the dues would prove highly injurious to the smaller and weaker Grand bodies; and it would equally be distasteful to them for corresponding increase of power to accompany the exaction on those bodies strong enough in members and means to warrant them in augmenting their direct contributions, should demand be made on them alone; yet such increase of power under exaction of the kind would but comport with common justice and the genius of our organization. All the lights of experience and the highest effort of your wisdom are required to be brought to bear on this vital subject, lest some mistaken policy should operate as a clog to the future prosperity of our cherished institution. To enable the Grand Lodge to meet pressing claims against her the Grand Sire authorized, under the resolution of last session, one thousand dollars to be taken upon loan.

In closing his last communication in an official capacity, the Grand Sire cannot refrain from expressing to his beloved brethren, whose kindness and confidence elevated him to the highest honor of the Order, his deep and sincere acknowledgments for the continued evidence of their personal regard, and for the devotion with which they have assisted in the discharge of the important duties that have devolved on him during a period remarkable alike for the importance of the series of events, and for the position which American Odd-Fellowship has been forced to assume. Standing alone as it now does before the world and high Heaven, resting solely on its intrinsic merits for its future usefulness, our loved Order is with confidence commended to the care and protection of HIM who in the plenitude of his Providence "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

JOHN A. KENNEDY, *Grand Sire.*

Baltimore, September 18, 1843.

REPORT OF THE G. COR. & REC. SECRETARY.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.

IN obedience to the resolution defining his duty the undersigned begs leave very respectfully to submit his Annual Report. At the last session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, the several subjects of duty detailed in the following resolutions were enjoined upon the Corresponding Secretary.

"*Resolved*, That the G. Corresponding Secretary be, and he is hereby instructed, to take such measures as he may deem necessary to ascertain the views of State Grand Lodges as to the propriety of abolishing the proxy system, and also their disposition to contribute in aid of the funds of this Grand Lodge for the purpose of securing a bona fide representation from all the States."

"*Resolved*, That all Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments working under a charter from this Grand Lodge, be instructed by a circular to be addressed to them by the Grand Corresponding Secretary, that they are hereafter required to refuse admission into their lodges, to all persons who claim admission, by virtue of a card granted by a lodge in connection with the Manchester Unity."

"*Resolved*, That the steps taken by the Grand Corresponding Secretary with a view to secure in the new Hall now being erected by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, a suitable apartment for the use of this Grand Lodge, as an office for her Corresponding Secretary, with fire-proof vaults for the safety of her archives, &c., be approved by this Grand Lodge; and that the Corresponding Secretary be authorized to enter into a contract with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, for a lease of the said apartment for a term not exceeding ten years, upon such terms as may be considered reasonable and just between the parties."

I have the honor to report that the instructions enjoined in the foregoing resolutions have been complied with; the proceedings of the

several State Grand Lodges which have acted definitely upon the subject contained in the first resolution are herewith submitted. The authority to the undersigned embodied in the third resolution has been exercised, and all the valuable property of the Grand Lodge of the U. States, has been deposited in the fire proof vault attached to the office of the Corresponding Secretary in the Odd-Fellows' Hall in the City of Baltimore. These apartments were erected under the immediate direction of the undersigned, and affords the most ample protection for the archives, works and voluminous documents belonging to that office—a contract has been executed with the proper authorities of the Grand Lodge of Maryland for a lease of the said apartments for ten years for the sum of \$150 per annum, payable quarterly, dating from the 18th day of July, 1843.

The removal of the property of the Grand Lodge to the new office and the proper furnishing of the Corresponding Secretary's office have been attended with unavoidable expense, which not having been provided for at *your last session*, it is respectfully suggested that an appropriation be now made for that object.

In pursuance of a direction to the Cor. Secretary at a former session, to obtain from P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey all documents of value connected with the early history of the Order, which were in his possession, this subject was again brought to the attention of that distinguished Brother, from whom I have the pleasure to report that many very interesting papers have been obtained, a schedule of which together with the answer of this Brother to the request made of him is herewith submitted.

In compliance with the Order requiring the Corresponding Secretary "to pay over all monies received by him in the vacation for the use of the Grand Lodge and to report the same—specifying the amount received, from whom received and for what object, and in further obedience to the resolution of the 23d September, 1841, on the same subject, the undersigned respectfully presents the following statement of the receipts during the past year, all of which have been paid over to the Grand Treasurer, vouchers for which accompany this report.

	<i>States, Lodges or Encampments.</i>	<i>What purpose.</i>	<i>Amount.</i>
1842.			
Sep. 26.	Grand Lodge of Connecticut,.....	Degree Books,...	\$12 00
Oct. 11.	Jerusalem Encampment, Virginia,.....	10 pr. centum,...	21 15
" 22.	Wildey Encampment, do.....	do.....	5 63
" 23.	Weldon Lodge, North Carolina,.....	do.....	25 00
Dec. 8.	Grand Lodge of Massachusetts,.....	English Mission,...	25 00
Nov. 1.	G. Lodge of the Dist. of Col. & Columbia Encampment,...	Dues,.....	71 18
" 3.	Jerusalem Encampment, Virginia,.....	do. in full,.....	1 80
" 7.	Damascus Encampment, do.....	do. do.....	2 00
" 8.	P. G. M. Geo. M. Bain,.....	Diplomas,.....	18 00
" 18.	M. W. Grand Sire,.....	Special Loan,...	1000 00
" "	Franklin Lodge, Maryland,.....	English Mission,...	10 00
" "	Harmony do., do.....	do.....	10 00
" "	Miller do., do.....	do.....	10 00
" "	Morning Star, do.....	do.....	10 00
" "	Adam, do.....	do.....	10 00
" "	Jerusalem Encamp. do.....	do.....	10 00
" 20.	Wm. Curtis, Grand Secretary,.....	do.....	95 00
" 29.	Florida Lodge, No. 1,.....	Dues,.....	15 00
Dec. 23.	Merrimac Lodge, Massachusetts,.....	English Mission,...	10 00

1843.		
Jan. 11.	Washington Lodge, North Carolina,.....	Dues,..... \$50 00
"	Delaware, per P. G. S. Glazier,.....	English Mission, 30 00
"	Wilkey Encampment, Mississippi,.....	do..... 10 00
"	Oglethorpe Lodge, Georgia,.....	Dues,..... 12 00
"	18. Marion Lodge, Maryland,.....	English Mission, 10 00
"	Wm. Tell do. do.....	do..... 10 00
"	23. Grand Encampment of Virginia,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
"	Campbell Encampment, North Carolina,.....	do..... 30 00
"	Washington Lodge, do.....	Dues,..... 54 50
Feb. 11.	Grand Lodge of New Jersey,.....	Dues,..... 56 00
"	21. Eataw Encampment, South Carolina,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
"	Grand Encampment of Maryland,.....	Books,..... 6 00
Mar. 7.	Neilson Encampment, Virginia,.....	Dues,..... 22 21
"	Florida Lodge, No. 1,.....	Dues,..... 15 00
"	27. Union Lodge, Virginia,.....	English Mission, 10 00
"	Wilmington Encampment, North Carolina,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
Apr. 18.	Florida Lodge,.....	Dues,..... 7 00
July 18.	Oglethorpe Lodge, Georgia,.....	do..... 46 00
"	Live Oak No. 3, do.....	do..... 37 46
"	Franklin, do.....	do..... 143 34
"	Kennedy Lodge, Florida,.....	do..... 7 83
Aug. 1.	Columbia Encampment, Tennessee,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
"	Ridgely Encampment, do.....	Dues,..... 20 00
"	Grand Lodge of Massachusetts,.....	Books,..... 50 00
"	D. D. G. Sire Case,.....	Charters,..... 90 00
"	8. Oglethorpe Lodge, Georgia,.....	Dues,..... 48 10
"	Franklin, do.....	do..... 73 84
"	Live Oak, do.....	do..... 29 47
"	Ashley Encampment, South Carolina,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
"	Druid's Lodge, Georgia,.....	do..... 30 00
"	14. Marley Encampment, District of Columbia,.....	Dues,..... 28 07
"	Cape Fear Lodge, North Carolina,.....	Dues,..... 46 82
"	Campbell Encampment, do.....	do..... 23 12
"	18. Palmetto Encampment, South Carolina,.....	Dues,..... 68 04
"	Eataw Encampment,.....	do..... 37 62
June 2.	Grand Lodge of Alabama,.....	Quota for 1843.. 20 00
Sept. 6	For 2 copies of Covenant,.....	do..... 5 00
"	11. Grand Lodge Indiana,.....	Quota,..... 20 00
"	11. Iowa Lodge,.....	Dues,..... 4 00
"	13. For 2 copies of Covenant,.....	do..... 5 00
"	15. Eataw Encampment,.....	Final Dues,.... 1 60
"	" Palmetto Encampment,.....	do..... 4 50
"	" Magnolia Encampment,.....	Charter,..... 30 00
"	" Florida Lodge,.....	Dues,..... 12 27
"	" Grand Encampment, South Carolina,.....	Charter,..... 30 00

\$2746 54

The receipts into the Treasury it will be perceived have greatly decreased owing to the augmentation of Grand Lodges and Encampments, and in view of the certain continued decrease of revenue arising from the same source, it is respectfully suggested that other financial measures must now be devised to enable the Grand Lodge to meet its ordinary current expenses.

The great increase in the Order within the last few years has necessarily brought along with it many arduous duties and responsibilities to the Grand Lodge of the United States; the various efforts made by that body to elevate and preserve the character of the Institution, rendered imperative by reason of the great extent of her jurisdiction and the consequent additional labour incident to these efforts, have involved her in debt. It will be among the most important offices of the Representatives at their present session to devise ways and means for extricating her from present embarrassment, and by prudent and careful legislation to provide against its recurrence. The present constitution of the

Grand Lodge of the United States was adopted when the extent of her jurisdiction scarcely reached one half of its present limit, and at a time when the business concerns with which she is now charged were comparatively very inconsiderable. The provision made in that instrument for the Representative tax was then it is believed quite sufficient in addition to the per centage and Charter fees from Subordinates to meet her ordinary expenses. Wherever the Order has been since introduced, Grand Lodges have been established, leaving but one or two sources of direct revenue from her Subordinates, and all of which before the session of 1844, it is more than probable will be diverted to other sources. It will be necessary therefore either to increase the Representative tax, to enlarge the basis of Representation and adjust it upon such principles as will ensure additional revenue to the Grand Lodge of the United States, or to digest and mature such other fiscal measures as the wisdom of the Representatives may suggest to meet the predicament in which the Treasury of the Grand Lodge of the United States is now placed. This subject is earnestly recommended to your consideration and the undersigned ventures very respectfully to hope that it may not be adjourned to the close of the session, when in the haste of business it may not receive that serious attention to which its great importance entitles it.

Having adverted to the several subjects of duty required to be performed by the Corresponding Secretary in the recess the undersigned takes leave respectfully to detail such correspondence as has been had during the past year which is worthy of your consideration.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

By direction of the M. W. Grand Sire, an official communication was addressed to the Manchester Unity early after the adjournment of the last session, accompanying which several copies of the Journal were transmitted containing the legislation of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States upon the subject of her relations with that body. The communication from this office briefly, but respectfully referred to the report of the Committee on Foreign relations and your action thereon. No official acknowledgment of the letter of the undersigned has been since received—herewith however is presented a copy of the Minutes of the Board of Directors at Manchester and abstracts from the Journal of Proceedings of the A. M. C. which assembled at Bradford on Whitsunday last. It will appear from the former Document that our official communication had been received by the Board of Directors, and was referred to the consideration of the A. M. C. which body so far as we are informed have as yet not retraced the steps heretofore so unadvisably taken upon the subject of the universality of Odd-Fellowship. Further information will be presented to you from private sources which will no doubt determine the final and absolute divorcement of the two bodies, in the two hemispheres and upon the Representatives of the present session will devolve the important responsibility of devising the scheme and means of scattering the blessings of Odd-Fellowship as understood and practised in the United States, throughout the world. If our Brothers abroad are content to remain stationary while the world around them is in progress in all that concerns the elevation of human

character, if they will sleep in composure, content to circumscribe the benefits of an Institution to their own soil which is destined under proper auspices to fill the earth, let us press onward to the attainment of a far higher moral and intellectual victory. There is a rich heritage before us—it is not to be attained by the spear or sword, it is a moral conquest, it is a mission of humanity, the extension of relief, succor, education and moral culture upon principles of association congenial to the most refined sensibility throughout the earth; a material universe alone should be the limit of our labours and all the energies at our command should be strung to this noble enterprise.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Herewith the undersigned presents a detailed report of the condition of the Order at large as developed from the correspondence of the past year.

Maine.—The Representatives will learn with much pleasure that two Lodges have been regularly organized in this State, the one located at Portland, the other at Saco.

New Hampshire.—Granite Lodge No. 1, has been instituted in New Hampshire very recently under promise of great success.

Massachusetts.—The Grand Lodge of this State has been actively and successfully engaged during the recess in spreading throughout her jurisdiction the benign principles of Odd-Fellowship. The report to the present session exhibits a very large increase in the number of Lodges and a great augmentation of her constituency at large. The Patriarchal branch of the Order has been under the most favorable auspices instituted in the State, and five Encampments are now engaged in active work, as the fruit of the labours of our Brethren in that section during the past year. To Grand Secretary Guild the Corresponding Secretary is under many obligations for regular and interesting correspondence.

Connecticut.—The Order in this State has had a season of great prosperity since your last session—considering the comparative infancy of the Order within its borders, its rapid progress and elevation of character commends it to the admiration of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The Grand Lodge of Connecticut was instituted but a few years ago and already numbers a constituency which gives it rank under the constitution with the first State Grand Lodges. Two Representatives are chosen from the Grand Lodge and one from the Grand Encampment which has been organized during the past year.

New York.—For particular and detailed information from this jurisdiction the Annual Message of the Grand Sire may be referred to.—Among the many cheering evidences of the continued and unexampled prosperity of our beloved Order in this great State, perhaps the most gratifying is that of the return to the true fold of all the erring Lodges in the State. The state of the Order in New York is indeed a just subject of pride to every Odd-Fellow in the country, and regarding the untiring zeal and indomitable energy of the Grand Officers of the State, it may without any doubt be predicted that from this period forth Odd-Fellowship will rear its standard in every county, district and village of that extensive jurisdiction.

New Jersey.—The Order has in both branches been blessed with the highest degree of success within the limits of the State. The administration of the past year has been one of great zeal and the gratifying result which have attended the labours of our Brethren in that jurisdiction are worthy of all commendation. New Jersey appears at this session by three Representatives.

Pennsylvania.—The correspondence with this State during the year has been limited. Information has however reached us that all is prosperous within her borders, a new impetus we learn has been given to the spread of Odd-Fellowship, and many new Lodges have been instituted in parts of the State, where heretofore local prejudices had been successful in preventing their establishment.

Delaware.—The undersigned has the pleasure of reporting very favorably of the condition of our beloved Order within this jurisdiction—a few years ago fears were entertained of the stability of Odd-Fellowship in Delaware. The untiring devotion of the Brotherhood in Wilmington has dissipated all such apprehensions, and the progress of improvement which our Institution has made within the last two years in that State demonstrates beyond all controversy that perseverance and industry may and will overcome all obstacles to the triumph of a good cause. The Brotherhood in Delaware have erected a spacious Hall in the City of Wilmington, which during the past year has been solemnly dedicated to the sacred purpose of Odd-Fellowship; to the liberality and enterprising spirit of P. G. Sire Z. Glazier is the constituency of that State indebted for much aid in accomplishing this object.

Maryland.—This being the seat of government of the Grand Lodge of the United States no direct correspondence is held with the authorities of this State. The undersigned cannot however withhold the expression of high commendation due to the Grand Lodge of Maryland. The Senior Lodge in the Order, as such she has during a period of twenty years been gradually advancing in character and usefulness, and perhaps no other instance can be found of a similar Institution whose administration has been more wisely or prudentially conducted—composed of some twenty-four Subordinates, numbering not more than 2400 members, she has by the aid of eight Lodges located in the City of Baltimore erected a magnificent Temple which has been this day solemnly and under the most imposing and heart cheering auspices consecrated to Benevolence and Charity. When it is recollected that the cost of this structure which falls but little short of \$40,000 has been liquidated exclusively with the surplus funds belonging to eight of her Subordinates, the committee on Education and Jerusalem Encampment of the City of Baltimore, it will strike every one with admiration at the prudent and prosperous management which has characterized these Institutions. If in addition to such a view of the affairs of Odd-Fellowship in Maryland it be also considered that every demand upon these Lodges and this Encampment which has been made by the sick, and every appeal of merit which has been made by the afflicted or distressed has ever been cheerfully and promptly met, and that the large investment made in the erection of the spacious edifice which now adorns the Emporium City of the State, is the surplus treasury of these bodies, how much greater must be the wonder at the extraordinary results

which are exhibited. The small contribution levied upon the constituency carefully husbanded during a series of years has not only been ample to relieve the sick, bury the dead, sooth the bereaved, clothe and educate the orphan, but still more to perpetuate the enduring principles of Odd-Fellowship by the erection of a monument, destined to reflect its exalted character in all future time. The world may reproach this distinguished body for what may be designated a prodigal outlay of treasure amid the almost universal cry of want which pervades the land; but to no such rebuke is the G. Lodge of Maryland, or her favored Subordinates obnoxious—not one dollar of this vast fund has either been squandered or lost; the treasuries of the noble spirited and enterprising bodies which furnished the means have not been lessened to the extent of one mill, nor has their ability to relieve their sick or distressed Brethren been impaired one jot or tittle. The investment made is a secure and certain annual six per cent product, and uninfluenced by the fluctuations of time or markets. The undersigned congratulates the Representatives upon the spacious and commodious Hall provided by the Grand Lodge of Maryland for her annual session, and speaks he is sure the undivided voice of the Grand Lodge of the United States in uttering the sentiment, well done “Alma Mater” of Odd-Fellowship.

District of Columbia.—I have great pleasure in reiterating the report of last year in relation to Odd-Fellowship in this jurisdiction.—The highest degree of prosperity has accompanied the labours of a devoted Brotherhood in the District of Columbia, peace and harmony prevails uninterruptedly throughout its borders, and the ever prevailing spirit of energy which has heretofore characterised the Grand Lodge continues unimpaired. The report of Columbia and Marley Encampments have been returned.

Virginia.—The Grand Encampment of this State very shortly after the close of the last session was duly organized by the instrumentality of D. D. G. Sire Bain, to whom the Grand Lodge of the United States is under many obligations for frequent similar services. The Annual Report of the Grand Encampment has been made, exhibiting a gratifying picture of its prosperous career. The Grand Lodge of Virginia continues in its former most prosperous condition. During the past year a school for the education of children has been instituted in this State and is progressing under the most cheering auspices. The final reports of Jerusalem, Wildey, Salem, Neilson, and Damascus Encampments have been received and their accounts closed. A protest from Widows’ Friend Encampment of this State against the formation of the Grand Encampment of the State is herewith presented.

North Carolina.—The cause of Odd-Fellowship has no where been committed into the hands of more zealous and devoted Brethren than in this jurisdiction. The increase of Lodges and constituents has been most gratifying during the past year, and already the education of the orphan, that beautiful handmaid of Odd-Fellowship has found an abiding place in North Carolina. The Brethren at Wilmington in this State have erected a spacious school house designed for the education of children of both sexes, and have appropriated \$1000 per annum to procure the services of a teacher of superior fitness for so important a

trust. The Order throughout the State, is every where prosperous, and among her constituents the Grand Lodge already enrolls the choicest citizens of this commonwealth. The report of Campbell Encampment at Wilmington has been duly received.

South Carolina.—Of the progress of Odd-Fellowship in South Carolina and concerning its eminent position in public opinion too much can scarcely be said. On this fertile spot our march is still onward. Every where within the jurisdiction of this gallant State do her Lodges and constituents command respect and honor. To D. D. Grand Sire Case the undersigned is greatly indebted for much interesting information and essential service during the past year, the detailed report of that officer made to the present session, of his doings commends him to the regard of the Representatives as an invaluable labourer in the cause of the Order. The final reports of Palmetto, Eutaw and Ashley Encampments have been made and their accounts duly closed.

Georgia.—Odd-Fellowship has had a career of great prosperity in Georgia since your last session. Five subordinate Lodges and one Encampment are already in successful work in this jurisdiction, and herewith is presented an application for the admission of these Lodges into the confederacy of State Grand Lodges. This petition was received during the recess, is in strict conformity to law, but being accompanied by a remonstrance from one of the Lodges against the locality selected as the seat of government for the proposed State Grand Lodge, it has been deemed prudent to submit the subject to the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States itself. An application is also in hand praying a warrant to Institute Encampment No. 2, at the City of Macon in this State; a protest against the same was also received, both of which are herewith submitted. All the Lodges in this State have made regular reports.

Alabama.—I have the pleasure to report that the Grand Lodge of this State appears at this session in the person of an immediate Representation. The report exhibits the most pleasing evidence of the continued prosperity of our beloved Order within her limits.

Mississippi.—Wilkey Encampment No. 1, of this State has made its Annual Report, and information has been received at this office of the election of a Representative by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi.—The undersigned has again to express his sincere regret that but little correspondence is had with this jurisdiction, the election of a Grand Representative notwithstanding evinces the fact that Odd-Fellowship is in a healthful condition in this State. A resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi in relation to our foreign relations is by her request herewith presented.

Louisiana.—It is with sincere pleasure that I announce to the Grand Lodge of the United States the improving state of the Order in Louisiana. The Report of the Grand Lodge and Wilkey Encampment of this State present the gratifying information that through the zeal and energy of P. G. M. Mondelli and a few other active Brethren Odd-Fellowship will again be restored to its former elevated rank and character in this jurisdiction.

Florida.—The quarterly Reports of Florida Lodge No. 1, located at Jacksonville, and of Kennedy Lodge No. 2, at Black Creek, East Flo-

rida, have been regularly made to this office through that indefatigable officer, D. D. Grand Sire Albert Case, who has taken a peculiar interest in promoting the welfare of these Lodges. Our Order is making good progress in that jurisdiction, and the Lodges are much to be commended for the regularity of their reports.

Arkansas.—Far West Lodge No. 1, located at Little Rock, is the only Lodge in this State. Its reports up to March, 1843, have been duly made, but owing to the depreciation of the currency of the State, no dues have been remitted. The Order remains in statu quo in this State.

Missouri.—The undersigned again acknowledges his indebtedness to P. G. M. Stewart, the distinguished Representative elect from this State, for his continued interesting and valuable correspondence with this department. The Report of Wildey Encampment, located at St. Louis, Missouri, has been received. The Annual Report of the State exhibits a growing increase in the Order, and the existence of the best feeling among the brethren.

Illinois.—The Report of Lebanon Encampment No. 2, of Illinois, has been received, from which it appears that that body has commenced her career under the most favorable circumstances. The Grand Lodge of the State has held no correspondence with this office during the past year, and the Annual Report not being yet received, the undersigned is not qualified to give any account of the progress of the Order in this State. It is presumed that the D. D. Grand Sire of this District, whose attention was especially directed to this State by the M. W. Grand Sire, will report fully during the session, upon the state of Odd-Fellowship in Illinois.

Indiana.—Very interesting information as to the condition and healthy progress of our Order in this State, I am happy to report has been received from G. M. Hinds. A Grand Representative has been chosen, who has arrived at the seat of Government, bringing with him the official Reports of the State Grand Lodge and of Wildey Encampment of that State. These documents exhibit an improved state of affairs in this jurisdiction in their particular departments, but the undersigned has to report with much regret, that from information received from the D. D. Grand Sire of that District that the Encampment at New Albany, which has failed to report for some time, still continues in a languishing condition.

Ohio.—In no part of our jurisdiction is Odd-Fellowship committed to more faithful, earnest, and active brethren than in this great State. The correspondence with the proper authorities of Ohio has been regular, full and interesting during the year. To P. G. M. Charles Thomas especially, is justly due much credit for his unremitting attention to the official favors claimed at his hands by the undersigned. The Annual Report of the Grand Lodge shows a steady increase in the constituency and an augmentation of six new Lodges. The Patriarchal department of the Order is also in a state of great prosperity in Ohio.

Kentucky.—From this State but little information has reached us officially—informally we learn of the election of a Grand Representative, and that the Order is in the highest degree prosperous.

Tennessee.—In this State the Grand Lodge has continued to advance the welfare of the Order steadily and healthfully. The Report presents a gratifying view of the state of Odd-Fellowship. The Patriarchal branch of the Order has been established in this jurisdiction during the year by the organization of two Encampments, the one located at Nashville, the other at Columbia. The undersigned has to regret the continuance of differences of opinion between the Grand Lodge of the State and the Encampments. It is important for the interests of the Order that the matter of difference should be formally considered and settled, to this end the undersigned submits the correspondence on both sides of the question.

Wisconsin Territory.—Reports have been received from Iowa and Milwaukee Lodges of this Territory, both of which ask a remission of dues.

Republic of Texas.—Advices were received at this office in October last that the Grand Lodge of this Republic had found it necessary to suspend her operations owing to the distracted state of the country arising from its difficulties with the Mexican Government, since when no further information has been officially received. The undersigned has however, the pleasure to say that from private sources he has learnt that the Grand Lodge has resumed her functions and is now in active operation.

Canada.—The Order having but recently been introduced into this Province, no correspondence has as yet been had with the authorities of the Lodge organized at Montreal.

The Journal of the last Session was printed and distributed early after its adjournment, and it is believed was regularly received in all quarters of the jurisdiction. The undersigned has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Ohio and Kentucky, also the constitution and by-laws of Ridgely Encampment No. 1, Nashville, Tenn., Campbell Encampment No. 1, Wilmington, N. Carolina, all of which accompany this communication.

Pursuant to a resolution passed at September Session, 1841, the undersigned appointed several agents in different sections of the United States for the sale of the Diploma, whose names and respective places of residence were reported in his last Annual Report. He regrets to report that he has yet failed to obtain reports from these officers upon the subject of their trust—exception however must be made of the agents in Kentucky and Maryland. The Brother appointed from Pennsylvania, to whom was entrusted ninety-two of these documents, under testimonial of the highest respectability of his integrity and probity, has informed the undersigned of the amount of sales which he had made, with a statement that the amount received had been lost by means of a robbery which was committed upon him—a commission was ordered by the M. W. Grand Sire to inquire into the truthfulness of the allegation, which was forwarded from this office to P. G. J. N. Clarke, of Pittsburgh, whose report thereon is herewith submitted. The expectations of the Grand Lodge in relation to the products of the Diploma have signally failed, and it is important that

some legislation be had to close all the present agencies and to suggest some more efficient means of disseminating that document.

Dispensations according to law, under the direction of the Grand Sire, have been issued from this office upon proper and constitutional applications for the same.

FOR GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

To the State of Connecticut, at New Haven.

To the State of New Jersey, at New Ark.

To the State of South Carolina, at Charleston.

FOR SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

To the State of South Carolina, Eutaw No. 2, Columbia.

“ Ashley No. 3, Charleston.

To the State of Massachusetts, Massasoit No. 1, Boston.

“ Trimount No. 2, Boston.

“ Monotomy No. 3, West Cambridge.

“ Monomake No. 4, Lowell.

“ Bunker Hill No. 5, Charlestown.

New Jersey, Mount Sinai No. 5, Jersey City.

North Carolina, Campbell No. 1, Wilmington.

North Carolina, Bain No. 2, Murfreesboro’.

Tennessee, Ridgely No. 1, Nashville.

“ Washington No. 2, Columbia.

Georgia, Magnolia, No. 1, Savannah.

FOR WORKING LODGES.

To Wisconsin Territory, Milwawkie No. 2, Milwawkie.

To the State of Georgia, Franklin No. 2, Macon.

“ Live Oak No. 3, Savannah.

“ Druids No. 4, Milledgeville.

“ Macon No. 5, Macon.

To East Florida, Kennedy, No. 2, Black Creek.

Rhode Island, Eagle No. 3, Providence.

“ Friendly Union No. 1, do. (revived.)

To Canada, Prince of Wales No. 1, Montreal.

Maine, Maine No. 1, Portland.

“ Saco No. 2, Saco.

New Hampshire, Granite No. 1, Nashua.

Charters have also been issued as directed at your last Session, to the several bodies to which they were respectively granted. The various applications and official reports of the Deputies acting in the premises, are herewith submitted, and it will be the duty of the Representatives upon confirmation of the temporary grants, to authorize charters to be issued in lieu of the dispensations under which the Lodges and Encampments created in the recess are now working. It is very respectfully suggested that such a form of a Warrant to authorize the constitution and working of a Lodge or Encampment when ratified by the Grand Lodge of the United States, might be adopted as to supercede the necessity of issuing charters—all the

powers and privileges necessary to these departments may as easily be delegated by the one instrument as by superadding a charter, and thus the expense of blank charters, the frequent delay incident to the safe transportation of charters to distant places, and the necessity of obtaining the signatures of all of the Grand Officers which it is sometimes inconvenient to obtain, might be wholly avoided.

In concluding this Report, the Corresponding Secretary has great pleasure in congratulating the Representatives upon the unparalleled prosperity which has crowned the labors of a devoted Brotherhood during the year which has just past. Peace, Harmony and Love pervade the Order. Twenty-four of the States of this glorious Union, the Republic of Texas, and the Province of Canada, now acknowledge your jurisdiction. It has been the oft repeated opinion of the undersigned that the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows was destined to cover the earth, proclaiming peace and good will to man, upholding Virtue, and restraining the march of Vice. If the Grand Lodge of the United States at its present session, will give the further impulse, no human power can stay the sublime triumph which awaits the effort.

Respectfully submitted,

JAS. L. RIDGELY,

G. C. & R. Sec'ry.

Office Cor. & Rec. M. W. G. L. Md. I. O. O. F.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 18, 1843.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers have heretofore been informed that among the many interesting subjects which would be submitted to the Grand Lodge of the United States for its consideration and definite action, that of the continuance or discontinuance of the "Official Magazine" was one of paramount importance, as well in view of the divided opinion among the State Grand Lodges as to the expediency and propriety of the connexion of that body with the work, as from the apprehension that its maintenance would tend to embarrass her finances and thus to impair her usefulness as the great head and front of Odd-Fellowship in America. The question has been met, discussed and after argument it has been settled that the work shall be continued as the "Official Organ" of the Grand Lodge of the United States. We subjoin the report of the respected Committee to whom the subject was referred, from which it will be perceived that an essential change has been made in the management and direction of the Magazine for the ensuing year. How far the expectations of the Committee or the hopes of the Representatives who voted with them on the subject will be realized by the new plan which has been struck out, it is certainly at this time difficult to determine. Of one thing we are certain that from a constituency numbering over thirty thousand members, four thousand subscribers can be obtained, if the work is properly conducted and efficient exertions are made by those to whose agency its circulation is confided. The present scheme, is like the former one under the management of a general Agent, a mere experiment, and if it also should fail, it will be the duty of the Grand Lodge to sever the connexion which now subsists between her and the Covenant. For our own part, we have in consenting to occupy the position which has been assigned to us, assumed a great responsibility—of this we are perfectly aware, and did we stand alone unaided in the enterprise we confess we should at once have promptly declined the proffer made to us by the Committee. We were perfectly willing to meet the Committee in the spirit of their report, that the conductor of the work should look to his own efficiency and industry as the sources of his hopes of individual reward and emolument, and that the Grand Lodge should be relieved from all charge for Editorial services unless the yield from the Magazine would afford it, yet we had some fears that Brethren could be found, whose services were indispensably necessary to carry out this project, who would be capable

and willing to come to our aid. We have great pleasure in informing the friends and patrons of the Covenant that these fears have been removed: arrangements have been made to give the work a fair trial for its self-maintenance, and to give to the present scheme for its support all those advantages the absence of which in the former system it was supposed, produced its embarrassment—a distinguished P. G. Master resident in the South has cheerfully consented to co-operate with the Editor in the conduct of the literary and editorial management of the Magazine, and the Senior Past Grand Sire in the Order has with equal promptness responded favorably to the invitation addressed to him to renew his connexion with the "Covenant" in the capacity of its Travelling Agent. Our Associate Editor, P. G. M. Albert Case of South Carolina, brings talent, taste, energy to our aid, and our distinguished Brother Wildey in addition to his value as an experienced officer in the Order, has engaged to visit in person every Lodge and Encampment in the United States to solicit their patronage to a work, the continuance of which he conceives to be of great value to that Institution to which he has devoted many years of his life. Under these auspices we again present the "Official Magazine" of the Grand Lodge of the United States to our Brethren, promising on our part to leave no effort unemployed to make its pages interesting and instructive, and trusting to a devoted fraternity for a liberal patronage.

Rep. Hurlbut of S. Carolina, from the Committee on the Official Magazine made the following Report, with accompanying Resolutions:

To the Officers and Members of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F.

The Committee on the Official Magazine, to whom was referred so much of the Grand Sire's and Grand Secretary's Report as relates thereto, have considered the same and beg leave to report—

That from the loose and inaccurate manner in which the accounts of the Magazine have been kept, they have experienced great difficulty in coming to any conclusion upon the subject of its financial condition. No regular account current of receipts and expenditures has been furnished your Committee, and they are informed that none has been kept. The General Agent produces a Subscription Book in which appear credits to such subscribers as have paid. The Printer produces his account current of receipts from various sources, and his charges.

This Bill may seem more properly to belong to the Finance Committee, but has been handed in to this Committee to aid them in forming a judgment. And now your Committee can only give an approximation to the truth.

The balance against the Covenant at the last session
was - - - - - \$925 12

Which, with the interest, appears below as due T.

Wildey, agent.

For this year 1843, the debts are—

Appropriation to Editor for 1842	- - - -	\$1000
Deduct paid at last session	- - - -	100—900
Appropriation to Editor for 1843	- - - -	1000

Due former Agent, Wildey	- - - - -	\$1046 03
Due Printer, R. Neilson's bill	- - - - -	1434 60
Special loan under resolution 1842, p. 96	- - - - -	1000 00
		<hr/>
		\$5380 63
*Deduct cash paid to printer	- - - - -	\$400
*To J. L. Ridgely	- - - - -	400
* " I D. Williamson	- - - - -	200
Drawn from Treasury	- - - - -	200
Received by the Secretary from the Agent	- - - - -	32-1232 00

The first 3 items in this statement marked * show the application of the \$1000 loan. \$4148 63

Thus the above statement shows that the whole amount of claims against the official Magazine at this date without deductions is \$4148 63.

Now, to meet this amount, which must be met or this Grand Lodge be dishonored, what are the resources in the Covenant itself?

From the Report of T. Wildey, General Agent, it appears that there was outstanding and due on the 21st September, 1842, the sum of \$4586 75
 From the Report of W. Curtis, present Agent, the sum of 2456 00

Making in all \$7042 75

Let us allow for perfect security one half of the debts of 1842 and one third of the debts of 1843 be considered bad, and there results a fund to be relied on of \$3930 59

Thus it appears that the debts exceed the means to be relied on by 229 60

If, as it seems to your Committee, that the charges of the Printer be reduced to a proper standard, there will be no deficit at all. His contract is for \$204 per No. for 3000 copies—but he charges in his bill at the rate of \$225, which makes an addition of \$21 per number, making for the year the sum of \$252.

In justice to the Printer, your Committee must say, that this matter of extra charge was referred to a Special Committee at the last session, which committee has never reported.

The question of the continuance or discontinuance of the Official Magazine, is one of grave importance to the Order and requiring serious deliberation.

The arguments on either side are strong. For the continuance is the analogy of all bodies of a similar nature—the advantage of an authentic periodical to which all members of the Order may refer as decisive exposition of our principles, practice, and the decisions of our highest tribunal. It will tend to confirm uniformity, to repress sectional and party feelings, and will be very unlikely to provoke prejudice and ill-will by hasty and ill-tempered discussion.

On the other side it is argued, that an enterprise of this kind conducted by a corporation can never compete with private spirit and the desire of private pecuniary gain.

It is true that individual interest will ever be more keenly alive to the prosecution of its own advantage—that the services of an agent are never

so fully rendered to a large body as when under the eye of a single proprietor.

Had the Covenant been private property, your Committee are satisfied that it would have been valuable. To effect this end, your Committee would desire to see a system provided which would include the advantages both of the public authority and private activity.

Your Committee are deliberately of opinion, upon serious and careful deliberation, that this can be done. They therefore propose that the Editor of the Official Magazine be appointed General Agent, with full power to collect the sums due in any manner that may seem good to him, with direct and immediate responsibility upon him for all moneys received by him and disbursements made—and that he shall be allowed 25 per cent. on all outstanding debts, and 20 per cent. on all new subscriptions, which shall include all expenses of sub-Agents. That he be directed to exercise accurate scrutiny over the expenses of publication, and see that they be strictly kept within the contract.

And your Committee are of opinion, that even with its present list of subscribers (over 1,100) the work can be sustained, and as soon as the system proposed goes into operation, that it will be a source of revenue.

They therefore submit the following resolutions.

S. A. HURLBUT,
WM. W. MOORE,
A. D. WILSON.

Resolved, That it is for the interest of the Order, that the Official Magazine be sustained.

Resolved, That the Editor of the Official Magazine be constituted General Agent of the same—that he shall make out and keep a full list of all subscribers, and accurate accounts of the expenses and receipts of the work—that he shall receive 25 per cent. on all outstanding debts collected by him, and 20 per cent. on all new subscriptions, which shall include all expense of collection—and shall be authorized to use his discretion in the mode of collection, being directly responsible to this Grand Lodge for the faithful application of such funds as come into his hands. And that the said Editor shall have control of the printing in conformity with the contract already entered into.

The question being upon the passage of the resolution, the yeas and nays were required and appeared as follows.

Yeas—Guild 2 votes, Brown, Wilson, Treadwell, McDonnell, Marley, Sanderson, Neilson, Segar, Campbell, Hurlbut, Seymour, Kezer, Marshall, Shaffner, Stewart, Coleman, Sherlock 2 votes, Wildey, Kennedy—22.

Nays—Vn. Sickell, Harris, Stokes 2 votes, Skinner, Webb—6.

The Great Procession on the 18th of September at Baltimore.

To gratify the wish expressed by many subscribers to present together the whole ceremony and proceedings which took place in Baltimore on the interesting occasion, we defer until our next a description of the greatest procession of our Order which has ever taken place since its

original organization. The November number will contain the programme of procession (abridged) designating the resident and visiting Lodges and Encampments, the Orations, Prayers, Odes, Anthems, Ceremony and Record of Dedication with its attestation and a detailed description of the events of the day. The perfectly original, beautiful, chaste, rich Oration of G. M. Chapin upon the Supremacy of Principle, and the masterly Dedicatory Address of Rep. Hurlbut are gems of rare value.

✂ We are requested by Rep. A. Heyer Brown of New York, to say that "upon unpacking his trunk after his return home from the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, he found two suits of Encampment regalia," which by some mistake found their way therein, and believing them to be the property of some of the Representatives, it will afford him great pleasure to forward them to the rightful owners at any point which they may designate by addressing him at Albany, State of New York.

TO THE AGENTS OF THE COVENANT.

The undersigned having been appointed Agent of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States for the "Official Magazine," he respectfully and earnestly requests that all Sub-agents will promptly close with him their accounts for the years 1842 and 1843 at an early moment—and he trusts that all delinquent subscribers will forthwith pay over the respective amounts due by them. After the close of the year a list will be published of all subscriptions which remain unpaid, and the work will be discontinued to such subscribers.

JAS. L. RIDGELY.

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, }
Charleston, 12th September, 1843. }

Dear Sir and Brother:—At a regular annual communication, held on Wednesday last, the 6th inst., the following Officers were installed, for the ensuing year.

P. D. TORRE,	-	-	-	-	M. W. G. Master.
J. E. CAREW,	-	-	-	-	R. W. Dep'y G. Master.
E. B. WHITE,	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. Warden.
J. A. GYLES,	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. Sec'y.
J. E. WALKER,	-	-	-	-	R. W. G. Treasurer.

At the same time the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

"During the year just brought to a close, the interests of our Order have been advanced, in increase of its usefulness, the accession of citizens of high respectability, and the addition of Lodges in different parts of our State, now actively engaged in extending the principles of benevolence and charity. Nor has this period been to us alone, a season of prosperity, our sister State of Georgia, and the Territory of Florida have added numbers to the Order, and sustained its reputation. This success has been owing principally to the influence of the principles, which constitute our motto. Yet it has derived no small assistance, from the efforts of him whose term of office, as G. M. has just expired. Ten Lodges of different descriptions have been added to our Order, some of them promising to rival the most favored of our country. Most of these have been opened by P. G. M. Case in person. The rest owe their existence in a great measure to his efforts, and the large sum of \$1000 has been paid by him to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, the result of his efforts in the cause of the Order. Having thus discharged the duties imposed upon him by us, with such fidelity and benefit to the Order, it is meet that we should for the future encouragement of our officers, express our satisfaction and gratitude. Therefore

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Grand Lodge be presented to P. G. M. Case, for the zeal he has displayed during his term of office, for the good of the Order, the energy and perseverance, with which he has discharged the duties of his office, and the dignity and impartiality he has exhibited as the presiding officer of this body.

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to procure a suitable medal, to be presented to P. G. M. Case, by the M. W. G. M. in the presence of this Grand Lodge as a token of our regard for his services.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to P. G. M. Case, and be forwarded to the Covenant for publication."

Yours in F. L. and T.

JOHN A. GYLES, *R. W. Grand Secretary.*

To Bro. RIDGELY,

R. W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

‘ I. O. O. F. ’

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

No. 11.

GRAND PROCESSION OF ODD-FELLOWS.

DEDICATION OF THEIR MAGNIFICENT HALL.

Our city, on Monday, (September 18th,) presented throughout a greater part of the day, a scene of animated and brilliant display, composed of the various lodges of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the city, our State and portions of the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia and the District of Columbia, assembled on the occasion of the dedication and consecration of the magnificent Hall of the Order just completed on North Gay street. At an early hour they began to assemble under their respective Marshals, on the line of North Gay street, and by 10 o'clock the column was completed and commenced the march, in the order and according to the arrangement annexed. The procession, composed as it was of the members of an exclusive society, distinguished for the beneficent purposes of its organization, and directing its energies to the amelioration of every kind of human suffering within its defined sphere of action, was well calculated to elicit an eminent degree of moral respect; while the significant and peculiar character of its various emblems, its rich regalia and glittering insignia, its gay banners and the joyous strains of the music, of course attracted universal attention, and drew out our citizens, their wives and families to the streets, thronging the pavements upon the line of march with countless crowds of men, women and children arrayed in holiday clothes, and with their faces dressed with the gladness and the joy, the scene was so well adapted to inspire. We presume that the occasion, and those associated therewith, were regarded with the same sentiments, by all observers. The quiet and unpretending manner in which the Order of Odd-Fellows has pursued the even tenor of its labor of love, has been in every way calculated to beget, on the part of those who do not even participate in the benefits thereof, an eminent degree of respect and genuine esteem.—Combining within its extended and rapidly extending sphere, men of all political and religious sects and denominations, it is impossible

for it to interfere with, or in any way influence either; hence it engages the good will and respect of all, while eliciting the jealousy of none. This was uniformly manifested yesterday, and throughout the whole day, moving as we were promiscuously amongst the multitudes of spectators, there was not a single word at any time reached our ear in the slightest degree disrespectful of the Order. The order of march and the day's proceedings were as follows, though it is proper to observe that there were subordinate Lodges from various parts of the State, which are occasionally included under one name and banner, and occupied a place in the line. The van of the column was led by

Centre Lodge, No. 40, with their name in gilded letters on a plain, but handsomely trimmed banner. This Lodge is from Ellicott's Mills. Marshal, Mr. Spotswood Childers.

Adam Lodge, No. 35, without any banner. Chief marshal, P. Goodman, assisted by W. P. Anderson and Frederick A. Rigney.

Morning Star Lodge, from Havre-de-Grace, accompanied by members of the Mount Vernon Lodge, and the Mount Pisgah Lodge, of Port Deposit. Banner representing the emblems of the Order, with the motto in gold letters, "Aid the widow and educate the orphans." John Donahoo, chief marshal.

Union Lodge No. 16, of Fell's Point, accompanied by a fine band of music. Banner representing the olive branch, hand and heart, and other emblems, with the motto, "In union there is strength." Chief marshal, J. W. Hall, assisted by Samuel Hapenny.

Jefferson Lodge, No. 9, instituted in 1831, with banner representing two well executed female figures, upholding a portrait of Jefferson, with the Declaration of Independence in his hands, above which was the shining sun, and the all-seeing eye. John Brashears, chief marshal.

Marion Lodge, No. 8, with a handsome 'scarlet banner, representing two female figures, surrounded by the emblems of the Order, and the motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth." Chief marshal, Alexander Owens.

Harmony Lodge, No. 6, instituted Oct. 16, 1833, with a handsome banner, with two female figures supporting a representation of the lion and the lamb, with the emblem "Love and Charity." Chief marshal, Elijah Jarvis, assisted by Col. J. Stewart.

Gratitude Lodge, No. 5, accompanied by a fine band of music, with banner representing the cornucopia, burning heart, and other emblems. J. N. S. T. Wright, chief marshal, assisted by James Young.

William Tell Lodge, No. 4, with banner representing an archer, drawing his bow, with the motto "Pro patria ac patria sola." John Fossett, chief marshal, assisted by Dederich Pralle.

Columbia Lodge, No. 3, with banner representing on one side Moses in the burning bush, and the other, Moses receiving the ten commandments. Michael Gross, chief marshal, assisted by James Duvall. Here the line was again diversified by an excellent band of music.

Franklin Lodge, No. 2, accompanied by a fine band, with a likeness of Benjamin Franklin on the banner, surrounded by the various emblems of the Order. George Brown, chief marshal, assisted by Capt. Hoss and John C. Bokee.

Washington Lodge, No. 1, instituted April 26th, 1819, with a handsome gilded banner, in the centre of which was a portrait of Washington,

with various emblems of the Order on the reverse. Marshal, Mr. John Wonderly.

With the *Washington*, closed the city portion of the Order, included in the subordinate Lodges; they were succeeded by *Central Lodge, No. 1, of Washington, D. C.*, being the mother of all the Lodges in the District, and leading off with the original banner under which they have risen to their present numbers; this banner bore the date of their institution, being in the year 1827; Mr. L. A. Gobright was the marshal, and the Lodges under his direction comprised the *Potomac, Columbia, Washington, Harmony, Friendship, Union, Covenant and Eastern*.

Lafayette Lodge, of Virginia, with a banner, on which was painted a bust of Lafayette, various emblems of the Order, and the motto, "Charity never faileth."

Powhattan Lodge, of Virginia, with a banner with the motto, "Faith, Hope and Charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity." Mr. Wm. H. Pearson, marshal.

Appomattox Lodge, of Petersburg, Va., No. 15, with a banner representing a female with her arms around three small children, under which was the motto "Charity never faileth."

Mount Zion Lodge, No. 74, with a large banner, inscribed with the name of the Lodge, and its location, York, Pa. Marshal, Mr. Geo. S. Morris.

Susquehanna Lodge, No. 80, of Columbia, Pa., with a banner signifying their name and location, embellished with emblems of the Order. Marshal, Mr. Geo. Wolf.

Adam Lodge, No. 61, of Philadelphia, Pa., with a banner indicating the date of their institution, April 8th, 1839; and on the other side a representation of our common ancestor, surrounded with the beasts of the field, in Paradise.—Marshal, Mr. L. Long; assistant marshal, Charles L. Pascal. The Lodge was preceded by an admirable band of music, which accompanied the members from Philadelphia.

This portion of the line closed the whole of the subordinate Lodges, and was succeeded by the Encampments, led by the

Salem Encampment, of Baltimore, No. 2, with a banner stating the date of its institution, 1831. Marshal, Mr. N. T. Dushane.

Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1, with a banner representing the Cornucopia, and bearing the name and date of its institution. Marshal, Dr. W. J. Williams.

Neilson Encampment of Patriarchs, from Richmond, Va., with banner indicating name and date of its origin, and representing on the reverse a camp and altar fire. Marshal, Mr. George J. Roche.

Marley Encampment, No. 2, of Alexandria, D. C., with banner bearing name and date of institution, April 22d, 1840. Marshal, Mr. Horatio N. Steele.

Columbia Encampment of Washington, D. C., with banner indicating name and date, 1835. Marshal, Mr. John F. Clements.

Grand Encampment of Patriarchs of Maryland, with a magnificent banner, bearing on one side the name of the Encampment, and on the reverse representing the offering up of Isaac by Abraham, painted by Shepherd. Marshal, Mr. L. Burgess.

The members of the Encampments marched in the following order, dress and regalia:

The Sentinel with Drawn Sword.

The Banner with Supporters.

The members two abreast, in black, with black apron and gloves, and purple collar.

Supporter, with staff. {	Junior Warden, with crook.	} Supporter, with staff.
Supporter, with staff. {	Senior Warden, with crook.	} Guide, with staff.
First Watch, with staff. {	Treasurer, with cross keys.	} Second Watch, with staff.
Third Watch, with staff. {	Scribe, with cross pens	} Fourth Watch, with staff.
Guard of the Tent, with crook. {	High Priest, with crozier. }	Guard of the Tent, with crook.
Son of Nimrod, with spear. {	Chief Patriarch, with Gavel. }	Son of Nimrod, with spear.

A band of music succeeded the Encampments, which was followed by

The Grand Lodge of Maryland, with a splendid banner painted by Volkmar, bearing the name of the Lodge and the date of its institution, 1819, on one side; and on the other a blending of the insignia and emblems of the Order, with the motto "*Amicitia, Amor et Veritas.*" Marshal, Mr. Seth Pollard. The various emblems in charge of this Lodge, are designated as follows, and were borne in the order annexed.

The Grand Guardian.

The Banner with Two Supporters.

Past Grand's, Two Abreast.

The Fasces borne by Two Abreast.

The Seven Rams' Horns.

The Hour Glass.

The Ark of the Covenant.

The Three Links by Two Abreast.

The Arrows by Two Abreast.

The Serpent by Two Abreast.

The Golden Pot of Manna by Two Abreast.

Aaron's Budding Rod by Two Abreast.

Cornucopia by Two Abreast.

The Bible and Triangle.

The Two Globes.

Past Grand Masters, Two Abreast.

The Grand Warden with Supporters.

The Grand Treasurer with Supporters.

The Grand Secretary with Constitution, Supporters.

The Deputy Grand Master with Supporters.

The Grand Master with Supporters.

The Outside Grand Guardian with Drawn Sword.

Next came three Heralds on horseback, in whom we recognized W. H. Watson, Archer Ropes, and James M. Anderson, Esqrs.

They were followed by a large car on wheels, constructed for the occasion, drawn by four grey horses each led by a groom, in Turkish costume, the car containing about 75 orphan children, all neatly dressed, and under education at the expense of the Order. This interesting object, was of course to many, by far the most pleasing picture of the whole line; and indeed it was well calculated to call out the deeper emotions of the heart, and bring down blessings upon an institution whose fostering care is so admirably bestowed. This car was nearly 25 feet in length, and constructed in such manner that a succession of seats of about 10 feet in length, such being about the width of the car, rose gradually from the front to an elevation in the rear, of about 8 feet from the ground, presenting a moving gallery of the living portraiture of orphan youth. The whole exterior of the car was covered with blue and pink muslin, hanging round the sides in festoons, supported by rosettes. The space beneath the seats was very properly occupied by every eatable and drinkable suited to the fatigue of the long ride and the oppressive heat of the day, with which the wants of the interesting company above were liberally supplied. On the front of the car was a gilt eagle, having in his beak a scroll with the motto "For my Country," and on the muslin beneath, in large gilt letters the word "Orphans." On the roll of the car behind, was also inscribed in large gilt letters, the words "Protect the Orphan." The horses attached to the car were gaily caparisoned, and furnished for the occasion by Mr. Vance.

After the car marched about 60 more children, the larger of the boys under education as orphans, by the Odd-Fellows; there being 150 at present educated from this source.

The whole of the pupils were under the immediate personal care of the Joint Standing Committee of Education.

The procession was closed by twelve barouches, each containing four persons; in the two first were the Orators of the Day, Chaplains, and Master of Ceremonies. The others were occupied by members of

The Grand Lodge of the United States, from all parts of the Union, with its officers, and the Past Grand Sires of the Order.

Chairman of the Committee of Proceedings, *P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey.*

Master of Ceremonies, *James L. Ridgely, Esq.*

Chief Marshal, *Henry S. Sanderson, Esq.*

Deputy Marshals—William Bayley, John F. Hoss, Horatio T. Bodden, John H. T. Jerome, John B. Emery, Edward Robinson, Elisha Jarvis, Esqrs.

With this arrangement the immense procession took up the march, proceeding according to prior arrangement, through the city to the place appointed for the first part of the ceremonies, being in the agreeable shade of an enclosed grove, kindly presented for the use of the Order on the occasion. Here a large gallery with a rostrum had been erected, which

was filled by members of the Grand Encampment, a band of musicians, under Capt. Roundtree, and a choir of vocal performers with their leader Noah Collins. A spacious area in front of the stand was fitted up with seats, which were occupied in front by great numbers of the ladies present on the ground, and in the rear by members of the Order, and other individuals. As soon as order could be established, the Master of Ceremonies directed the choir to proceed with the introductory Anthem, which was sung with admirable effect by the choir, accompanied by the band, and was as follows :

- "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. The Lord is good to all. His tender mercies are over all his works. Amen."

The following beautiful Ode was then sung by the choir, in admirable style and with exquisite effect, the execution doing infinite credit to all engaged therein. Indeed the performances of the choir and band in this department of the duties of the day, commanded universal approbation.

O D E .

BY C. D. STUART.

Nor at the Tyrant's 'heast
Our feet the ranks have prest
On gory field ;
The voice of sacred right
Hath bid us arm with might,
And rush into the fight
Her sword to wield.

No trump, or cannon's peal
Invites us forth to reel
In seas of blood ;
But friendship's deeper claim,
And love, whose holy flame
Is sweeter far than fame,
To deeds of good,

Inspires our yearning soul,
And bids us to the goal
Where sits distress,
With want, and we, and grief,
Who vainly beg relief
From Priests, and Levite's deaf,
Who turn, nor bless !

For them O God, we come,
And they whose lips are dumb
With sorrow's spell ;
To bind the broken heart
With mercy's healing art,
And act a brother's part
These ranks we swell.

Our kindred who are chained,
The stricken and the pained,
 The lov'd and dear;
For them we rise to-day,
Nor turn the other way,
But give our hands and pray
 And wipe the tear.

The starving orphan child,
The widow weeping wild
 In hovel low;
Their cry has reached our ear,
We come to quell their fear,
Their aching hearts to cheer,
 And soothe their woe!

O Father make us strong
To break the Tyrant's throng,
 Through Love, and Thee;
To turn the Despot's will,
Bid sorrow's waves be still,
And conquer every ill
 Till all are free.

The following appropriate and impressive address to the throne of grace, succeeded :

PRAYER.

BY REV. BRO. E. YEATES REESE.

MOST MERCIFUL GOD, OUR HEAVENLY FATHER! we uncover ourselves before Thee, in sincere and reverent acknowledgment of Thy universal Sovereignty. THOU art GOD OVER ALL, and blessed forevermore. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy Glory. We bless and adore Thy excellent name, OH LORD, that although we are worms of the dust, creatures of a moment, and sinners against Thy most Holy Law, yet as the workmanship of Thy Creative power, and the subjects of Thy Preserving and Redeeming grace, we are invited to approach Thee in the attitude of worshippers through the merit of thy Son, the Saviour of the World.—Grant unto us, Oh, Lord, on this occasion, a due sense of our exalted privileges; and so replenish us with the dews of Thy heavenly grace that we may be kept free from sin, and walk soberly, righteously and godly in thy fear.

ALMIGHTY GOD, AND FATHER OF ALL MEN, we do thank Thee for the privilege of thus assembling ourselves before Thee, and invoking Thine aid in the great work in which, as an association of brothers, we are engaged. We know that our best concerted schemes shall fail in the accomplishment of any permanent good, unless they be directed by wisdom

higher than our own, and executed by an arm stronger than the arm of flesh. We do therefore most humbly beseech Thee, to let thy blessing rest upon the Institution whose claims we this day celebrate in Thy presence. Hallow THOU its principles with the smile of Thy Love. Preserve them from abuse; from the perversion of wicked and designing men; and cause them, to be greatly instrumental in alleviating the sorrows of humanity; in lifting up the bowed down; in carrying consolation to the abodes of virtuous wretchedness, and in causing the widow's heart to sing for joy.

OH LORD, OUR HELP, AND OUR REDEEMER, THOU art the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, THOU art thyself ESSENTIAL LOVE, and what we know of TRUTH is but the twilight of THY smile:—grant then, unto us, we implore thee, the spirit of FRIENDSHIP, of LOVE, and of TRUTH, that in the dissemination of these high and heaven-born principles, we may promote the glory of our common Father and Lord, and the well-being and happiness of our race. In FRIENDSHIP, may we be friends of all men—friends of one another,—and especially friends, lovers, servants of the LIVING GOD! May our hearts, as well as our walls and our banners, be inscribed, with FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY! May we abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good:—and by an upright walk and a chaste conversation, secure thy favor in Time and in Eternity; hush forever the voice of malignant opposition, and go on rejoicing to the performance of the high and responsible duties to which as men, as good citizens and especially as brethren of a common Order we are called. And as children of Thee, the Father of all men, as good and true citizens of these United States, we would send up to Thee, the incense of pure and devout supplication, for thy blessing upon the world; and especially upon our beloved nation. Remember Thou with great favour the President of our happy land, and all who are in authority; incline their hearts to wisdom; teach them to walk in thy ways with holy fear, and cause them ever to remember, that while the greatest blessing which a nation can possess is goodness and wisdom in its rulers, its heaviest calamity must be corruption and wickedness, in high places:—that, righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people.

Finally, Oh Lord, we commit ourselves, to thy Fatherly protection.—Keep us this day from danger and calamity. Let thy banner over us, be Love! Sanction thou our labour, and establish thou the work of our hands; yea the work of our hands, establish thou it. Grant unto us present peace and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

At the close of the above the Master of Ceremonies arose, and addressing the immense assemblage, stated that in consequence of the advanced hour of the day, the "Introductory Address" would be omitted. He then introduced the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Massachusetts, one of the orators of the day, who proceeded to deliver the following oration, marked by great beauty of style, and elevated tone and purpose, and forcible and elegant language.

THE SUPREMACY OF PRINCIPLE.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.*

THERE is nothing durable but PRINCIPLE. Nothing has permanent sway in the enlightened judgments and the unbiased affections of men, but virtue—something which is for God and for humanity. Forms and Institutions change and pass away; but the *Truth* which they were meant to propagate, lives and acts—for it is eternal. The Institution, the Form, belongs to the *body*, and, like it, is gross, local, perishable; the Principle pertains to the *soul*, and is spiritual, unlimited, everlasting.

Men are apt to resist conscience, and are fearfully driven by passion. Too frequently they pluck "the specious evil, and shun the latent good," marring even the outward form that God has so curiously moulded, and still more deeply the divinity within them, by the violence of sin. Yet the worst man recognizes and reverences *goodness*, and, in his better moments, or in the long run, always decides for it. All men commend the *principle*—the right, the good, the true principle. The most abandoned sensualist, shameless and profane, who plays his stake of lust, or avarice, or ambition, on the very table of the Ten Commandments, approves it, even while he laughs at, or violates it. There never was a good deed performed, that the deep heart of humanity would not say "Amen" to it—"It is right!" Displayed even in the fictitious colors of a novel, the thrill that acknowledges triumphant virtue is a genuine emotion—a genuine tribute to abstract goodness. The glow, or the tear, is not all *affected*, though distilled from the alembic of jaded sentimentality, or kindled in the heart of selfish worldliness. It demonstrates to us, that somewhere in that nature there is an approval of virtue. There never was a good man who did not excite respect in the most degraded witness—in his bitterest foe. All this may be transient, hidden, covered up with smiles and sneers. But, I repeat, Principle alone is permanently regarded—only Virtue is always revered and esteemed. Its radiance penetrates the most opaque ignorance; and Satan himself, high as he may hold his thunder-scarred crest, bows in spirit before it.

I know that it takes a long time for men to divest themselves of their prejudices, and that Truth must slowly burn away the mists that beset its early rising. Ages roll on ere justice is done. Time alone supplies the touchstone. The children have to build the tombs of the Prophets that their fathers slew. In the midst of their daily life men are encompassed with deceit. They are prone to admire the mere show of things. They are attracted by dazzling externals. They are fettered by pernicious laws of etiquette. They act as they do not feel. They prize what they cannot approve. They decide as they do not think: because they are pressed by immediate circumstances, and act from the appetite, the policy, or the exigency of the moment. But when the human heart pronounces its judgment, truly and freely—when it speaks con-

*An Oration delivered at the Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall, City of Baltimore, Sept. 18, 1843.

cerning the Past, the Absent, and the Dead—when pride, and ignorance, and fear, are lifted from the reason, and the enlightened conscience utters its oracle; *then*, men always decide concerning the *Principle*: not whether the deed was done, or the word spoken, in this or that form; but whether it was essentially the right thing, the good thing, the true thing.

I am well aware that the immediate rewards of Truth and Goodness, have too frequently been the hatred of the wicked and the contempt of the scorners—the ignominy of the scaffold, or a bed of faggots, with the hiss of malice rising above the crackling fire. But by and by, when humanity has progressed to a higher vision, and an age is yearning for better things, the neglected bones are canonized. Freedom catches new inducements, and Religion stronger arguments, from the rank grass of the patriot's grave, and the bright blood-spot of the martyr. What a noble name in English history has his become to us, who, but a few generations since, died upon Tower-Hill, stained with the reproach of treason! We may not approve of every individual element in his character. But we cannot forget that calm fortitude, and that resolute self-sacrifice. We cannot forget that he died for liberty—that he was a martyr for principle. The words of his dying prayer echo now in our hearts. "Grant that I may die glorifying Thee for all thy mercies; and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of Thy Truth, and even by the confession of my opposers, for that OLD CAUSE in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which Thou hast so often and wonderfully declared Thyself." These are the words of conscious virtue, and their tones can never die. Even his own age repealed, when he was dead and gone, the blighting attainder. But other ages shall estimate the place of his sacrifice as more regal than a throne. Time and the human heart reverse all false decisions, and determine for the true. The memory of Jeffries shall blacken in scorn; the generations of the free shall cherish the name of ALGERNON SIDNEY close with that good 'Old Cause,' which breathed upon by his dying prayer, and sprinkled with his blood, he commended to the world.

I would most earnestly impress upon you, then, the *supremacy of Principle*—the momentous fact that any deed, or institution, is valuable, and will secure perpetuity and esteem, only as it is based upon Truth and Goodness. It is only in the childhood of the individual, or the race, that men attach essential value to mere forms, or appearances. To the boy, the king must wear a crown, and be clad in jewelry and ermine—to the unreflecting, he must be consecrated by hereditary descent, and rule by constituted power. But the informed and liberal mind says,—"*not so—these are our truly royal men,*" and points to Howard in the lazar house, and Cincinnatus at his plough. "What is the deed worth to man?" "What good has it accomplished?" are the questions which search the acts of the Past, and investigate the claims of venerable institutions. No matter how much it has dazzled the world—no matter by what means it has been upheld. If it was done wickedly—if it enshrines falsehood; it will one day be stripped of all its brilliant accompaniments, and the voice, and the heart of humanity will condemn it. When the age of Reformation comes, and the torch of reason is brandished about, illuminating dark crannies, and consuming dry abominations with its quick fire—wo then

to all falsehoods with which it comes in contact—wo to all shams—wo to all fabrics, whether of individual glory or public concern, that have been founded on the ignorance of men, or cemented with their blood and their tears! But *Virtue* abides the scrutiny. She appears more beautiful in the investigation; and from the smouldering ashes and the dust of old systems, she rises with a celestial birth-song, and, in a new phasis, vindicates her immortality.

If we consider the standard literature, the old and cherished books of a people, we shall find in them, some philanthropic element, some spirit of Goodness and Truth, which constitutes their conservative and popular efficacy. It is not merely a defect of style, or lack of wit, that consigns the productions of intellect to oblivion. What has become of scores of the poets of Elizabeth's reign, who charmed their contemporaries with their pleasant fancies, and wove their "Garlands of dainty devices?" They are only known to the curious antiquary. But he who drew from the deep springs of thought, and held intimate communion with nature—who made the great soul of man his instrument, and touched each chord of joy and tears with mighty mastery—who gave a tongue to every passion and a voice to deep emotion—who painted each well-known lineament of feeling, and made affection eloquent, and consecrated sorrow, and summoned all the beautiful of reality and of fancy to adorn the motly procession of human life—he—Shakespeare, is known, and read, and repeated, wherever civilization, and art, and genius, have their sway. And why? Because he sympathized with man. He spoke from the heart to the heart. He elevated virtue, and stripped the regalia from vice, and pleaded for the good and the true in maxims which are household words, and uttered on children's lips. The books of one age may be rejected in the next, because they are superficial, or full of vapid sentimentalism. But they are superficial, or vapidly sentimental, because they convey no principle, and utter no strong, true feeling. Neither shall licentiousness survive, nor profanity, nor the cold abstractions that have no bearing upon human welfare. They may live for their day, they may be cherished by a partial few; but genius, with all its power, cannot preserve them from popular oblivion. But the old songs and ballads of a people, that breathe something of a noble freedom, a simple worth and manly honesty, that the shepherds have chanted among the hills, and the workman at his task, and old crones have sung over cradle-beds, these shall be cherished, like familiar hearth-fires, amid the lights and shadows of men's homes. A grand objection has been justly made to the poetry of Byron. It is not the licentiousness that defiles his verse, nor even the blasphemy that makes us shudder. But it is his scepticism as to the reality of all Truth and Goodness. When he has arrayed *Virtue* in all the glory of his transcendent imagination, and delineated the beautiful affections of the human heart with all his master-power; he turns him around and laughs at all as false and hollow—as hypocritical forms and painted harlotry. And this is his poison, and his rebuke. Do not understand me as joining in the fashionable outcry against Lord Byron. In many respects in which he is condemned, probably he is not worse than others whose works are highly prized. There is in his verse a full vindication of his claims to the fame of a poet. But those claims rest upon passages that have the nerve of principle, that kindle with the fires of a lofty and gen-

erous freedom, and are filled with sublime impressions of Nature. But those efforts that make affection a cheat, and virtue a masque, and quench all pure and holy aspirations of the soul in the slime of sensuality, cannot live in the popular heart, and if they go down to future generations, will be transmitted because they are bound together with thoughts of genuine manliness, and energetic truth. How different this mockery from that delineation of the great Master of Fiction, which threw sun-light upon the dark heart of Mid-Lothian, and revealed to us, beneath the simple garb of a Scottish peasant girl, a virtue unbiassed and incorruptible, that shrunk not from peril, that yielded not to affection, and shone as beautiful in the glitter of a court, as it did in its unsullied lustre amid the heather of its native home. We must feel assured that there is such a thing as *Principle*—that Virtue is absolute and everlasting. Else, nature itself reels beneath our feet, and all things become chaotic. Let the darkness envelope us, let the storm descend—so that the foundations of the universe are unmovable. As the thunder rolls down the sky, it may shake the very ground on which we stand. But the red glare of the lightning shall reveal to us the tall mountain peaks—the pillars of the earth—lifting their foreheads through the tempest and up to heaven, venerable and serene, as they did in the summer sun-shine, yesterday. Truth and Goodness are eternal, and he alone who writes for truth and goodness, shall have the eye and the heart of the people, through the ages.

And that Holy Book, that our infant minds are taught to read and that is clasped like a shield to the bosoms of the dying! Had it no Divine Sanctions, were it not impressed with super-human authority, it still would be cherished. No violence could rend it from its sanctuary, no sophistry could cheat us of its influence. It is so full of humanity—it is so pregnant with Truth—it is so intimate with our souls, in all their countless moods. By him who *feels*—who loves Principle and Virtue; even though he may disbelieve—the popularity of this Book will not be ascribed to blind prejudice, or to thoughtless custom. The truths of Job are as undeniable as “the bands of Orion.” The emotions of the human heart can find no sweeter, or sublimer expression than the Poetry of David. Roman orator and Grecian poet, cannot chain the attention, or stir the soul, like him whom “the common people heard gladly.” Their themes are not so great—so full of mighty interest. The shivering oracles of Dodona are still, and the Sybil’s leaves are shut forever; but the weary and sad, the bowed and the fearful, come spontaneously to drink the stream of Life that trickles down the Rock of Ages. Abana and Pharpar are not so fresh and sweet as that.

As with Literature, so is it with the *deeds of individuals*, or of *communities*, when we look back upon them in the light of history. It is Principle—the reputation of Truth and Goodness—that imparts renown to ordinary names, and makes of some common thing a cherished relic. It is because of this that the mention of certain men salutes the ear like a peal of music. How eloquent is yon voiceless shaft, if you only pronounce the name of Washington! Consecrated places of the earth, shrines of human pilgrimage, are significant because they are associated with some memory of true greatness. The wide field, the surf-beaten rock, the quaint fabric, the humble cottage, the simple grave—these become landmarks to the world, and glow in the mellow light of story, and are in-

stinct with inspiration. We may pass them by as unnoticeable matters, but let us know the fact that here a martyr fell, that there testimony was borne for a mighty truth, that upon that spot a nation achieved its freedom, that yonder a good man was born, that beneath us some moral hero sleeps, and the object is quickly transformed to our eyes, and clothed with the grandeur of memorable recollection. *Principle!*—this gives to objects a different value, where the outward aspect may be the same. This constitutes the difference between the strand of Hastings and the rock of Plymouth—between the fields of Agincourt and Lexington. We look back, through the ages, to an armed group, watching by night in one of the rugged defiles of Greece. It is the evening preceding a memorable battle, and the star-light glimmers on a scanty cluster of spears, that stand there unmoving through the silent hours. Their foe awaits them, an ocean-host, that can overwhelm them with billows of steel. Dark treachery has woven its toils in their midst. An oracle has prophesied their certain death. Allies upon whom they relied have precipitately left them. Yet they are set to keep watch and ward for freedom—nor can any peril drive them back. They will die upon their shields. We know the issue. And it is not to the bloody extermination of that morrow—it is not to the crimson fight, it is not because of that sacrifice of men, “rather crushed by numbers than slain by swords”—it is not to these, the desolation and the wo, that we render the homage of our admiration. But it is to the brave and uncompromising Principle. In this light that spirit, rude and stern as it was, which would not shrink from duty, rises to moral sublimity. Long above the graves of that devoted band, stood this memorial—“Go stranger, and tell the Spartans, that we obeyed the law—and lie here.” That memorial has crumbled into dust. Yet the principle to which it bore its testimony, has made Thermopylae a universal watch-word, and given to the undistinguished bones of those three hundred men, a name that cannot die.

Recently, I looked upon a production of one of our native artists—“The Embarkation of the Pilgrims.” And as I gazed upon the beautiful delineation of the painter, my heart was thrilled with a presence loftier even than his triumphant art, but which that had re-created, and brought before me. Upon those faces that stood out from the canvass, in the softened light of devotion were mingled unbending courage and high resolve. There sat the feeble and devout matron, there knelt the old and pious minister, there reclined the demure child, there was uplifted the brow of beauty, there bent the iron man of war. But they were not as any other group. The presence of a mighty Principle was with them—and every pictured form was eloquent. My spirit could have swept with them far over the broad sea, and caught their Psalms thundering above the howling storm, and heard their prayers “amid the groaning pines,” and the tread of their feet on the crackling ice, and the rustle of their garments in the winter blast, and could have seen their work amid the sifting snow, and felt how mighty is the truth that makes all circumstances royal—whose feeblest missionaries are stronger than enrolled armies—whose uttered word thrills the world’s deep heart like a trumpet—whose exile-graves become the foundations of unconquerable empires.

Nor would I forget your own cause for proud recollection. I would remember that here, by the waters of the rolling Chesapeake, there came

with your first colonists, into the primitive forests of your land, a noble spirit of christian freedom. Protestant as I am, I honor the principle that was manifested by a Catholic, a principle caught not from the peculiarities of any sect, but fresh from the lips of Christ. Here, the old bigotry of Europe was rebuked by the flourishing triumphs of peace and love—here, for the force of bloody proscription was substituted the mild charter of religious equality—and here, by practical demonstration, the world saw that the best security for the cherished faith of each is the recognition of the rights of conscience in all. And high as you may prize your growing city, sitting so queen-like above the waves—far as the white sails of your commerce may reach—successful as your industry may be, dauntless and generous as is your enterprise, you can have no nobler cause for pride, than that here was first practiced the great principle of Christian tolerance. And while I admire the names of Carver and Bradford, and Winslow and Standish—side by side with them, as also ennobled by principle—I place the liberal and tolerant CALVERT.

But we have quoted examples more than enough. It needs no illustration to convince you of the fact that principle—that truth and goodness—are alone esteemed; but the retrospection may serve to impress the fact upon you. I know that men often admire deeds that are blended with much evil, and characters that are even stained with crime. In the glory of some dazzling success—in the splendor of some intellectual achievement—we may forget the smoking ruin, and the gory slaughter, and the violated affections that follow the one, or the moral poison that lurks beneath the other. In the antique grandeur of some institution—in its association with venerable memories, we may overlook its noxious errors, and its abuse of power. And some may think that I should qualify my statement, by saying that there is the emotion of mere taste—that which we devote to the *beautiful*, abstracted from all other considerations. But I see no solid reason for such a qualification. I have been speaking of those things which are permanently cherished in the affections, and approved by the consciences of men. I alluded to the mistakes and the sycophancies of the hour, and then went on to speak of those themes that stand for universal and perpetual admiration. And these, I say, only do thus stand, because they have in them an element of truth and goodness—because they are based on principle. Nor is the admiration which men give to the victor in his triumphant career—or to genius in its mid-day splendor—or to the institution overgrown with the excrescences of error—nor is this admiration indiscriminate. The mind selects the object of its admiration. There is something even there, that abstracted from surrounding circumstances, is good and true, and this and this alone is respected—else it would not be respected. The *evil* in it is not approved, if it becomes wholly evil and useless, it will be cherished no longer, it will perish from the hearts of the race. As to the abstract beautiful which men admire and cherish for ages in works of art, if it is a mere object of taste, of course it comes not within the scope of those *deeds* and *institutions*, that have relation to the *affections* and are under the jurisdiction of *conscience*. But there is nothing truly beautiful that is not good. Poetry, although it may draw its aliment from debasing and sensual objects, cannot rise into its legitimate atmosphere, and exert its proper influence, until it etherealizes its subject, and extracts some good from its evil. The

sculptor may carve some group of wickedness; but if his work aspires to a triumph, it always elevates us by its tremendous moral. No people ever cherished in their romances the memory of a wicked man—no poet ever found delight in celebrating vice and crime, but in portraying manly virtues and noble deeds. The numbers that the bards struck from their ringing chords, numbers that spoke of martial deeds and war, did not stir the Norseman's soul by their association with slaughter and violence, but by their suggestions of generous *heroism* and devoted *patriotism*. Nothing, then, can be permanently esteemed—or truly cherished—that is not based on principle, on right, and good, and true principle. And even if my theory be false—even if the good is not permanently admired by men, even if virtue is often rejected unto the end—even if evil preserves its usurped dominion; this at least is true, that nothing is of real *worth* but principle—nothing is truly admired by good men, or approved of God, but *that*. The bad man carries with him the bitterness of his deeds, under all the shows of outward honor—the nation, the institution, that stands upon falsehood, or is but a mere form, encloses the seeds of dissolution, and with all its glittering trophies of pride and wealth and power, with all its boasted claims, must decline, and fall, and pass away.

I have dwelt long upon this general topic—too long it may be; yet in the conclusion which I shall now proceed to draw from it, it will, I trust, be found appropriate to the present occasion. In saying what I have said this day, my brethren of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, I have endeavored to speak *to* you, rather than *for* you. There is a time when every cause needs earnest defence, frequent exposition, and labored argument. I do not say that that time has gone by with our fraternity. Indeed, in many sections of our country, I know that it has *not* gone by; but that the bitterest prejudice exists in regard to it, and the curiosity which it excites is often as malignant as it is active. Yet these defensive efforts have been so frequently and so ably made, and are so accessible to the popular eye, that I have thought best to select another phase of the subject. In the history of every cause, it is likewise the case, that it arrives at a certain point when its danger is greater from internal errors, than from outward attacks; and the dominion which has been acquired by victorious conquest, needs to be administered by prudence, wisdom, and a liberal insight into its true ends and interests. I think that time has arrived, or is about arriving with us. And upon this point I would speak a word of caution, and bring the important truth that I have this day advocated, to bear. That truth—is the *supremacy of principle*—the infinite value of the *spirit* of a cause above all its modes of organization, or its forms of action. And what is the great truth upon which we have based our institution? The truth of man's fraternity—and hence the obligation to fair-dealing, to watchful sympathy, and to the broadest benevolence. And this is the principle upon which we shall stand. We cannot fall, so long as we chiefly cling to that, and act upon it. Let the days of adversity lower around us—let the waves of popular prejudice beat against our walls—let the hand of reckless treachery tear aside the veils of our sanctuary—and let the world see what it is that we enshrine, and watch over. I shall not be ashamed of it, if we only keep it bright and pure. It is the flame of *universal philanthropy*. Yes, all things should be made subservient to the welfare and the efficacy of our *sentiment*. We

may bring the decorations of taste, the beauty of art, the solemnity of mystery, the awe of secrecy, and entwine them as the embossed work—or mould them as the gorgeous setting of our principles; but they are not the *principles themselves*. These principles are not external things, they are not forms, they are not mysteries; they are simply—*Friendship, Love and Truth*. I declare to you, that if this institution acted upon no deeper foundation than secrecy—if it consisted only of certain tokens, of peculiar ceremonies, and of progressive degrees—however apt and beautiful these might be—I would abandon it, as hollow uselessness, or shallow nonsense. For, without a central truth, without a practical application, it would have no significance, and no cause for being. With this fact before us, suffer me briefly to suggest two or three things as a fitting echo to the last stroke of labor which this day completes yon beautiful edifice.

In the first place, let each of my brethren realise, what it is to be a true Odd-Fellow. It is not merely to enter the Order, to pass through the degrees, to be prompt at Lodge meetings, to understand its work, or to become efficient in its legislative or pecuniary interests. These are well enough, and to those who would be useful in certain capacities, indispensable. Nor, again, is he of necessity a true Odd-Fellow who is loud in his praises of the institution, who is zealous in its defence, and who makes it the constant theme of his conversation. Indeed, I conceive that one may run to excess in this matter, and breed disgust, by the pertinacity with which he bends every subject to this single idea. There are other matters to be seen to beside those of Odd-Fellowship, and he is not true to the principles of which he boasts, who does not diligently attend to those other matters. There are many circumstances under which it is not at all necessary that the world should know that a man is an Odd-Fellow. Let every thing have its place, and let Odd-Fellowship be carried out in the right way. Above all, he is not the true Odd-Fellow who confines his charities and sympathies to members of the Order. This practice would at once declare the institution to be a system of mere selfishness. But the true Odd-Fellow is he who imbibes the spirit that lies below all the forms and ceremonies of his Lodge-room—who detects the important *principle*, and adheres to that. Who goes forth with a fraternal sympathy into the world—and pursues with all, the great rule of doing as he would have all men do to him. Such a man needs no regalia. He will shine in crowds. He requires no pictured symbol of hand and heart. He uses his own. Let him diligently study to know the meaning of the mystic emblems that blaze around him. But let him not stop with a mere achievement of memory. Let all these emblems be interpreted in his one honest, faithful, loving life.

Again:—let us diligently labor for the true welfare of the Order. Odd-Fellowship has grown with unexampled rapidity. It is represented in every quarter of the Union. Members are pressing into it from the right hand and the left. And it must be a glad sight to him who sits here to-day, with the proud title of the Founder of Odd-Fellowship in America—it must be a glad sight for him to look back and mark the difference between the laying of the corner stone, and the noble temple that has risen thereon. Banners inscribed with his name, are floating on the breeze. Wide-spread thousands are asserting those principles “which nobody can deny.” From the consecrated soil of Virginia, from the rock-bound

coast of New-England, from the bosom of the great Empire State, from the waters of the rolling Delaware and the beautiful Ohio, from the palmettos of the South, from the wild-flowers of the Prairies, the jewelled representatives of innumerable Lodges have come here to-day, to lay their hands upon the starting-point of that triple chain, which is every day lengthening, but which binds them all in one. But this very increase involves a great peril, even that of estimating our prosperity from our numerical force, rather than from our genuine accumulation of truth and virtue. We must beware of hasty growth—we must select our members. Let us not crowd indiscriminately into our ranks, all who will join—let us plead with none for their companionship. Let us commend our institution to the wise and good by a practical exhibition of its principles—let us shew by our lives that these principles are so strict and pure, that vice can hope for no indulgence, and will be shamed by the contrast. Depend upon it, this alone will secure our permanent welfare, and that true popularity which even the good may desire. To this end let us not set much value upon the outward pomp of regalia, or the bravery of crowded ranks. Let us not seek to uphold our institution by loud laudations, but by legitimate acts—let us not plead for it so much with declamation, as with the beautiful fruits of practical benevolence. Woman, whose heartfelt approbation is the sure seal of worth, will bless the cause that so closely imitates her spontaneous mercy, and these orphan children, whose very appearance is a great oration, shall plead our claims more eloquently than a gift of tongues. The good and the wise who may oppose our form, will approve our spirit, and in the day of hostility and the event of violent attack, our institution shall find advocates in the reason and the consciences of men, which will decide for the right, the good, and the true.

One more word of caution. Let us not cling to forms, if we have any which the light and the spirit of the age may require to be changed. The only innovation which is to be dreaded by us, is that which overlooks the great principle upon which our Order was founded, and fixes its essential value in certain ceremonials. Let us fear nothing so much as this mistake. The spirit of the Order, its deep, elevated sentiment, let that be watched and guided like the Parsee's flame, immovable and inextinguishable.

MY BRETHREN OF MARYLAND:—I have now about completed in my own way the task with the performance of which you have honored me. I repeat I have not spoken so much *for* the Order, as *to* its members. The seed, humble as it is, I have scattered in good faith, and with a loving purpose, into hearts that will bear it to many portions of our land. I wished to say what I have said, and I could not take a better occasion to do so. Brethren, I congratulate you—I participate in your joy at the completion of your truly beautiful work. It is an ornament to your city, so worthy of such an ornament. It will afford a beautiful shrine for *principles*, excellent enough for any shrine. I am glad that of all the orders of architecture, you have selected the venerable, the glorious Gothic. It is a rich memento of the past, the crowded past, so eloquent with its memories. Every part of it is pregnant with thrilling associations. Its pillars remind us of old worshippers who bowed in simple faith among the forest oaks. Its niches are hallowed with ideal forms of martyrs. Its draperies hang like consecrated banners that have led true men to deeds of noble daring. It is a wise act

thus to select the beautiful forms of the past to enshrine the living spirit of the present. Let us ever thus unite and preserve all that is good in the changing ages. Let its outward shape commend to us that old stability and sturdy worth that lived even in ruder times. And as the morning-sunbeams stream through the gorgeous coloring of its windows, and meet and mingle within in softened hues, so let the active energies and the fervid excitements of life there blend in gentle influences of peace and love. And as you often gaze upon yon structure, remember this—that temple, beautiful and solid as it is, must moulder beneath the influence of slow decay. There is a cycle of years that shall run longer than the oldest pyramids. The hills themselves must perish. The granite ribs of earth shall crumble. All things material must pass away. But goodness, truth, love, these are imperishable, and shall outlast the morning-stars.

My Brethren, let it be our chief work to cherish the spirit of truth and love. This alone shall be triumphant and lasting. This alone is true power. The banded legions of carnal might shall break and fail—the steel-girt hosts of violence shall be swept away, and their bones lie scattered like drifted snow. But truth and love shall never die. They may be drowned awhile in the babbling discord of sin and falsehood, but they alone are the oracles of eternity, and shall be heard at the last. The spirit of truth and love! This is the spirit of our Order. Let it have full sway in our hearts. This too is the spirit of the age—the spirit of victory—the spirit of human regeneration. I feel it moving all around me. I hear it in the murmuring of the storm, and the roar of the mighty forest—I hear it in “the clank of armor giving note of preparation”—in the sound of trumpets calling to the march. I hear it in watchwords from prayerful lips on the summit of the mountains—I hear it in thunder-shouts from the long, long host that sweeps below. Thrones shall crumble before it. Shackles shall fall. Humanity shall come up from its degradation and its bondage, in its coronation robes. And when the old ages have past—the iron ages—the ages of the sword, the gibbet, and the chain—the ages of sorrow and sin; a *new age* shall dawn upon the nations, and refresh the hearts of earth’s weary millions. And that shall be an age of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

ODE.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Joy, for our walls are high and strong,
 Our portals wide and fair—
 Lift up the glad, triumphant song
 And pour the grateful pray’r!
 Thanks to that God who is our stay,
 Whose hand hath led us on—
 Still may He guide us on our way,
 Till Mercy’s work be done!

Here may wise hearts, in counsel strong,
Devise the generous plan,
To aid the friendless, right the wrong,
And raise the fallen man!
Then nobly to the work away!
The Harvest-field is wide--
Swift—put the sickle in—the day
Not always may abide!

Want is abroad! on every hand
Behold the virtuous poor!
See yon sad orphans, how they stand
And weep before our door!
That widow round her wailing child
Her own thin garment draws,
While with pale cheek and gesture wild,
She pleads her wretched cause!

From busy streets, from fireless homes,
From cellars damp and low,
Where God's free sunlight never comes,
Goes up a sound of woe!
That cry, from wailing childhood's tongue,
And from the hoary-head,
On every passing breeze is flung—
"In pity, give us bread!"

We hear you, O, ye wretched throng,—
Your cries are not in vain;
We come with purpose pure and strong,
To bid you live again!
So we—when, for ourselves to plead;
To God we bend the knee—
May *We* be aided in our need
As you by us shall be!

All the ceremonies in the Park having been closed, the procession was again formed at about 3 o'clock, and proceeded in the same order through the route prescribed, forming in line on the south side of Baltimore street, the head resting on Gay street. The whole line then counter-marched, the orphans' car, preceded by the barouches containing the members of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the Education Committee, &c., taking the right, in which order the procession reached the Hall.

The open space in front of the Hall had been filled with an anxious multitude, composed of both males and females, waiting to witness the ceremonies, for several hours, and when the procession arrived the street in front, as well as a great distance on either side of the Hall presented one dense mass of human beings. From the embattlements in front of the building were suspended five American Flags, and around the entrance, and over the railing was erected a large stage, with a rostrum in front. The members of the different Encampments were seated on the left of the rostrum, and the choir which had discoursed such sweet music during the

previous part of the ceremonies were seated on the right, whilst on the rostrum was the G. Master, D. G. Master, G. Secretary, Master of Ceremonies, the Orator, and the reverend brethren about to officiate on the occasion, &c., in the centre of whom was seated the P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey, the Father of Odd-Fellowship. Every thing being arranged they proceeded with the

CEREMONY OF DEDICATION.

The Master of Ceremonies now invited the M. W. G. Sire of the United States to perform the ceremony of Dedication.

The G. Sire by three distinct raps with his Gavel commanded the attention of the Brethren, and directed the Master of Ceremonies to proclaim the object of the convocation.

The Master of Ceremonies—Most Worthy Grand Sire, I assure you it affords me the greatest gratification, and I experience the highest pleasure in complying with your wishes. This assembly of Brothers of the I. O. of O. F. is especially convened by the authority of the Most Worthy Grand Master of Maryland, for the purpose of dedicating this Hall to the charitable and humane objects of Odd-Fellowship.

G. Sire replied, Master of Ceremony you will please accept my acknowledgment for having expressed my will and pleasure.

Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. Brother A. Case, D. D. G. Sire of South Carolina, which was eloquent, fervent, and impressive.

The G. Sire—Hear, Hear all men, by authority and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. of the State of Maryland, I dedicate this Hall to the Grand purpose of Odd-Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members; and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly dedicated. Worthy M. C. you will cause this dedication to be proclaimed to the rising, meridian, and setting sun.

M. of C.—Brother Grand Herald in the East you will please proclaim the Dedication.

G. H.—I will, Right Worthy Master of Ceremonies.

Hear, Hear, Hear, all men, by the authority, and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F., of the State of Maryland, I pronounce this Hall dedicated to the Grand purposes of Odd-Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members, and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly Dedicated.

G. H.—Assistant Herald of the South issue the proclamation to the Meridian Sun.

First Assistant Herald.—Hear, all men, by the authority of the M. W. Grand Sire I proclaim this Hall duly dedicated to the purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H.—Assistant Herald of the West, issue the proclamation to the Setting Sun.

Second Assistant Herald.—Hear all men, by the authority of the M. Worthy Grand Sire, I proclaim this Hall duly dedicated to the purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H.—Most Worthy Grand Sire, the proclamation has gone forth to the rising, meridian and setting sun, that wherever light shines the principles of Odd-Fellowship may be made known.

G. Sire—Brother Grand Herald, you have my approbation for having expressed my will and pleasure.

G. Sire—(Holding a vessel of pure water in his hand in the act of pouring it out)—I do proclaim in the name of a Friendship as pure as this water, this Hall solemnly dedicated to the practice of that ennobling virtue, which, uniting men as brothers, teaches them to sustain that relation at all times each to the other. In the name of a Love that delights in listening to a tale of sorrow that it may relieve it—that exults in every opportunity to wipe the tear from the weeping eye, and is ever found armed in the defence and protection of the Widow and Orphan, this Hall solemnly consecrated. In the name of Truth, devoid of guile and hypocrisy, which inculcates sincerity and plain dealing, that communicable attribute of Deity which most exalts the character of man on earth, this Hall solemnly consecrated.

M. of C. then gave the Honors of the Order, which consisted of three solemn claps of the hand, in which all the brethren present participated, making the air ring with the sound—which was kept up by repeated clapping for some moments after.

The Grand Secretary then read the record of the Dedication, which being concluded, the M. of C. then invited the M. W. G. Master and officers of the Grand Lodge solemnly to attest the same.

The following song, written for the occasion, by Wm. D. Baker, Esq., of Philadelphia, was then sung by the choir:—

AIR—Drops of Sorrow.

LISTEN brothers! cries of anguish
On the breeze are floating by;
Mortals, who in sorrow languish,
Raise to Heaven their suppliant cry.

Widow'd mothers, sad and weary,
Labor for their children dear;
This bright world to them is dreary!
Who those lone ones' cries shall hear?

Closer to your bosoms, mothers,
Press the babes that nestle there;
Let us seek the wretched, brothers!
Dear ones, they shall be our care.

Helpless orphans, all forsaken,
Trembling, beg the world for bread;
Or, by winter's storms o'ertaken,
Have not where to lay their head.

They are ours to guard and cherish;
Ours to save from want and woe;

Ours to save when they would perish—
Whom the world would never know

Thus our Order blest, hath spoken—
Ours are Friendship, Truth and Love ;
Ours to bind the heart that's broken,
Ours to point to joys above !

The Grand Master of Ceremonies then introduced to the assemblage, A. S. Hurlbut, P. G. of South Carolina, representative of that State to the Grand Lodge of the United States, who delivered the following

ADDRESS.

THIS day has already been filled with exercises of praise and congratulation ; and we now stand before the doors of this edifice which our brethren have raised for the holy purposes of Odd-Fellowship.

From ages beyond the reach of history, and only dim seen by the imperfect and flickering light of tradition, has it been the custom to distinguish occasions like this by public procession and festival.

The Egyptian, eldest of civilized man, led up the slow and solemn pomp to the doors of Isis—music breathed harmony through the air loaded with perfume and incense—monarch and priest lent the splendor of the crown and of the sacred mysteries to the vast display—while the people in multitudinous array swelled and heaved around like the restless bosom of the ocean.

So too did the Greek, whose mind was full of all high conceptions and lofty ideas, bend all his powers to adorn and deck the festival which proclaimed at once his splendor and his taste.

Imperial Rome throned upon her hills, with eagle eye scanning her subject empires, fed high the popular pride with the strange magnificence of her triumphs.

But to us this day belongs a higher and a nobler duty. No longer does the world gaze upon trophies won by lavish expenditure of blood, no more are our calmer judgments stolen away by the lofty pomp of war, no more do those spirit-stirring strains awaken within us the strong pulses of the soldier "to win the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

A strain of seraphic music floats around our march this day, caught by the human soul from that glad hour, when its Maker pronounced this fair world "good"—when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

That sweet music has sounded o'er all earth at greater or lesser intervals—sometimes stunned into silence in the din and clang of laborious life ; then again swelling into full harmony wherever the impulses of the heart found space and room to act. Highest and clearest of all has it pealed its triumphant notes around associations devoted to Benevolence and Charity, and not least among these upon the institution to which we belong.

It is the voice of universal love, the grand choral hymn of the Universe in which man the first of its inhabitants centres in himself the melody of all.

Peculiarly should we feel the force of these sentiments when we stand as now at the portals of this building this day consecrated to F. L. & T. A great work has been accomplished, a noble object has been attained.—Our brethren of Maryland have written in enduring materials of a noble and shapely form their devotion to the principles of the Order. Before us is the monument of their labors; *not* like the pyramids and temples of the elder world, mere piles of stone to bury a dead tyrant or adore an idol—but destined to receive thousands of those living shrines, on which forever burns the holy flame of Charity. The scattered sparks of that primal fire lie hid in every heart. Our grateful task is to gather into one these brands—to breathe upon them the breath of a strong and determined will—to tend with careful hands the sacred pile, until the gleaming light springs gladly up towards the Heaven from which it came, making bright and happy the care-worn faces and cold hearths of the poor and the desolate.

The Priestesses of Vesta in the times of the Pagan Mythology were bound to keep alive upon the shrine of the Goddess the "Holy fire." It was drawn from the sun and constant watch was kept to preserve it until the next recurring anniversary, and its extinguishment was a portent ominous of evil. Our duties are akin to this. To us too has been committed the guardianship of the holy fire of Charity. We are her priests, bound to her service by the most solemn obligations. Let us stand ever prompt and watchful around this sacred charge. See to it—brethren, that we keep it pure as we received it, and transmit it increased in volume and in power to those who come after us. And should ever so tremendous a prodigy occur as the extinguishment in this Order of Benevolence and Love—then will the rushing of inevitable ruin sound fearfully among our vacant halls, and the downfall of this institution be accomplished. Like the buried cities of Italy the splendid remnants disinterred in after time will betoken at once the greatness of our ancient state and the whirlwind of scorn beneath which we had been buried.

But why should fancy dwell upon an impossible future. There is that in our constitution which defies decay and storm. Not the pyramids themselves whose massive brows bear up the weight of forty centuries, not the highest work of man in his conquest over the material world contains so large a portion of the indestructible. It bears within itself something of the immortal—for it is founded upon *Truth*. The need of sympathy—Friendship that delights to labor for another; Charity encompassed by every guard against deception—argus-eyed to discover fraud, but equally keen of vision to detect uncomplaining misfortune—these are principles that twine among the inmost fibres of the human heart, and from these springs up aloft into the serene air the magnificent fabric of our beloved Order.

And *here* is the point to which converge all the portions of the Order—Central in her situation, devoted to the principles we profess, Baltimore stands the Head Quarters of our institution. It was in this fruitful soil that the good seed was first cast. The venerable men who planted the acorn and tended its growth with assiduous care, now behold its unexampled spread. Its branches overshadow the whole country and beneath their grateful canopy the wayfarer may sink to a calm repose. In all quarters of the Union the spirit of Odd-Fellowship has found its home and its progress is still onward. The cry is still *they come!—they come!*

The few voices that some twenty years since lifted up the hymn of our ceremonies are answered now by the ocean peal of thousands. The atlantic speaks forth, and its voice is answered from beyond the Alleghanies.—The granite hills of Maine clasp hands with the fair plains of the sunny South. Echo is startled among the prairies of Texas by the chorus of the Odd-Fellow, and the Great Lakes see upon their shores his Lodge where short while since was the Wigwam of the savage. Whence this unexampled progress, whence but from the fact that the want of a general organized system was deeply felt and that Odd-Fellowship supplied the deficiency.

I may be pardoned for glancing at the history of the Order in my own State. It is now nearly three years since I first heard of the institution; it was obscure and reached me by accident. What I had heard impressed me favorably and I was also moved by curiosity. I joined—there were about 30 members—meeting in a very hap-hazard style, ill provided with equipage, regalia and funds. Now the State of South Carolina has her Grand Lodge—a Grand Encampment, eight subordinate Lodges with 1100 members and three Encampments. Of whose merits I will not trust myself to speak—but bid you come and see, and pledge you an Odd-Fellow's welcome. Nor is this an uncommon picture; the country is full of changes more magical still.

Let us only then *know* our duty and *do* our duty and no more graceful spectacle can be seen than will be presented by the Order. Equality is the basis of the system. The highest in position is still amenable to the lowest. The head of the Order is at the same time but a brother of his Lodge—and on the common platform of rights distinctly secured, we meet face to face, brother-like and man-like. The unfortunate receive from a common stock to which they have all contributed. Should the hand of death strike down one of our number we commit him to the tomb and in the presence of our dead brother and of Him who is no respecter of persons we are forced to remember that here all distinctions cease. Nor does our zeal stop here, it is a beautiful provision that the children of the departed are furnished by us with the means of intellectual and moral culture. We who would save the body from want—lend our aid to feed the soul, to plume the wings of the spirit that it may soar again heavenward.

And now on this auspicious day we are met to dedicate this building to the purposes I have shadowed dimly forth. A solemn joy, borne up by buoyant hope and the strong pinions of undoubting faith, thrills through every heart. We look back with an honest pride upon the achievements of the past, and a just hope overleaps the barriers of time, and brings forward a series of years to come whose transcendent glory shall dim that proud past into a shadow. Even now methinks I can see the thousands that are to come after us. From regions yet clothed in solemn forest comes the voice of the Order close upon the sound of the Pioneer's axe.—The vast column of living beings that are now steadily down and beyond the Mississippi, like the father of rivers himself a current that knows no ebb—bears in its heaving bosom the seeds of *F. L. & T.* Aye as the Heavens of a still clear midnight are studded and brilliant with unnumbered stars, each wheeling in the infinite space obedient to peculiar laws; some suns the centres of inferior bodies, others but planets of systems beyond our ken but all revolving in exquisite harmony and unchanging

beauty around the great central point of this visible universe, each attracting the other and each checking the slightest aberration—so I fervently trust will be the future destiny of the Order.

The solemn ceremonies of this day have dedicated this building with an imposing pomp to the principles we profess. Descend! then oh descend! fair Friendship—thou of the ready hand and sympathizing heart—come borne upon the breath of grateful voices and rest thee within our walls.—And thou oh Love—eldest born of those feelings “which make man but little lower than the angels”—thou at whose voice the sob of sorrow subsides and the breath of whose heaven-tinted wings dries all our tears away; thou who delightest to labor for others—to spend the long night in weary vigil by the sick bed; to soothe the affliction of the widow and to lead the orphan by the hand—thou! in whose presence the whole earth and sky are glad—and whose chosen home is the gentle and loving heart—enter within these doors and fill with thy spirit all those who come therein.—And thou! oh stately and majestic Truth! clothed in thy panoply impenetrable and armed with gleaming sword drawn from the arsenals of Heaven,—simple, calm, severe in thy unchanging and seraphic beauty, with eye undazzled by gaudy splendor, keen to penetrate the shallow disguises of men—ready as well to aid the weak when right as to crush the strong man in his error—this hall is dedicated to thy service. Inspire us with thy unfailing energy to endure and to act—until all weakness and duplicity shall perish, and we stand forth impregnable to every device of fraud.

Brothers—I welcome you one and all to this solemn ceremonial. ‘Let the events of this day make a deep impression on each of our hearts.—Each stroke of the hammer in the erection of this building was a declaration of a new principle. It was the note of warning for the downfall of that wretched system which makes the pauper in order to relieve him.—No cold official bestowal of alms, meets the wants and wishes of an honest poor man. His independent heart is too rugged and too stubborn to beg—and even breaks in uncomplaining silence rather than receive a cold and niggard charity. And this honest pride we cherish and support—we have a right to the aid of the Lodge and do not ask a favor when we claim our own, and it is from this proper feeling and the efficient aid supplied by our institution that results the cheering fact that no Odd-Fellow has ever been aided by the public funds.

Upon such principles as these has the wisdom of our predecessors founded our beloved Order—remembering what the poet sung—

To build a Temple, more we need than toil
And piles of stone that crush their parent soil,
The hearts of men must form its deep foundation,
Its towers must rise on trusting aspiration.

Long may this Temple of our Order rise eminent to Heaven—dome, pinnacle and tower glowing in the early blush of morn, or serene in the hush of evening twilight, or calmly reflecting to the midnight sky the glances of love that descend from the blue arch above. Her courts within filled with members expert in her mysteries and her outer doors vocal with the call of the candidate. Let the melody of music float along her retired halls and startle the passer by with a sweet surprise. Let her members as they increase, but emulate, for they cannot excel, the spirit of those

who completed this great work and the most ardent wishes of the dearest lover of the Order will be accomplished.

The choir followed in the anthem, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," which was sung in a manner that reflected great credit on the musical talents of the singers.

An eloquent and fervent benediction was then asked by the Rev. Bro. Williamson, of New York, and prayer offered up for a parting blessing, during the delivery of which the vast assemblage remained uncovered, when the ceremonies of the day were closed.

The brethren from a distance were then invited to call on the Grand Master for their tickets to admit them to a collation to be given at Beam's hotel, which we learn was largely attended. Good fellowship as well as Odd-Fellowship presided over the ceremonies of the evening, the attractions of which, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, prevented the party from separating until quite a late hour.

A concert of instrumental and vocal music took place at the hall during the evening, and terminated the proceedings of the day; the windows of the hall were splendidly illuminated during the time, and the novel and beautiful effect of their appearance caused the assemblage of a large crowd of spectators in the vicinity, many of whom remained until the lights were extinguished.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HALL.

We have received from Mr. William Q. Caldwell, the architect, the following concise description of the whole structure:—

The Building.—The new hall on Gay street is fifty-two feet three inches front, and eighty feet deep, and is built of brick, with the exception of the basement story, which is of granite to the height of nine feet. The front is in the Gothic style, the principal feature of which consists in four octagonal towers; two large ones in the angles, of four feet eight inches, to the height of nine feet, at which height there are offsets of four inches, reducing them to four feet. They continue this size fifty-nine feet nine inches, at which height two courses of brick project one and one-fourth inches; at the height of one foot ten inches from this height they are reduced by receding steps to the size of two feet six inches, which is the same size as the centre towers, and are carried up this size seven feet two inches, where they are again enlarged by projecting courses and carried up one foot six inches, forming heads to the towers which are capped with solid embattled granite caps of nine inches height; making the entire height of the towers seventy-five feet. The large towers have in the front of them three oylet windows, in stories of six inches wide and six feet high. Those in the north tower serve to light the private stairway through corresponding windows on the inside of the towers. The tower on the south contains an iron pipe, through which the water from the front side of the roof is discharged into the large pipe, which conveys the water from the yard and back buildings, and thence into the street. The centre towers are three feet two inches, to the height of nine feet; they then diminish to two feet six inches, and are carried sixty-three feet two inches, where they are enlarged and finished with heads crowned with granite battlements corresponding with those on the angles. These towers at the height of thirty-two feet, are interrupted by a string course of eight inches

rise running around them, and they are again interrupted at the height of fifty-six feet by a similar string course extending around them, and carried across to and around the large towers, thus coupling the two outside towers and leaving the two centre ones unconnected. The two small towers have in them flues for conveying the smoke from the several rooms located in the front of the Hall. These two towers divide the front into three bays or compartments. Those on the right and left are carried to the height of sixty one feet, and terminate with embattled parapets, capped with granite, and have in them one square window four feet wide, by four feet seven inches high, to light the basement rooms, and three windows four feet, by nine feet four inches, with heads struck from an equilateral angled triangular, and are covered with granite hood mouldings.—The centre bay is carried three feet three inches higher than those on the sides, embattled and capped to correspond with them, and contains the principal entrance and two windows in the second and third stories of the same size and form as those in the sides, all of which are divided into two lights by a transom, and are filled with stained glass. The door is six feet wide by twelve feet four inches high, the head of which is struck from an obtuse angled triangle, and is filled with a door containing twelve pannels painted in imitation of oak. The doors and windows throughout the front have splayed reveals. The doorway is ornamented with three attached slender shafts, or clusters of columns, with bases and caps, which are continued around the doorhead and forms a hood for the same. The building is covered with Welsh slate, and is enclosed by a neat wrought-iron fence. The pavement in front is laid with hexagonal tiles, bedded in mortar, and underlaid with a course of bricks and sand, laid in the usual way.

The Windows.—The window on the right side of the door on the principal floor has in the upper glass the figure of *Faith*; the one on the left that of *Hope*; the window over the door, second story, that of *Charity*, administering to two children. In the window on her right are the cross keys, and on the left a lamb supporting a cross. The centre window in the third story has in it the heart and hand; the one on its right three cornucopiæ and square, and on the left the three arrows—all emblems of the Order.

The Basement.—The floor of the basement story is about three feet six inches below the pavement of the footway in front, and contains on the south side one large room, twenty-six by sixty-four feet, with an ante-room, twelve by twenty feet, attached; and on the north side two committee rooms and fuel cells. Access to this story is obtained by descending a flight of granite steps on the right and left of the main entrance, and also through two doorways underneath the same, into a lobby which leads to the different rooms. The large room on this floor is intended to be rented out to beneficial, debating and other similar societies, when not in use for purposes of the Order.

First Floor.—The main floor of the Hall is five feet four inches from the level of the footway in front, and is gained by ascending a flight of eight granite steps, of eight inches rise each, to the main passage or entrance, which is twelve by fifty feet. On the south or left end of this passage is constructed the grand stairway, leading to the second and third stories. On the right is a private stairway, (the same as in the old Hall,) occupying a space of seven by twelve feet, and leading also to the second

and third stories, as well as to the basement; intersecting this passage there is another one of six feet wide, running longitudinally the entire length of the hall, and leading through a door into the yard and back buildings. This floor has on it five rooms; the first on the south side is twelve by nineteen feet, and is intended for the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of Maryland, and a repository of his books, papers, &c. The second room is nineteen by thirty-five feet, and is intended for a library room for the exclusive use of members of the Order. The third room is sixteen by nineteen feet, and is intended for the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States; attached to which there is a vault twelve by fourteen feet, which is both damp and fire proof, in which are to be deposited the works and archives of the Order, &c. &c. On the north side of this passage there is a lodge room twenty-three by fifty-seven feet six inches, with an ante-room, &c., attached.

The Second Floor.—The second floor is fourteen feet above the first, and is gained by the private stairs, or by the grand stairway in the south end of the main passage, which consists of twenty-four rises of seven inches rise each. On this floor there are five rooms; on the south side one Lodge room twenty-six by forty-nine feet seven inches, with an examining, ante-room, &c., attached; on the north side is another Lodge room, twenty-three by sixty-four feet four inches, with ante-room, &c., attached.

The Third Floor.—The third floor is fourteen feet higher than the second, and is gained by ascending the private stairs or the grand stairway, which has, as in the first story, twenty-four rises of seven inches each, leading directly into the Egyptian Saloon; which is fifty by sixty-four feet; the height of the ceiling is eighteen feet eight inches, and has an ante-room and committee room attached to it. This room is fitted up in the Egyptian style, and has a rostrum in the west end, supported by four columns and two pilasters, with a canopy composed of receding pannels. It is finished and painted in the same style, as is also the entire decoration of the room. It is lighted with four elegant bronze chandeliers, carved with dragons heads and grotesque figures, having six gas-light burners in each. This room is intended for the meetings of the Grand Lodges of the State of Maryland and of the United States, and when not so occupied will be rented out for fairs, concerts, lectures, &c. &c., for which purpose a gallery twelve by forty-three feet has been constructed.

The painting and decorations of the Egyptian Hall are like nothing that has ever before met the vision of mortal man, at least during the present generation, and will strike the beholder with wonder and admiration.—From Mr. E. Dreyer, the artist who has executed the painting, we have received the following brief explanation of the principal figures in this Hall, which will doubtless be interesting to those who propose visiting it during the present week.

Egyptian Hall.—The views are taken from the Tombs of the old Egyptian Kings at Thebes, particularly that of Psammuthis. In the centre of the ceiling are five Eagles taken from the first passage in the Tombs of Psammuthis, supposed to represent Egyptian Gods or Goddesses; surrounding these are Hieroglyphics and Zodiacal Circles, on the blue ground are the Constellations with the revolving elements painted in Rainbow colors. In the Cornices are four Eagles supposed to be Gods or Goddesses;

on the ceiling of the Grand Master's Chair is an Eagle, also taken from the first passage in the Tomb of Psammuthis; the lower part is a Tableau taken from above the door in the side board room, in the same Tomb.— On the front of the Chair are Emblematic Letters denoting Friendship, Love and Truth. On the walls on each side of the Grand Master's Chair is a Figure in a sitting posture; one supposed to be the God Amna, the other an Egyptian King. The second Tableau on the right side of the wall is supposed to represent the Goddess Isis receiving the Hero Psammuthis in the regions of immortality. On the opposite wall are the two Gods Hores and Feris; then two Seraphs, as the Sun. In the Niche at the entrance are two Mummies with Hieroglyphics telling who they were.

It would be too tedious to mention all the Figures and characters; suffice it to say they are all strictly Egyptian, and taken principally from the works of Belzoni.

O R A T I O N .

BY G. M. REEK. SALOMON.*

BROTHERS:

CALLED upon very suddenly to take the place of the orator appointed by your committee, it would be affectation in me not to declare sincerely at the commencement, that I feel I am much more indebted to the distinction you have thus conferred upon me, from your feelings of kindness than from any just merits of my own, or from any ability to render those services which this situation demands—it is therefore with becoming hesitation that I shall present before you such observations as I may conceive appropriate to the occasion, invoking your forbearance and leniency in your critical judgment of my discourse, being satisfied if I should fail in this my first attempt, that you will as good Odd-Fellows, take the “will for the deed.”

The anniversary of the introduction of Odd-Fellowship into the United States has been yearly celebrated by the Order, as a day peculiarly marked in its beneficial consequences; as a day which should be hallowed in the remembrance of the philanthropist; as a day in which the blessings of civilization and moral liberty advanced one step farther in the consummation of those great ends for which society is formed and constituted. It is therefore no ordinary event that we this day celebrate, but one which generations yet unborn will bless and commemorate as the dearest and most to be revered.

In looking around me on this pleasing return of our anniversary, it is with peculiar gratification that I discover so many of the same old familiar faces, who have congregated with us in past years, and it is with peculiar thankfulness to the Most High, that I discover so few have departed to the

* Delivered in the new Methodist Church, Mobile, on the anniversary of the Order, April 23, 1843.

other and better world. But alas! there are vacancies to revert to which is indeed most painful. Death has not entirely passed over our company without selecting from amongst us its victims, and there are those absent this day, whom we shall never again behold on earth.

May we not pause here for an instant, calling to our memory the remembrance of those who have passed from us, whose buoyant spirits in life gave animation to our meetings, and to whom we felt that the word of Brother was no formal appellation, but the unerring impulse of the heart, and here when we as a body have assembled together let us drop the tear of mourning as we remember them. Peace then to the lamented Bonner and Bukner—may their remains rest in peace in heaven. How sad and mournful is the remembrance—and whilst our breasts are animated with the hope that they have gained admittance to the celestial Lodge on high, yet we should feel peculiarly grateful that we have been spared amidst the afflictions that have surrounded us, to partake once more of the exercises of this day—to meet once more in the same assembly. Whatever may be the feelings of other men, the Odd-Fellow cannot address his brothers, and those who were associated with him, without reverting to events like these.

The particular duties enjoined upon us have instilled within our hearts emotions which must here be developed, and which speak in language not to be doubted, the feelings of our inmost souls.

The memory of those who have left us returns in most vivid recollection when we are called to perform those duties at which they formerly assisted, but from which they are now absent, and I would that such as cannot comprehend the meaning of our mysteries, who do not understand the objects of our association, would come amongst us and, partaking of the same spirit, discover that we as a body out of the great world alone are impelled by the sacred desire “of the good of all mankind.”

The duties which are imposed upon me by my present position renders it necessary that I should advert to the objects of Odd-Fellowship—its origin, progress and present condition. It is not my intention to trespass long upon your patience, and I shall fulfil my duty as briefly as possible, without doing injustice to the subject.

The origin of the Order of Odd-Fellows is of ancient date. It was first established by the Roman soldiers in camp, after the order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero, who commenced his reign A. D. 55, at which time they were called Fellow-Citizens. The name of Odd-Fellow was given to this order of men A. D. 79, by Titus Cæsar, emperor of Rome, from their singularity of notions and from their knowing each other by night as well as by day; and for their fidelity to him and their country he not only gave them the name of Odd-Fellows but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation engraved on a plate of gold, having the following emblems—the royal arch of Titus Cæsar, the ark of the covenant, the golden candlestick, the golden table, the sun for N. G., the moon and stars for V. G., a lamb for Secretary, the lion for Guardian, the dove for Warden and the emblems of mortality for G. Master.

Whatever may have been the original motives which induced the formation of this institution, they are now peculiarly developed in a scheme of the highest and noblest philanthropy. Self-devotion and sacrifice of all

personal feelings and inclinations is the threshold of Odd-Fellowship, and he who cannot pass through this incipient state, tried and equal to the task, seldom becomes a worthy member of the Order. When once admitted to participate in the sphere of its benevolence, he finds duties assigned which he should esteem it a privilege to enjoy—he becomes an humble instrument of a greater power, in succoring the distressed and relieving the afflicted. Ah! we ourselves perhaps do not often truly realize the happiness we confer, the blessings that follow our footsteps. Surrounded as most of us are, by relatives, and the kindest friends, we may never have felt the pangs of neglect, or the misery of lying unprotected and uncared for, but call to your recollection the image of one, who has been reared amidst all that comfort and happiness could bestow; who as his years have advanced has been cast amongst strangers, and far away from the scenes of his childhood and boyish years. Sickness afflicts him, and cold poverty lays her heavy hand upon him, and thus he lies, motionless and unprotected, perishing from very want—without one around him to present a cup of water to his parched lips, to whisper one word of kindness in his dying ears, and the poor being about to breathe his last on earth, turns in his dying agony a long anxious look for succor, and it comes not—and perhaps the last gasps which nature gives are vented in misanthropical blasphemies at the world's hard-heartedness. Ah! my brothers, such a picture as I have endeavored to portray, is no fancy sketch; such scenes are of every day occurrence, and that too in our midst. But had he have been an Odd-Fellow how different the picture! their hands would have been near to have assisted, their support and their aid would not have deserted him in his last hour, and then as he found himself although surrounded by strangers, yet by brothers, he who else thought to have died unmourned would have turned with eyes of piteous but most grateful requital, and the words of sympathy which he then heard would have fallen as grateful on his ear and seemed more hallowed to his dying sense, than the benison of dearest friends around the death-bed of the rich, and the cup of water extended in that last hour of mortal agony would have given a shock more exquisite to the dying frame than nectarian juice drained in life's happiest hours, renewing its brightest joys—and his remains, which else would have been cast into the cold earth, with no mark to show his resting place, and left to rot amidst perhaps convicts and felons, and the cast-off scourgings of humanity, are followed to the grave by those who mourn with sincerity, because a good man has gone to his final home; who inter with honor their associate, and whose last resting place is distinctly marked that all may know the grave of the departed. Look at this picture and at the one that preceded it, and with me you will say 'tis not a "fancy sketch."

Not alone in such scenes as I have described do we find the Odd-Fellow striving in the execution of his duty. Does a stranger, but a brother, come amongst us seeking employment, the Odd-Fellow procures it.—Does sickness incapacitate us from attending to our daily avocations, and want enter in at our doors, the weekly allowance of the Lodge renders the hearth, that else would be desolate, glad and happy. And in our intercourse through life how happy and pleasant would be the passage of our years, if in all our communion with mankind, those mottoes which are inscribed in our Lodges were never forgotten or violated. Friendship,

not alone in name, but the truthful outpourings of a spirit striving to assist and serve a fellow-creature warmed with most genial devotion in the cause of humanity, and aspirations alone to alleviate the wants of the afflicted. Love, whose flame burns with purest brightness, assimilating natures else most opposite. Truth, the beacon of our faith, actuated by whose holy impulses, we tread the paths of uprightness and morality.—Such are some of the leading principles to which every good Odd-Fellow must yield most implicit devotion. Such are the impulses by which his nature must be guided, and under such influences who will gainsay us, when we declare our nature must become more softened, and our condition improved.

It is true, that with us as with all other associations formed for objects equally pure and good, there are those amongst us who are backsliders and heretics; who gain their admission by speciousness, but whose hearts are hardened and who turn from the paths of their duty when the spell is departed that first enchained them. Did such members entirely withdraw the interests of Odd-Fellowship would be advanced, for it is the bad conduct of such as these that brings disrepute and dishonor upon us—there certainly exists within our walls regulations enforcing a certain propriety, a dereliction from which full often terminates in the expulsion of the erring brother—but to those who are not initiated in our mysteries, these matters must remain a secret. We open our doors to all that knock and are found worthy, and perhaps many hereafter may rue the day when they omitted to accept an invitation thus extended.

There has existed and does still exist in the community, a feeling inimical to secret associations, no matter how beneficial they may prove in their practical results; but for my own part I never could discover wherein this antipathy was grounded. It is untrue that we affiliate ourselves to the exclusion of others, but that it is necessary that we should have some tokens of recognition amongst us by which those who have acquired a title to our protection can demand and obtain it, must be obvious. Whatever may be the mysteries conducted within the walls of our Lodges their purity and morality is clearly evinced in the numerous professing Christians whom we hail as brothers, and in the many able ministers of the gospel who are associated with us. That the doctrines inculcated are of an elevating character, cannot be doubted by those who have witnessed the beneficial results flowing from our association. If then on every side we perceive the manifest advantages resulting from a scheme of benevolence, thus widely extended, should we not consider ourselves highly privileged in being thus the almoners of a bounty so exceedingly precious, and must it not be most prominently evident that in after days the blessings attendant upon this institution will shed a halo of refulgent glory around its founders and patrons, which shall outlive the petty fame of worldlings and their deeds.

To you is therefore committed a most important trust, one which perhaps you cannot recognize upon a cursory examination, but yet in its nature deep and abiding, for unto you is committed for weal or woe, the destinies of the Order—its sphere of benevolence must be regulated by your action—and its influence upon all within its circle, as also upon the great community in the world without, will depend upon your exertions and conduct. In the discharge of these duties you should have an eye single to

the great objects for which the Order was instituted, and if in the paths of your duty it becomes incumbent to warn a frail brother to abandon the evil ways into which he may have fallen, or seem about to fall; or if it may be necessary to use the harsher language of reprimand to prevent a total aberration from our holy principles, let your judgment be mingled with compassionate regard, that anger may not creep in, to destroy the beneficial effects of salutary and wholesome reproof. This is perhaps one of the most delicate of all the various duties which we are bound to perform, and therefore most deserving of attention—and I hope that every good Odd-Fellow will contemplate it with serious regard, and so determine that if its necessity be not entirely obviated, it will no longer prove a source of pain or difficulty with us.

In calling your attention to the condition of Odd-Fellowship during the past year, (1842,) I have conceived it proper to present before you the results of a most important negotiation that has been pending between the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in this country and the Manchester Unity of Great Britain. Owing to the many inconveniencies and annoyances which ensued from the variation in the working of the Order, as practised by us and our brethren in England, and the consequent frustration in many instances of the good intents of the Order towards those who came from abroad, and the manifold difficulties to which so insuperable an obstacle naturally gave birth, induced the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its session in 1841, actuated by motives reflecting upon them a high degree of honorable merit, to pass resolutions to this effect:—Resolved, that the difficulties existing in the Order by a want of uniformity in the work, is deeply to be deplored by this Grand Lodge. Resolved, that so soon as sufficient funds can be procured to defray the expense, one or more members shall be appointed to visit England, with instructions to confer with the Manchester Unity upon the subject of the difference in the work of the Order, and use their best endeavors to procure a return to the ancient work. Under these resolutions P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, G. Cor. Sec'ry, and P. G. the Rev. I. D. Williamson, G. Chap. were appointed a committee on the part of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States to confer with our brethren of the Manchester Unity.—They arrived in England in May last and proceeded to Manchester, at which place the Annual Moveable Committee, who have the direction and government of the Order in Great Britain, were then assembled.—That you may understand more clearly the nature of this body I subjoin that portion of the report of the committee having relation to it, having availed myself of their report in obtaining most of the information now communicated to you.

The entire body of the Independent Order of Great Britain is known and distinguished by the title of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, so called from its organization and concentration at the city of Manchester. The Grand Annual Moveable Committee, heretofore consisting of deputies from each Lodge in compliance, (now constituted of a representation from districts in the ratio of one for every one thousand members,) is the sovereign depository of the power of the Order, not only in relation to the work, but also in reference to the entire detail of government, descending even to all the rules and regulations of subordinate Lodges, and leaving with them the isolated power of

making laws not inconsistent with the enactments of the Grand Annual Moveable Committee. This body is constitutionally moveable in its character, and absolute in its powers. It assembles annually on Whitsun-week, which is in England a period of universal holiday, at which time a Grand Master and Board of Directors are elected, all of whom must reside in the city of Manchester. This Board exercises during the recess a supervisory jurisdiction over all the affairs of the Order; it usually expounds the laws, responds to all applications for instruction or advice, and heretofore was an integral part of a standing committee for the determination of all questions of grievance, subject to the final action of the Annual Moveable Committee. To this body the deputation therefore presented themselves, and were received with all due respect and distinction. A sub-committee of four being appointed on the part of the Annual Moveable Committee to confer with them. The first difficulty that seems to have arisen was a refusal on the part of the sub-committee to conduct the conference in writing—desiring personal interviews—which our representation with a due sense of the dignity and importance of the matter under consideration, as also the pernicious results which might hereafter ensue from any misunderstanding on the points discussed, declined. The sub-committee also, at the very threshold of the negotiation avowed its determination not to return to the ancient work, or first principles of the Order, believing it impracticable and not in the possession of any living member of the Order in either hemisphere. After the passage of several commendatory propositions and reports the matter was hurriedly brought before the Annual Moveable Committee, and in consequence of the influence supposed to have been exercised by the Manchester Directory, a report and resolutions were adopted in the highest degree offensive and arrogant towards the Order in this country. After so plain a manifestation on their part of unwillingness to enter into this matter with that amicable and friendly feeling which should have characterized the intercourse of the Order, our representatives withdrew; not however without a notification to the Grand Annual Moveable Committee that the action determined upon by them must necessarily enforce a division in the Order, and that consequently the institutions in the two hemispheres must be regarded as separate and distinct communities.

It is not my province to comment upon this matter, but it certainly must prove a source of the deepest regret to every member of the Order that a mission, promising such beneficial results should have terminated so disastrously. Neither should I have introduced the subject in my remarks of this day, had I not conceived it one of the most important proceedings in Odd-Fellowship that has characterized the past year.

From the reports of the Grand Lodge of the United States for the past year, we discover that there has been an addition of 7755 members, and at the date of the report, September 1842, there were 23,895 contributing members of the Order in the United States. The total revenue of the Lodges was computed at \$159,183.85, of which \$44,187.33 had been expended for relief to the distressed and afflicted, viz: 2834 brothers relieved, to whom was paid \$30,596.28—\$3876.53 paid for relief of widowed families—\$831.59 paid for education of orphans, and \$4463.13 paid for that holiest of all objects, the interment of the dead. And is this not a most stupendous scheme of relief—the cloud which a few years ago

was not larger than a man's hand has spread far and wide over the firmament, until it is now raining down copious showers of beneficence on the afflicted and miserable.

I am proud in being able also to revert to the rapid increase of our beloved Order in our own city. A few short years ago, and Mobile could only claim some two or three Odd-Fellows, now she has two subordinate Lodges, an Encampment and a Grand Lodge. Alabama Lodge, No. 1, has increased, and continues to increase rapidly; Mobile Lodge, No. 2, has not received so many new members, but still she has improved much on last year. Relief has been extended to all who have applied and been found worthy; the sick have been attended to, and the dead interred—nor has the widow and the orphan been forgot—an ample fund is laid by to protect them, should the proper objects come before us. We feel that the prospects of the Order were never brighter or better; that the right spirit is abroad and that our march must be onward; if we falter and hesitate momentarily our next step will be with accelerated power, for truth is mighty and must prevail.

Before I conclude I cannot refrain from saying a word to the ladies, whose presence and blooming countenances afford us so much pleasure on this occasion. The fair sex are not admitted within the walls of the mystic temples, nor in any wise entrusted with the mysterious rites of our Order. This is not because we esteem you the less, or are in any degree insensible to the value of your presence and your counsels. No—what would the world be to us, without the society of woman? Paradise would bloom in vain were it not for you. 'Tis the sight of woman which inspires the bosom of man with that lofty spirit of chivalry which characterized a recent age, and fills his soul with the noblest sentiments which human nature can possess. 'Tis woman's smiles which soften the harsher nature of man, and lull the tempest of his stormy passions. Woman's bright countenance is man's rising sun! To her are appropriated delicate and important duties, in the discharge of which man takes no part but to protect and defend. We want not woman upon the battle field, but our warfare is for her benefit. We want not woman in our mystic temples, but our altars smoke and our prayers are for her benefit. The richest products of our toil are laid at her feet. Our first and last thoughts are her's. We are taught to comfort the sick, educate the orphan and protect the widow. I am confident that your candor and judgment will award to us honorable motives, and although many of us are Odd-Fellows in station as well as in name, yet should an opportunity offer they will soon prove to you their great desire to become *even-fellows*.

In connexion with this part of my discourse, let me introduce a little anecdote which I discovered in a book devoted to our cause, wherein the character of a lady in contact with Odd-Fellowship is strongly developed: A deceased brother of the city of Baltimore left a widow and seven children to mourn his death. The widow, as usual, was waited on by the School Committee, and the children's names were registered, and they were placed at school as they became of proper age. After two years had expired, at one of their periodical visits, the committee found her mourning weeds doffed, and she appeared in bridal state, with a sweet smile put on her countenance. An explanation took place, and it appeared that some hardy son of Neptune had thrown out his grappling-irons, determin-

ed to make a prize of the widow. However, before the colours were struck, some preliminaries were to be settled, which would mark out future operations. She asked him if he was an Odd-Fellow—he answered in the negative. Then, said she, you must go and join the Odd-Fellows; if not you can stand no chance of success with me, for I am determined not to marry any person who is not an Odd-Fellow. Finding her resolute, and that there was no other alternative, he became an Odd-Fellow, and returned to the attack with his colours nailed to the mast. Hymen soon came with myrtle wreath, transfixing a dart in the bosom of the lady, which soon brought them to the matrimonial altar, when they were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. They now live respected and honored by all who know them.

And now in conclusion let me give thanks to our Grand Master above, to whom we should return our heartfelt prayers for the continuation of health, happiness and prosperity to our beloved Order. And may He guide us through the coming seasons, perhaps of sickness, with the same kind spirit of indulgence that we have enjoyed in by-gone years.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the District Deputy Grand Sire, of S. Carolina, Georgia & E. Florida.

To JOHN A. KENNEDY, Esq.

Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. of the U. States.

M. W. SIR:—

IN accordance with your instructions, I have the honor to lay before you a report of my "official acts and doings" to this date; also of the condition and prosperity of the Lodges and Encampments under this jurisdiction.

The charter granted to Florida Lodge, No. 1, at the last session of the Grand Lodge, was received by me, and forwarded to P. G. Laurence Ryan with instructions for him to deliver the same to the Lodge. Brother Ryan performed that duty on the 15th November and made return of his proceedings, accompanied by the original warrant. I also forwarded the Charter for Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, at Savannah, to P. G. Alvan N. Miller for delivery to the Lodge. Br. Miller delivered the same on the sixth day of December and with his returns forwarded the Dispensation under which the said Lodge had worked. On the 8th December, I repaired to Columbia, in this State, and in pursuance with your instructions, called to my assistance a sufficient number of qualified Patriarchs, and conferred the Encampment degrees on eleven scarlet members, who having applied were desirous of forming an Encampment, and after receiving their application as Patriarchs, instituted Eutaw Encampment No. 2. This Encampment is composed of gentlemen of the highest respectability, and is an honour to the Order. Much credit is due to several Patriarchs of this city, who went to Columbia, and assisted at its organization.

January 23d, received an application from John T. Shekell and others, members of Florida Lodge, No. 1, for a Lodge at St. Augustine. It being accompanied by the cards and \$30 for the charter. I immediately forwarded it to the Grand Secretary's office, and on the 9th February, received the Dispensation prayed for, which by permission I entrusted to P. G. Laurence Ryan, with authority for him to open the Lodge. Subsequently Brother Ryan informed me that the applicants thought it not advisable to open the Lodge, and acting according to their wishes, he returned the Dispensation to me; at the same time, advising me that the fee therefor, would be retained, and applied in payment for another Dispensation soon to be asked for. On receipt of the Dispensation from P. G. Ryan, I forwarded to him the cards of the Brothers that made the application, to enable them to return to Florida Lodge.

Having previously received a Dispensation for a Lodge at Macon, in Georgia, I repaired to that city on the 27th of January, and on the evening of that day, instituted *Franklin Lodge, No. 2*. Brother Alfred Price of this city was present, and assisted me, on that interesting occasion. In my report of opening, made to the Grand Secretary's office, at the time, I remarked that Franklin Lodge, would make a "scientific report" at the close of the first quarter, and you will perceive by its returns, that my prediction was fully verified.

January 31st, visited *Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1*, at Savannah, found it in good condition, the books well kept, and the work done in a proper manner. Previous to my visit, heavy drafts had been made on the funds, for sick and deceased brothers, but these drafts were promptly met, although at one time, it became necessary to resort to individual contribution to supply the benefits. Subsequently the funds have increased, and her dues have been regularly paid.

February 1st, assisted by P. G. Alvan N. Miller of Oglethorpe No. 1, I instituted *Live Oak Lodge, No. 3*, in Savannah, under very favorable circumstances. This Lodge has done a good work, and promptly paid her dues. Brother E. Parsons was the first N. G. and succeeded admirably in raising the Lodge.

On the 8th March, I forwarded to the office of the Grand Secretary a petition from seven brothers of Florida Lodge, No. 1, for a Lodge at Black Creek, E. F. Said petition was accompanied by the proper cards, and an order for the \$30, previously paid for a charter for St. Augustine, to be applied in payment for this.

I received the Dispensation and forwarded it to P. G. L. Ryan with special instructions for him to institute *Kennedy Lodge, No. 2*, at Black Creek. That duty he faithfully performed on the 24th May. The Lodge has made returns, and paid dues to the 30th June. I would recommend that the \$30 paid into the Treasury for a warrant for St. Augustine, be applied in payment for the Dispensation to Kennedy Lodge, as ordered by P. G. Ryan, to whom I gave a receipt for the amount.

April 3d, accompanied by R. W. I. D. Williamson, Grand Chaplain, and Rep. Hull, Grand C. P. of the Grand Encampment of Virginia, I visited Palmetto Encampment No. 1, in this city.

Grand Chaplain Williamson addressed the Patriarchs in a very happy manner, relative to the duties and responsibilities of this important branch of the Order. The Encampment is composed of gentlemen of high res-

pectability, and is doing well. It has been in possession of its charter since October last, and the Dispensation originally granted has been returned to the Grand Secretary's office.

July 5th, received an application and cards from seven Patriarchs of Palmetto Encampment for a Charter for a new one, to be located in this city, and styled *Ashley Encampment, No. 3*. I forwarded the application to the Grand Secretary's office, and on receipt of the Dispensation, I instituted the Encampment on the 19th—Patriarch N. C. Dewing assisted me.

On the 21st June five brothers with cards from Franklin Lodge No. 2, in Georgia, applied for a Dispensation for a Lodge at Milledgeville in that State. On receipt of the Dispensation I entrusted it to P. G. M. John H. Honour, of this city, with instructions to him to open the Lodge. That duty he performed on the 20th inst. The Lodge is styled ——— Lodge No. 4, Milledgeville Georgia. I have conferred the past official degrees on P. G. Laurence Ryan, of Florida Lodge, No. 1, and P. G. Alvan N. Miller of Oglethorpe, No. 1.

* * * * *

You will perceive by the foregoing, that the Order has rapidly increased, and the Lodges and Encampments are in a prosperous condition so far as this jurisdiction is concerned. The members are such as will preserve the institution in its purity, and commend it to the worthy.

In Georgia the Order has taken a high stand, and numbers among its votaries some of her Hon. men, and highest statesmen. There are already four Lodges in that State with 309 members—an Encampment will soon be instituted at Savannah, and another at Macon—a Grand Lodge charter will be applied for immediately, or as soon as the brethren decide on the location.

P. G. Alvan N. Miller of Oglethorpe No. 1, has been very active in advancing the interests of the Order in that State. He was foremost in the formation of No. 1, and the first N. G. thereof. I have ever found him faithful and true.

P. G. Laurence Ryan, the Pioneer in Florida, to whom we are mainly indebted for the introduction of the Order into that Territory, has not relaxed his exertions. Perhaps no brother has been more engaged in the good work than this one.

He was one of the *five* to form South Carolina Lodge No. 1, in this city, and is spoken of by the earliest members, as being the principal *working man* among them.

The two Lodges in Florida were opened by him, and he is attentive to their interests, cheerfully receiving advice, and imparting it to the Lodges and the brethren. He is deserving much credit for his efficient labors, both here, and in Florida.

The Encampments in this State, will doubtless soon apply for a charter for a Grand Encampment, and this branch of the Order will eventually be quite numerous in this State and Georgia.

I am happy to acknowledge the facilities afforded by the brethren generally in the discharge of my duties. I have found them ready and willing to render assistance, and even to travel a distance with me, when the opening of Lodges or Encampments required it, and to do all in their power to promote the interests of our beloved Order.

I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the prompt manner in which the M. W. Grand Sire, and the R. W. Grand Secretary have respectively attended to all requests so far as this District is concerned.—The latter officer, brother Jas. L. Ridgely has been called on for many communications, which have been received with a punctuality that is truly praise-worthy. The returns of Lodges, so far as received, have been forwarded to his office.

In conclusion, permit me to remark, that the Order throughout this jurisdiction has prospered exceedingly, and is going on to still greater triumphs.

The brethren are united,—the Lodges and Encampments ably conducted, and the work is done in a creditable manner. You will doubtless agree with me, that the present condition of the Order throughout the District is such as to warrant its future prosperity and usefulness.

It is daily acquiring numerical and moral strength and respectability—at peace with all other moral and benevolent institutions—wending its way with unprecedented rapidity, and ere long its banner will wave over the hills and the plains—and its benign principles will be cherished, and exert a salutary influence throughout this southern clime.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

In Friendship, Love and Truth,

ALBERT CASE,

Dist. Dept. G. Sire for S. Carolina and the adjacent jurisdiction.

Dated at the City of Charleston, this 24th day of July, 1843.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 18th, 1843.

TO JOHN A. KENNEDY, Esq., M. W. G. Sire of the G. Lodge, I. O. O. F. of the United States.

Honored Sir :—

Since the date of my annual report, I have performed several official acts, which I herewith lay before you.

On the 29th July, I received a Dispensation for a Grand Encampment in South Carolina, and instituted the same on the 11th August, having previously received the final dues of Palmetto and Eutaw Encampments.

August 4th, received an application from the Representatives of Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, and Live Oak Lodge No. 3, for a Grand Lodge for the State of Georgia, to be located at Savannah.

The certificates of Franklin Lodge No. 2, and Lodge No. 5, relative to the location accompany the application.

August 16, instituted Magnolia Encampment No. 1, at Savannah, Geo.

September 2, received an application from Ebenezer C. Grannis and ten others, scarlet members, with certificates from Franklin Lodge No. 2, for a Charter for Ocmulgee Encampment No. 2, at Macon, Georgia. This application was dated August 24th, and was forwarded to the Grand Secretary's office.

September 2, received an application from W. A. Robertson and four others for United Brothers' Lodge, No. 5, at Macon, Georgia. This was

accompanied by the proper cards and forwarded to Grand Secretary's office. The Dispensation has been received, and on my return, I shall proceed to constitute the Lodge.

I would respectfully recommend that Charters be granted:—

Grand Encampment, South Carolina.

Magnolia Encampment, No. 1, Savannah.

Grand Lodge of Georgia.

United Brothers' Lodge No. 5, Macon, Georgia, and for Ocmulgee Encampment, if the Grand Lodge should decide in favor of the petitioners for the latter.

I have given the Past Official Degrees to P. G. Guy L. Warren, of Franklin No. 2, and P. G. E. Parsons, of Live Oak No. 2.

Cash received and paid over to Grand Secretary:—

Of Grand Encampment of South Carolina for Charter,	-	\$30 00
Final Dues of Palmetto Encampment,	- - - -	4 50
" " of Eutaw Encampment,	- - - -	1 60
Magnolia Encampment for Charter,	- - - -	30 00
Grand Lodge of South Carolina for 2 Representatives,	-	40 00
		<hr/>
		\$106 10

Respectfully submitted, in F. L. & T.

ALBERT CASE,
D. D. Grand Sire.

THE OFFERING.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

I CAN but, as a lowly pilgrim, bring
 A simple offering, lady, to thy shrine,
 Yet such poor gifts as to thy votary cling—
 My heart, my lyre, and changeless faith are thine.
 Rich gems, and gold, thine offerings may have been;
 Instead of these, I give my deathless love;
 For costly coronal, a wreath of green;
 For pearls, the flowers amid its verdure wove;
 I have entwined a lily in my wreath,
 Deeming thee pure as is its stainless hue;
 A rose, less fragrant than thine own sweet breath;
 A violet, emblem of thine eyes' deep blue:
 Though worthless now, richer these gifts will be
 Than gold or gems, when look'd upon by thee.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is thought we believe by many brethren that the time has arrived in Odd-Fellowship when the spirit of reform which has been at rest for a season, after years of energetic and successful labours in our Order, should again be called into requisition to conform as far as may be practicable the language of its charges and lectures to the enlightenment of a largely augmented constituency, and to the true interests of the Order itself as a system of Benevolence founded upon wise, intelligent and properly explained principles. Year after year have propositions been submitted to accomplish this desirable object, and the failure of these resolutions has been considered a serious injury to the cause of the Order, as indicating a disposition on the part of the Representatives to continue on in error, rejoicing in a supposed "good old way," as if human institutions, and the language employed to embody and illustrate their principles had already attained imaginary perfection.

Not so, we may assure our brethren who have taken much interest in this subject: in our experience there has never been a tenacity to literal terms or forms simply because the folly "may have been consecrated by age;" on the contrary much of what is known to be the crude and unpolished state of the work finds its only defence in the simplicity of character and limited capacity of the original artizans. But there has been and still exists serious obstacles to the attainment of this object much as it may be desired and united as may be our public counsels upon its necessity and importance. It will be a work of much labour, involve great diversity of opinion in its details, require long, patient and toilsome consideration, time, and talent to embody and digest the forms and conclusions and put them in proper dress. Nor is this all by a great deal—the work is scarcely begun. The volume, for now in all human probability it will merit such a name, must be printed, *carefully, accurately* printed, and the proofs revised with much precision. It must also be bound. In view of the large edition which would be necessary, the expense of the printing would be heavy, which the Grand Lodge of the United States is in no condition to bear. The old work must be returned to the Grand Sire to be destroyed and the new must be substituted in every Lodge and Encampment in the jurisdiction however remote. By whom and how is this to be effected?—Who shall visit these Lodges and Encampments, deliver the new and receive the old books—and in the event of elementary change in the work either by addition or amendment, who shall personally instruct and by ex-

planation and example render the system one, uniform, precise throughout the land? These are grave questions and let them be but fairly considered and much of the dissatisfaction which exists against the decisions of the Grand Lodge of the United States upon this subject we think will be removed.

We do not wish to be misunderstood; we are by no means adverse to necessary reform—on the contrary, although much devoted to “ancient land-marks and customs,” we are satisfied that the work requires essential improvement and that with the advantage of this judiciously applied, it would far better commend itself to the admiration and respect of intelligent and educated men: all we desire is to warn the brotherhood against appeals which may be made to the spirit of the Order, with a view so to act upon the Representatives as to force against all impediments however serious immediate action upon this subject. We deprecate haste, precipitancy, intemperance in this matter, and we would bide the time and season for the perfection of the work of Odd-Fellowship. It may be said that something may be gained by making a beginning, by the appointment of a proper committee, allowing them ample time during the recess for consultation and deliberation—that the report of such a committee would be elaborate and submitted to the Grand Lodge by this economy of time early in its annual session. This view is strongly pressed in a letter from a distinguished brother in the South, and would certainly possess force, did the constitution and form of government of the Grand Lodge of the United States admit of its practicability. Let it be recollected that the Grand Representatives are chosen but for a single year, with the end of which their functions expire, and it will be at once seen that such a committee could not be appointed—it has been done, we admit, and the incongruity has been presented upon the Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, of reports made by committees, no member of which at the time was a Grand Representative or Past Grand Sire—it was nevertheless against the constitution and is not likely hereafter to be respected as a safe precedent. When the proper time has arrived, when the fiscal resources of the Grand Lodge of the United States will enable her to carry this measure through in all its details, we shall be found active advocates of a proper reform wherever defect of language or unmeaning ceremony may be found to mar the fair face of Odd-Fellowship. A constitutional amendment submitted by Rep. Sanderson of Maryland is now pending, which if adopted at the September Session 1844, will effectually remove one obstacle to beginning the subject—we allude to the proposition to extend the period of office of Grand Representatives from one to two years, and if this be followed up by a willingness of Grand Lodges and Encampments to bear the burthen of a special or extra session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and a further willingness in the event of the continued embarrassed state of her Treasury to consent to surrender the old work and pay a reasonable charge for the new, then we think the time at no great distance when this great desideratum in our beloved Order may be attained.

~~65~~ We are indebted to the Baltimore Sun for the greater part of the description of the procession of the 18th September in the City of Baltimore.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS by public announcement in the "New York Sun" of the 19th instant, the undersigned has been informed that the Manchester Unity of the I. O. of O. F. of the Kingdom of Great Britain has invaded the sovereignty and independent authority of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States in the business of Odd-Fellowship in the United States of America, and has established in the City of New York a Lodge under a Charter styled, "Perseverance Lodge No. 3613, M. U. I. O. O. F. And whereas the Manchester Unity has by this act deliberately and knowingly violated a contract executed with solemn sanctions and attestations, by which that body had surrendered all jurisdiction over Odd-Fellowship in America to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, as its acknowledged sole and legitimate head—and has thereby evidenced a departure from the *faith* and *principles* of *Odd-Fellowship*. And whereas the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. States at its last session—by a unanimous vote, did resolve—to sever all connection between the Manchester Unity of Great Britain and itself—for causes abundantly satisfactory to that distinguished Body. Now therefore, I Howell Hopkins, M. W. G. Sire of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of America and the jurisdiction thereunto belonging, in pursuance of authority in me constitutionally vested, do hereby affectionately and earnestly caution all brothers of our Order—that they do not operate or form any connection with the self-styled Perseverance Lodge No. 3613, M. U. I. O. O. F. of the City of New York. And I do hereby proclaim the same as spurious and illegitimate, having no communication whatever with the Order under this jurisdiction.

State Grand Lodges, Grand Encampments and Subordinate Lodges and Sub. Encampments under our warrant, are hereby admonished and required to redouble their vigilance and attention in proving all travellers asking relief or seeking admission into Lodge rooms or Encampments as Odd-Fellows.

To which end it is hereby required that the *A. T. P. W.* and positive capacity to work, be exacted of all such applicants.

Done at the City of Baltimore this thirtieth day of October, Anno Domini, 1843—and of our Order in America the 25th.

Witness our signature and the attestation of the seal of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.

H. HOPKINS, *Grand Sire*.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. Grand Sire Albert Case, dated Charleston, August 18, 1843.

I have now to report the formation of the Grand Encampment of South Carolina; an event highly auspicious to the Patriarchal Order in this State.

I instituted the Grand Encampment at the Encampment Saloon in this city, on the 11th inst.

The officers for the present year, are as follows:—

PETER D. TORRE,	Grand C. P.
JAMES H. TAYLOR,	Grand H. P.
Gen. JAMES H. ADAMS,	Grand S. W.
HON. JOHN SCHNIERLE,	Grand I. W.
S. A. HURLBUT,	Grand Scribe.
R. W. GIBBES, M. D.	Grand Treasurer.
P. J. BARBOT,	Grand Sentinel.

On the 4th inst. I received the Dispensation, &c. for *Magnolia Encampment No. 1*, Savannah, Georgia; and on the evening of the 16th inst. I met the applicants at Odd-Fellows' Hall in Savannah.

There were present—Albert Case, D. D. Grand Sire; James M. Eason, Palmetto Encampment No. 1; J. Hardcastle, Campbell Encampment No. 1, N. C.; A. N. Miller, Geo. W. Miller, George Leeds, J. R. Johnson, applicants, who had previously received the degrees in Palmetto No. 1.

An Encampment was opened, and the following named brothers being applicants received the degrees. E. S. Rogers, John Oliver, H. Bent, J. S. Morell, and G. Butler.

An application was then received from the former applicants, (named above,) they being Patriarchs, and Magnolia Encampment No. 1, was regularly instituted. Patriarchs James M. Eason and J. Hardcastle, assisted in the interesting ceremony.

The officers for the present term, are—

ALVAN N. MILLER,	C. P.
GEORGE W. MILLER,	H. P.
GEORGE LEEDS,	S. W.
J. R. JOHNSON,	J. W.
H. BENT,	Scribe.
E. S. ROGERS, .	Treasurer.
G. BUTLER,	Guardian.

The faithfulness of these brethren heretofore, is a sure guarantee that they will be true to the interests of the Encampment, and Magnolia will be a rich and blooming flower, by the first of January next.

Another Encampment will soon be applied for, by the brethren at Macon, and I am daily expecting an application for a Lodge at Augusta.—Odd-Fellowship has found a genial soil in Georgia.

Extract of a letter from P. G. A. H. Gladdin, dated Columbia, S. C., 31st August, 1843.

TO ALBERT CASE,

M. W. Grand Master, Grand Lodge S. C., I. O. O. F.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—

When it became known at Chesterville, South Carolina, that our brethren intended forming a Lodge there, several individuals endeavored to arouse a spirit of opposition and prejudice the community against Odd-Fellowship. One man of some influence in the District, a violent anti-mason, raised the cry against our Order and threatened if a Lodge was formed to "break it up in two weeks." But the brethren nothing daunted by the threats of those who were alike ignorant of the principles and practices of the Order, persevered in their endeavors and succeeded in

obtaining the charter. I received your dispensation and aided by a large number of highly respectable brothers formed the Lodge on the 2d inst.

I herewith give you a list of the brothers in attendance so far as I remember their names, and think you will agree with me that their presence and sanction will commend Odd-Fellowship to the generous and reflecting portion of that community in so favorable a light that the opposition will be silenced. They are gentlemen of high standing and moral worth, and will not, by any people be accused of sanctioning an unworthy or profane institution.

There were present—P. G. J. McKenzie, N. G. J. W. Hudson, Maj. Jas. R. Aiken, H. J. Joceylin, H. T. Franklin, J. W. Cook, W. R. Robinson, T. P. Ligan, J. F. Gamble, Robert Richmond, J. W. Morgan, Saml. Jackson, Jas. Richmond, Simeon Mobley, Moses Mobley, Henry Macon, Genl. J. H. Means, Maj. J. B. McCully, Col. Saml. H. Owens, His Excellency James H. Hammond, Governor of the State, and Genl. James W. Cauty, Adjutant and Inspector General of the State, and several others whose names I do not recollect. These brothers are attached to the Order (and a large majority of them rode twenty miles to be present,) and do not hesitate to display its colors. They spoke of the Order in a voice that will echo and re-echo on that village, till the foolish opposition of the ignorant and prejudiced shall be put to silence.

The gentlemen associated to form the Lodge are such as would be an honor to any society; the Lodge has now existed some four weeks, and prospered abundantly, numbering some 40 members, and if it is broke at all, it will assuredly "*break up*," for all the opposition from without can never cause it to *break down*. It was a very favorable circumstance for the Order in Chesterville, that so many brothers from abroad were there at the opening, to bear testimony to the excellency of the institution.—Their approval would be sufficient to enlist good men in any cause; and where good men unite to build up and sustain good principles, as the brothers have in Chesterville, they will succeed.

The Lodge may "*break up*," through the clouds of prejudice and illiberality, and doubtless will—and extend its principles till all opposition has vanished, but it will not "*break down*!"

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from J. C. B., dated Shelbyville, 23d October, 1843.

Business calling me to Frankfort (the capitol of our State,) on Saturday the 21st inst., I was much gratified when I learned, that on that day the anniversary of the "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows" would be celebrated in that place, and an oration be delivered by the eloquent and gifted Parsons. At half past 10 o'clock, the procession was formed at the Lodge and marched (to the spirit-stirring music of the "Amateur brass band,") through several of the principal streets of the town, and then to the Presbyterian Church when the following interesting and impressive exercises were performed and listened to by a very large and deeply attentive audience.

Chorus—by the Choir—"Song of Zion."

Prayer—by the Rev. W. W. Hill.

Hymn—"Listen brothers! Cries of Anguish, &c. &c."

Oration—by the Rev. Brother C. B. Parsons.

The Orphan's Hymn—"cold blew the north wind bleak and wild, &c."

Benediction—by the Rev. W. W. Hill.

Voluntary—"O, praise God in his holiness."

The procession was large, (a number of visiting brethren from neighboring Lodges being in attendance,) and with the rich regalia and beautiful emblems of our Order presented quite an imposing appearance. The Oration was one of the most eloquent to which I have ever had the privilege of listening. I would do the speaker injustice were I to attempt a sketch of it—besides it is to be published in a few days, and you and your readers may have the pleasure of perusing it. The performances by the "Choir" and "Amateur brass band," were in all respects satisfactory. Too much cannot be said in praise of the profuse hospitality with which the brothers of Frankfort entertained their visiting brethren. All passed off well, yes more than exceeded my most sanguine anticipations. The Lodge of Frankfort is prospering well, some 60 to 70 having been initiated there since '40. That a halo of happiness and prosperity may perpetually encircle the officers and members of that interesting Lodge is the heart-felt prayer of yours in Friendship, Love and Truth.

Further Subscriptions to the English Mission from Pennsylvania.

Wm. Curtis in account with Grand Lodge of the United States per English Mission Fund, Dr. for this amount received by him as follows, viz:

To Cash received from Heneosis Adelphon Lodge No. 28,	-	\$10 00
" " " " Philadelphia Lodge, No. 13,	- - -	10 00
" " " " Lafayette Lodge, No. 18,	- - -	10 00
" " " " Friendship Lodge, No. 23,	- - -	10 00
" " " " Washington Lodge, No. 2,	- - -	10 00
" " " " Rising Sun Lodge, No. 8,	- - -	7 50
" " " " Franklin Lodge, No. 5,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Montgomery Lodge, No. 59,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Mauch Chunk Lodge, No. 76,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Adam Lodge, No. 61,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Herman Lodge, No. 7,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Benevolent Lodge, No. 40,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Delaware Lodge, No. 73,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Beaver Meadow Lodge, No. 62,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Penn Lodge, No. 26,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Kensington Lodge, No. 11,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Western Star Lodge, No. 24,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Hazelton Lodge, No. 65,	- - -	5 00
" " " " State Capitol Lodge, No. 70,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Decatur Lodge, No. 33,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Manyunk Lodge, No. 31,	- - -	5 00
" " " " Columbus Lodge, No. 75,	- - -	3 00
" " " " Allan Lodge, No. 71,	- - -	3 00
" " " " Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania,	-	10 00
" " " " Mount Olive Encampment, No. 6,	-	5 00
" " " " Social Lodge, No. 56,	- - -	5 00

Amount collected, - - - - \$158 50

[Published by request.]

O B I T U A R Y .

DIED—July 20, 1843, in his 26th year, Patriarch WM. D. JOHNSON.

"The Camp is assailed!"
What wantest thou here,
In mystery mailed,
And fate on thy spear?

"The Camp is assailed!"
Each tremulous breath
And countenance pal'd
Meets the check-sign of death.

"The Camp is assai'd!"
A Brother looks wan;
The healer has failed,
And his spirit has gone.

"The Camp is assailed!"
Our meeting of love
In sadness is veiled
By a call from above.

"The Camp is assailed!"
Beneath the green sod
The mortal is wailed—
But the spirit to God.

"The Camp is assailed!"
And Orphan and Mother,
By fate are entailed
To the care of the Brother.

Let the watches be set,
The passes be given,
Guide each Orphan to get
To his Father in Heaven.

EN-HAKKORE.

P. G. WILLIAM D. JOHNSON.

I. O. O. F.—At a regular meeting of the Firemen's Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F., held at their rooms, Commercial Buildings, Thursday evening, July 20, 1843, among other proceedings were had the following: The N. G. having announced the demise of our late beloved brother P. G. WM. D. JOHNSON, on motion a committee of three, consisting of A. Heyer Brown, T. R. Courtney and Arthur C. Southwick, were appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the Lodge. The committee, after having retired, reported the following:

Whereas, The members of this Lodge have heard with sincere regret the

announcement of the death of P. G. WM. D. JOHNSON, who, during the many years he has been associated with them, has, by his consistent principles and the purity of his life, endeared himself to their hearts and reflected honor upon the Order to which he was attached.

Resolved, That we sympathise with the widow and family of the deceased in their afflictive bereavement, and that with them we derive consolation from the reflection that where all was so beautiful in life and peaceful in death, the future presented no terrors and was rendered gloomy by no doubts.

Resolved, That the charter, emblems, and jewels of this Lodge be clothed with the usual badges of mourning for the remainder of the current term, as a token of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, and that this Lodge will attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That all the Lodges and visiting brethren in this city be invited to unite with us in paying this mournful tribute of respect to the memory of our lamented brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be enclosed to the family of the deceased and published.

JOHN D. ELLIOTT, N. G.

ALEX. GUTHRIE, Secretary.

PATRIARCH WILLIAM D. JOHNSON.

ENHAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5, I. O. O. F.—A special session of Enhakkore Encampment having been called in consequence of the death of Patriarch WM. D. JOHNSON, late Worthy Scribe, and to make arrangements for the funeral of the deceased, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by H. P. Benjamin C. True, and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, This Encampment has been informed of the death of our Worthy Scribe, Patriarch WM. DARIUS JOHNSON, whose virtues endeared him to us when living, and whose memory we now cherish; and *whereas*, it becomes us who knew him most intimately, and to whom his examples of love and kindness were most beneficial, and whose departure from us is an afflictive bereavement, to bear testimony to his fidelity in honorable trusts, his practice of the virtues and brotherly affections, and observance of moral obligations:—Therefore,

Resolved, That we sympathise with the family and friends of our late companion and brother, Patriarch WM. D. JOHNSON, deeply deploring his loss from among them and us, in his early manhood, and when just realizing his youth's warm hopes—finding bright consolation, however, in the assurance that such was his life, such his faith in the religion he professed, that his hopes of future joys in the sublime encampment beyond mortality, whose chief is the "God of love," were unclouded.

Resolved, That to publicly approbate the virtues of our late brother Patriarch, we will attend his funeral obsequies in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning, and that the charter and emblems of this Encampment be dressed in the usual habiliments of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, attested, be sent to the family of the deceased Patriarch, and that they be published in all the city papers.

T. R. COURTNEY, C. P.

V. B. LOCKROW, Scribe pro tem.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1843.

No. 12.

THE SECRET BRIDAL.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

THE marble walls of the magnificent cathedral of Florence gleamed in the summer sun, whose beams cast a dim and chastened light over the interior of the stately pile, when two youths, each evidently the scion of some noble and wealthy house, strode proudly up the aisle. With an easy and confident air, dangling their plumed and jewelled caps carelessly in their hands, they made their way to a seat, apparently with no great intention of listening to the holy man who was then addressing his flock. The elder and most confident of the two seemed to be pointing out to his companion and expatiating on the various specimens of art with which the walls of the building were adorned. Suddenly the younger cavalier, who at first appeared remarkably attentive to his companion, lost all interest in his discourse, and its objects, which he was previously surveying with much curiosity. It was some moments before the other perceived his inattentiveness, and the earnestness with which his eyes were fixed upon a certain part of the cathedral. "In heaven's name, Eribert," said his friend, "on what gazest thou so long and admiringly." "Azzo," whispered the other, "tell me, I pray thee, the name of yonder maiden." "Truly, my friend," replied Azzo, smiling, "my acquaintance is not of so general a character as to enable me to inform thee of the name of each damsel who happens to meet thine eye." "Looks she not more like a saint," said Eribert, "than any of the creations of fancy that surround us? Didst ever see a face so fair, a form so faultless?" His companion answered only by a smile, and until the service was concluded, and the congregation began to disperse, the youths sat in silence, the younger never for a moment withdrawing his glance from the object of his admiration.

The instant she quitted her seat, he started from his own, and hurried towards the door, but the pressure of the retiring crowd barred his progress, and when he was able to force a passage, she whom he sought had vanished he knew not where. After a considerable time spent in fruitless attempts to ascertain the way she had taken, he was obliged to abandon his search, and returned to his friend, not a little chagrined at his disappointment. It was in vain that Azzo tried to banter his friend out of his sudden prepossession in favour of an unknown damsel. He remained, during the day, so unusually absent and gloomy, that his companion, after resorting to all the means in his power to overcome the melancholy of the enamoured youth, was fain to leave him to himself, and seek resource from his apathy in the company of more lively acquaintance.

Eribert de Alberti was the only son and heir of an ancient and wealthy house, and was, as only sons generally are, the idol of his parents. He was now on a visit to his quondam school-fellow, the dissipated, yet frank and open-hearted Azzo de Carrara. Eribert and Azzo were sworn friends, and seldom, if ever before, had they found each other's fellowship wearisome. Eribert had, until the present moment, considered himself perfectly invulnerable to female charms, and had always been the first to jest at the raptures of his too susceptible friend, but he now felt that an unknown, and perhaps worthless object—though he could not bear to think that the latter might be the case—had cast a spell over his heart, from which he strove in vain to free himself. For many days he was a constant attendant at the cathedral, in the hope of again seeing the fair unknown, but his visits were fruitless; though his eyes keenly scrutinized each female countenance, he saw not that which was so deeply graven on his heart.

Several weeks had elapsed, when as Eribert and his friend were one day passing through the Palazzo del Duca, Azzo proposed that they should call on a promising young painter who resided in the neighbourhood, and whom he had lately rescued from poverty and taken under his patronage. The artist had amply confirmed the judgment and generosity of his patron by proofs of ability and excellence which had already obtained numerous admirers. The two friends found the painter busily employed with his pencil, and whilst he was pouring forth expressions of gratitude to Azzo, his companion's gaze was attracted by an unfinished portrait. An exclamation of delight burst from him. He recognized the image of his long-sought enchantress. The artist replied to his eager enquiries, by informing him that he knew the original of the picture by the name of Constance Durazzo, and that she was the only child of a widow in respectable but not affluent circumstances. One part of the information he received made the young lover's heart bound with joy. The lady was in the habit of coming to the artist's study alone, and the next day was appointed for one of her visits.

Long before the time appointed for the maiden's arrival, Eribert was at the artist's chamber. Wooing scenes are tedious; suffice it to say that the youth became a successful suitor. He was now at the height of happiness, but there was a mystery enveloping the birth of Constance which he strove in vain to penetrate. She had resided, from the period of her earliest recollection, in her present abode, and with her present protectress, whom she had long thought her mother, until a few years ago, she had

learned that no relationship existed between them. From her adopted mother she had obtained the following statement.

Eighteen years ago Madame Durazzo had lost her husband, and was sitting one dull evening in her lonely mansion, musing over her recent loss and the straitened circumstances in which her husband's death had involved her, when she was informed that a stranger wished to speak with her. She gave orders for his admittance, and was surprised by the entrance of a young and handsome man, apparently of rank and distinction. He informed her that he had known her deceased partner, and had heard of his death, and the embarrassments which that event had entailed upon her. If Madame Durazzo was previously at a loss to account for the stranger's visit, she was still more perplexed on seeing him produce, from beneath the cloak in which he was enveloped, an infant. He proceeded to state to her his business. He wished her to take charge of the child, and adopt it as her own. If she consented to his request, he would place in her hands any sum she might think adequate for its future maintenance and her own remuneration. Its true rank, and the name of its parents, she must ever remain in ignorance of. He wished her in all respects to consider it as her own offspring, to bestow upon it what name she thought proper, and to bring it up in the belief that she was its mother. Strange as this proposal appeared to Madame Durazzo, when she saw the extreme loveliness of the child, and thought of her own desolate state and pecuniary embarrassments, and of the purposes to which the money she would receive with the infant might be applied, she accepted of the trust. The stranger immediately deposited in her hands double the sum she demanded. He kissed the cheek of the smiling babe, and she observed that a tear was trembling in his eye, but he turned hastily away, and bade her farewell. She saw him no more. She bestowed upon the child her own name of Constance; it had grown up in beauty, and loving it as a mother, she had wished it ever to regard her in that light, until in an unguarded moment, the secret had escaped her lips beyond recall.

With this vague account Eribert was obliged to rest satisfied. The idea of betraying the being whose young heart he had won, never for a moment crossed his imagination, but he smiled at times to think that he, the heir of an illustrious house, who had beheld with indifference the proud and beauteous dames of his own rank, was now devotedly attached to one whose name and true station in life was unknown to him. He was well aware that his father, however indulgent he might be to his minor follies, would never consent to his union with one whose birth was involved in so much obscurity. It was in vain that he attempted to reason himself out of his prepossession, for when did love ever yield to reason's dictates? Each succeeding day did but rivet his fetters more strongly, and convince him of the futility of his endeavours to subdue his passion. The time of his returning home was rapidly approaching, and the struggle betwixt his duty and his love must be brought to a close—the victory was love's. He determined to make Constance Durazzo his bride. There are few female hearts which could resist the united attractions of rank, wealth, and love. Constance yielded to his proposal of a secret marriage. Madame Durazzo was a woman who worshipped rank as a divinity, and in the weakness and vanity of her nature was transported with delight at the thought of the beloved child of her adoption becoming the wife of the heir of the

Marquis de Alberti. It was not likely, therefore, that she would offer any obstacle to the completion of Eribert's wishes. On the contrary, her utmost influence was used on his behalf, and the preparations for the union were speedily completed. The ceremony was to be performed in private, and attended only by Madame Durazzo and one of her neighbours, Eribert led the beautiful Constance to the altar. A strange oppressive, and undefinable feeling came over the heart of Eribert as he led his intended bride up the dim aisle of the chapel where the marriage was to take place. The priest commenced the ceremony, and a sensation almost amounting to horror took possession of the bridegroom. He felt like one about to take a part in some unholy and accursed sacrifice, and as he looked on the downcast and trembling Constance, his imagination pictured her as the victim. He strove vainly to overcome these feelings, and he shuddered involuntarily as the priest pronounced the closing benediction. Constance was, however, now his bride, and as he pressed her to his breast, he fondly thought that, spite of his previous ominous sensations, his bliss would be both lasting and perfect. The period appointed for his return to his parents had gone by, and as they would no longer be pacified by his reiterated excuses, he was compelled, shortly after his union, to bid his bride a reluctant adieu.

Proudly did the Marquis and Marchioness de Alberti embrace their beloved son, but Eribert's thoughts were with his bride at Florence, and he found some difficulty in evading the inquiries of his mother, who with the keen eye of maternal love soon saw that he met her not with his usual expression of frank delight. Eribert shrank from the idea of deceiving his parents, yet when he gazed on their dignified forms, and saw the state with which they were surrounded, he felt that it would be almost madness in him to expect their sanction to his union. The secret, therefore, remained closely shut up in his own breast. Slowly passed the time which he was obliged to spend at the seat of his ancestors, ere he returned to his adored Constance. Several months had glided on, when availing himself of the absence of his father, who had departed to visit a distant estate, he again set out on his way to Florence. Attended only by a confidential servant, he travelled with a lover's speed, and joyfully did he enter the fair city in which he had treasured up his hopes.

Day had closed when Eribert arrived at the place of his destination, and leaving his steed to the care of his attendant, he proceeded on foot to his wife's habitation. He paced the well-known street with rapid steps. The night was one of alternate gloom and brightness, and a cloud had now veiled the face of the moon, but he perceived a light burning in the home of Constance, and was in the act of bounding over the street, when he beheld the dark figure of a man muffled in a cloak emerging from the house. He started back in astonishment, and retreating beneath the shade of a projecting door-way, he watched unseen the man's movements. The stranger cast around looks of anxious observation, and then glided stealthily away. What did he there? Could Madame Durazzo be the object of his visit—if so why did he steal away in such a guilty manner? Perchance Constance—at the thought a jealous fury fired his brain, and he rushed after the figure. The person whom he pursued, on hearing the advance of footsteps, stopped short, and turned suddenly round. "Villain!" cried Eribert, "defend yourself!" and unsheathing his sword, he

dashed madly at the unknown, who drawing forth his own weapon, vigorously repelled the attack. They struck at random, for they were in darkness. By a chance thrust Eribert wounded the sword arm of his opponent, whose weapon fell from his grasp. Eribert's blade was aimed in the direction of his enemy's heart, when the moon burst its shroud, and shone brightly on the combatants. Eribert's hand sank powerless by his side—he sprang back as from a spectre—he gazed upon his father! For a few moments they stood in mute astonishment. The silence was broken by the Marquis de Alberti. "What means this, sir!" said he, "have you turned spy—or think you I have lived too long, that thus you come upon me like a midnight assassin—boy wouldst thou commit parricide?" "By heavens, I knew you not!" said Eribert, in horror and surprise. "Follow me," said the Marquis. Eribert obeyed in silence, and his father led the way to an obscure house of entertainment. They entered a small room. The Marquis locked the door, and sank exhausted on a chair. Eribert would have assisted in binding up the wound he had inflicted, but his aid was refused. "Away!" cried the Marquis, "I seek no help from an assassin—explain this conduct, or you are henceforth no son of mine." "Father," said Eribert, "first tell me, in mercy I beseech you tell me, what know you of Constance Durazzo?" The Marquis started from his seat with a pale and ashy countenance, and his lips quivered with passion. His hand sought his sword, but the scabbard was empty. "Death and hell!" he cried, "must I endure this, madman; forbear, forbear—tempt not thy father thus!" Then suddenly subduing his emotion, he recovered his former cold and haughty bearing, and thus addressed his son. "Presumptuous boy, by what right playest thou the spy upon my actions? How darest thou thus to question me?" "Hear me," said Eribert, "father, hear me. In this case, in this alone, I have a right to question you—the right of Constance Durazzo's husband!" "Her husband!" groaned the Marquis and fell senseless on the floor. Eribert, utterly confounded, used every means for his father's recovery, and he was at length restored to consciousness. He gazed around, with a wild and haggard look, and murmured "what horrid dream is this?—ha! Eribert—Great God! 'tis real!" He was again relapsing into insensibility, but, with a powerful effort, he mastered his feelings, and retained his faculties. "God, oh, God!" continued he, "the sins of the father are indeed visited on his children. Answer me—is Constance Durazzo thy wife?" "Father, we are married." "Then Heaven pardon thee, my child, for THOU ART WEDDED TO THY SISTER!" "My sister!" gasped Eribert, convulsively—"no, no, it cannot be—father you rave—trifle not with me thus!" "Listen to me," said the Marquis, "listen, whilst my parched lips give utterance to a tale whose every word must sink into thy soul, as though impressed upon thy brain with brand of burning iron. Thou well know'st that a deadly feud subsisted betwixt thy mother's father and mine own. The enmity of parents descends not always to their offspring—thy mother and myself saw, and loved each other. We met often in secret, for we knew that our sires would never consent to our union, and in an evil hour, when passion triumphed over reason, thy mother fell from virtue. Oh, the agonies I was destined to endure from that fatal indiscretion! More than a year had elapsed, when I was informed that the effects of our stolen interviews could no longer be concealed. Feigning an invitation from a

relative who resided at a distance from her father's residence, thy mother contrived to leave her home for a time, and taking refuge in a retreat I had provided for her near Florence, she gave birth to an infant. I placed the child in the care of Madame Durazzo, with an injunction that she would adopt it as her own. A short period after this event, the mother's father died, and as the enmity of my sire extended not beyond the grave, with some difficulty I obtained his consent to my union with the daughter of his deceased foe. Thy mother and myself were united, but still I resolved to preserve the reputation of my bride unsullied, and the offspring of our guilt knew not her parents. Having completed the business which was the cause of my present journey, I halted to-night, on my return homewards, at Florence. An irresistible impulse led me to re-visit the house of Madame Durazzo, and inquire from her the destiny of the infant I had confided to her care. I found that it had grown up to womanhood, rich in beauty and accomplishments. I enfolded the innocent fruit of my crime in my arms, and bestowed upon it my blessing. Constance (such I found was the name bestowed upon my child) knelt before me, and earnestly entreated that I would at least inform her of her parents' names and rank, but pride, and a slavish fear of the world's censure, prevailed over the dictates of my heart, and I was proof against her supplications. I tore myself from her, and left the house."

After that night the Marquis de Alberti never again beheld his son, who soon found in battle the death which he sought. The brief remainder of the existence of the ill-fated Constance was terminated in a convent.

THE TREE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY P. G. BENJAMIN SCOTT, (Manchester District, Eng.)

FIRM in the centre of the sea,
A rock-bound island long hath stood,
On which there grows a goodly tree,
The tree of faith and brotherhood.
'Twas planted by an angel's hand,
Sent down in mercy from above,
To guide and cheer our father-land,
To bind us in paternal love.

Fair is its form, and passing fair
The fertile spot where it doth root,
Its broad umbrageous branches bear,
A blessed life-sustaining fruit,

It flourisheth o'er all the earth,
Beloved by the grateful soul,
Its precious seeds and moral worth,
Have spread its fame from pole to pole.

'Tis free from foul corruption's curse,
And pure as is the maiden's lip ;
A thousand tongues its praise rehearse,
THE TREE OF TRUE ODD-FELLOWSHIP.
Oh ! blessed tree, our hope below,
Beneath thy boughs mankind are blest,
There can we soothe our deepest woe,
There can we find a blissful rest.

Where'er thy glorious seeds are spread,
The shelterless shall succour find,
The wretched shall be clothed and fed,
Protected be the lame and blind ;
The weeping widow left in grief,
Shall find a balm for all her fears,—
Sweet sympathy shall bring relief,
And kindness dry her burning tears.

The little helpless orphan child
That lifts its tiny hands in prayer,
Whose innocence was ne'er beguiled,
Shall claim and have especial care ;
Men shall be link'd in friendship's ties,
And universal love shall reign,—
All that our nature dignifies,
Shall kindle into life again.

Odd-Fellowship, all hail the time !
That hastens on thy welcome course,
Thy principles are pure !—sublime !
And godlike is thy heavenly source.
May all the world in love combine,
To greet thee as the friend of man,
And He all hearts in mercy join,
Who is, and was, ere time began.

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. CAMPBELL R. BRYCE.*

MOST NOBLE AND BRETHREN:—

LET us recollect on this occasion the credit that is due from us to those respected and well beloved brothers of our Lodge whose more arduous task it has been to introduce into this community within the past year the novel principles of our venerable Order, and the obligations they have imposed upon us by their most successful efforts in elucidating its origin, detailing its progress, explaining its motives, illustrating its high and honorable virtues. Having reached the safe and elevated ground upon which we now so peacefully repose, let us remember the services of these our pioneers, whose earlier and more conspicuous labors have happily removed many of the obstacles which the indifference, or ignorance, or prejudices of men had opposed to our progress; and while we congratulate ourselves that there was much in the cause itself to command success, let us gratefully acknowledge that we owe something to the ability and eloquence and fervid seal with which that cause was advocated.

We shall not misappropriate any of the few moments now at our disposal in following them in the difficult paths which they have so successfully explored. A more pleasing duty than theirs has fallen to our lot. Instead of the invidious task of allaying the fears and combating the prejudices of a suspicious and unenlightened auditory, we have the more delightful one of addressing those who are already alive to the importance of the subject, who are indulgent and partial hearers of our theme, whose hearts already glow with the warmth of a generous enthusiasm in that common cause which we have here espoused. Our humble but more agreeable object is to commence together in a plain affectionate way, upon some of the motives which should induce us to an active cultivation of those principles, upon which the prosperity and happiness of our institution depend. And while we readily confess that there is hardly a brother in this Lodge, however young or inexperienced, or newly initiated he may be, at whose feet we could not sit with all humility to learn some principle or rule of conduct belonging to our Order, we yet indulge the hope, that in some of our feeble remarks we may be fortunate enough to excite the minds of others to reflection upon the topics we suggest, and start them in pursuit of that knowledge to which we are unable ourselves to lead them. And our excuse for the indulgence of such a hope may be found in the fact, that it is so easy in the hurry of business, in the fascinations of pleasure, in the struggles of ambition, amid all the varied excitements of life, to lose sight of the simplest and commonest truths which we are ever ready to acknowledge, but so prone to forget. Unable therefore as we are to enlighten the understanding by the developement of any new knowledge, or delight the imagination with the beauties of a poetic imagery, or

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please the ear with the gracefulness of a rounded period, we will feel in some measure, satisfied with ourselves, if by holding up again to view some of those homely and familiar but useful truths, we make them answer as beacons to light us up the pathway of our duty and direct us on to the goal of our high and holy hopes.

Our conspicuous and pre-eminent attribute in the eyes of men is charity. This is regarded our highest if not our only object, and it is to the ascription of this virtue that we are indebted for much of the favor which we have received at the hands of a jealous public. This is the veil which covers the multitude of our offences. It is this which palliates our objectionable feature of secrecy, reconciles the world to the exclusiveness of our meetings, mitigates the offence of this strange union we have entered into and the new and solemn obligations we have here assumed. And it is well argued, that with such an object before us, in the practice and diffusion of the beautiful principles of Charity, ennobled with such a virtue, and adorned with all her attendant graces, we cannot stray far wide of that happiness which is the chief end of human society—that at least though we fail to accomplish any great amount of good for ourselves, we are not feared as likely to work much mischief to others. However flattering it may be thus to know that in some sort our motives are properly appreciated, and that we are not subjected here to the ungenerous and cruel suspicion of being banded together for low or base or wicked purposes, we must not be content with so insufficient and meagre an account of the object, motives and principles of our ancient and honorable Order, nor suffer the injustice of being restricted to the exercise of a single virtue, when indeed we have proposed to ourselves the practice of a whole circle of them. At all events, if for one reason or another the world are ignorant of the whole scope and beauty of our institution and fail to render it full and perfect justice, it well behoves us in obedience to the dictates of an ordinary worldly prudence occasionally to pause and consider well the interesting business which assembles us here so often together, and reflect whether or not by any means we are likely to be diverted from its happy accomplishment.

So far from there being any cause for surprise that Odd-Fellowship is but little understood by the indifferent, the uninformed and the uninitiated, it is to the Odd-Fellow alone that its sacred motto of "Friendship, Love and Truth" addresses itself, to him only is it at all intelligible and by him alone can its meaning be fully understood. Take either one of these three virtues singly, or take them all out of this mystic Order and connexion in which we find them placed, and what remarkable beauty do we observe them to possess that should render them more fascinating or more deserving a higher degree of veneration and culture than some other virtues? Is not Patriotism as honorable as "Friendship?" Piety as excellent as "Love?"—and mercy as amiable as "Truth?" Or what peculiar force is there in them when thus combined into our motto that impresses itself upon us more than upon other men? Or what superior authority do they exercise over us now as Odd-Fellows, than they did over us before we were yet Odd-Fellows? It is this; because, in our conception of their whole extent and meaning they embrace every other virtue; they constitute the foundation of our whole moral system; they form the triangle which includes the circle of all our duties.—"Friendship" with us

means something more than that benevolent disposition which draws and attaches us to another.—“Love,” as we understand it, is not fully expressed in the definition of the Lexicographer,—nor is our “Truth” a mere impracticable abstraction—they are each a virtue, but each recognises a set of virtues and enforces a whole class of duties—“Friendship” discerns the relation in which we stand to each other here as Odd-Fellows, and consists in the discharge of all the duties both to ourselves and each other which springs out of that relation.—“Love” induces us to the practice of those virtues which contribute to the happiness of the connexion which exists between us, either individually or collectively, and mankind at large. And “Truth” mighty Truth! directs us to the study of the stranger things of nature and of God.

Nor is it from selfishness that our duties to ourselves occupy the foremost ground, nor from irreverence or irreligion that our higher duties seem postponed to our latest consideration. It is not easy, indeed it is impossible to express our whole object and all our duties in fewer or simpler words than we have done in this motto, which in our hands is a key to all our knowledge, and in which, by the use of a single word we describe a whole set of virtues and understand at a glance the whole class of duties they respectively represent. As all other knowledge is progressive so is ours, and we teach that first which is most obvious to us, and which is of easier and more limited application.

It would seem too to be the natural order of things that our ideas should be first directed to those nearer and more sensible objects with which we are immediately surrounded, that they should next be extended to similar things a little more remote, and that they should, last, go out after that knowledge which is furthest of all removed and distant from our apprehension. Or the arrangement of our motto may be further illustrated by the familiar comparison of three rounds of a ladder, of which the one nearest us and most easy of grasp represents the more obvious and comprehensible duties of “Friendship,” the second requiring more effort represents the more extended duties of “Love,” while the last and most difficult of reach represents the higher mysteries and duties of “Truth.”—Or as a mere matter of critical taste the figure of speech called the climax, which implies a gradual and successive ascension from things of a less import to those of a higher and wider signification, may justify the order and construction of our motto. And it is gratifying to us to remark, that either or all of these reasons consist with, if they do not confirm the view we have taken of our motto, and the meaning we have attached to its constituent parts. But should there be novelty in any of our speculations, or inaccuracy in our theory, in the absence of all authoritative exposition “*ex cathedra*” upon this subject, we submit our claims to be exempted from the imputation of wilful ignorance and discharged from the odium of a wilful perversion, while the practical influences we deduce, or the duties we inculcate, are consonant with the fundamental principles we all acknowledge, conducive to the success of our Order or calculated to exalt and adorn our private characters.

Socrates, we are informed, building a small house at Athens, was asked why its dimensions were so contracted, and replied, that he would consider himself sufficiently accommodated and singularly fortunate ever to see it filled with real friends. And the learned Dr. Johnson, starting from the idea

here suggested, has made this incident the subject of an elaborate essay, attempting to shew that it is impossible that the virtue of "Friendship" can have much more than a nominal existence. The Philosopher Theodorus, not inaptly styled "The Impious," has gone further, and broadly asserted that it was a "Chimera," "for" says he "it cannot exist among fools and the wise do not require its aid, being in themselves sufficient for all things." Between wisdom and folly however, there are many grades of intelligence, and this intermediate ground contains in our day and generation a vast multitude of men who cannot be disposed of by any such short logical process as this. Give these speculators the benefit of the most charitable construction that can be put upon their motives, and it is nevertheless obvious, that their theories, if not founded in selfishness, or the natural offspring of their contracted philosophy, result from an ignorance of the many ills to which human life is inevitably subject, and which the most far-seeing wisdom cannot always avert, or from which the most exalted virtue cannot always exempt. The haviest comparison too, will shew how much more noble and excellent is the "Friendship" we worship, than that they have coldly speculated upon. The object of theirs is confessedly their own individual entertainment and advantage—its test is a conformity of tastes and opinions—the chief means of cultivating it is a similarity of pursuits. The object of ours is the assistance and support of each other—its test is the sacrifice of our peculiar tastes and opinions—our chief means of cultivating it is the abandonment of our respective pursuits, and meeting here upon this common ground. And as theirs thus seems to be founded in the lowest selfishness, ours springs from the high impulses of a disinterested and generous benevolence.

But it is not to such an age or to such men that we look for the brightest examples of virtue, or the noblest precepts and maxims of human conduct: and though Paganism throughout its long history exhibits one splendid instance of the high and heroic virtue to which the cultivation of the principles of a narrow morality could sometimes elevate its votaries, we must look elsewhere for an example of equal intrinsic splendor, which at the same time is fraught with more wisdom for us, and better adapted to the varied and peculiar wants of the times in which we live.

The Friendship of Damon and Phyntias, (two disciples of Pythagoras in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant,) has come down to us adorned with the elegance of ancient literature, enriched with the pride of heathen philosophy and embalmed in the honors of an admiring posterity. But the history of David and Jonathan, while it furnishes us with an instance of equal devotion and self-sacrifice, is a more instructive lesson upon the duties which are the chief part of this virtue, and which shed upon it its greatest lustre. The noble self-devotion of Damon which prompted him to surrender his own life as a substitute for that of his forfeited friend, calls for our highest respect and admiration. But there was with him the spirit of the ancient freeman to steel his bosom against the cruelties of the tyrant, and the darkness of his Pythagorean philosophy, to sustain him in his approach to that futurity, which, as it was to him stripped and shorn of all its glory, was likewise disarmed of all its terrors. Jonathan, "whose soul was knit to David as unto a brother" in braving the violent resentment of a powerful father and the spear hurled by that father's wrathful hand, in not only hazarding his succession to the throne but even preferring before

his own the claims of David, his friend, exhibits an equal readiness to sacrifice in the service and in behalf of that friend, not only life itself but all those fortunate adventitious circumstances which usually invest it with any charms, or attach to it any value; while the solicitude with which he watched over the changeful and sometimes dark and fearful fortunes of his friend, his affectionate instinct and anxious haste in detecting and exposing the lurking dangers which surrounded him—the eager aid—the kind encouragement—the tender consolation—the depth and sincerity of that true sympathy which made him a partaker of his joys as well as of his sorrows, illustrate those unobtrusive and less imposing offices and virtues of “Friendship,” which though not brilliant in themselves, yet shed around it the most lustrous beauty.

And this is the sacred spirit of Odd-Fellowship. It is this *spirit of Jonathan* which should animate us all; which alone can give life and energy to our institution; which can clothe it not only with strength, but with grace and beauty and exceeding loveliness. Without some such warm and active and elevating influence how soon would this noble institution degenerate from the excellence of its founders, and sink to the level of the lowest eleemosynary establishment which the necessities of the poor have devised, or the vanity of the rich has bequeathed, or the cunning of the artful speculator has invented. How soon would this temple, dedicate to “Friendship, Love and Truth” become the fit abode of the “money changer” and “those that sell Doves!”

What higher or more honorable purpose would our Order subserve than an “Almshouse” or a “Charity Hospital?” Or in what respect would it be at all more dignified or pure or lovely than a “savings bank” or a “life insurance office,” contrived for the selfish and calculating purpose of experimenting how much pecuniary or other advantage we can reap in return for a certain contribution towards a common fund? And how soon would the very dispensation of our charities take the shape and spirit of Brabantio’s generosity to the Moor, and his language rise naturally upon our lips: “I here do give thee that with all my heart, which, but thou hast already, with all my heart I would keep from thee.”

What better would be the assistance which we might render, carelessly or coldly, perhaps grudgingly, to those who claim it of us, than that which may be wrung from the reluctant charity of the world by an appeal to its lowest motives, or accorded from the most ordinary promptings of the most ordinary philanthropy. Does the pittance of gold we tell out according to an article of our constitution assuage all the misery of our sick, disabled, or afflicted brother, and administer all the balm which his wounded and broken spirit needs in its extremity? There should go with it such virtue. He should feel that it came to him bright and warm from out that fire which we have here enkindled on the altar of “Friendship.” He should experience in the hour of his deep distress that it is not the cold hand of a stranger that is extended towards him, but that he is embraced in the arms of a “brother’s love,” that he is resting his faint and dizzy head upon a brother’s bosom. And can he thus appreciate the assistance we render him, when he is conscious that in his previous daily intercourse with those now professing to comfort and sustain him, he was an object to them of jealousy, or envy, or fear, or hatred—that in the struggles of life, in the pursuits of wealth or honor or pleasure, he was not regarded as an honor-

able and fair competitor in an honorable and fair race, but treated with the painful suspicion of a disguised enemy or the determined hostility of an avowed foe—when he is compelled to feel that the favors of fortune with which some were blinded, the fierce uncompromising prejudices which others had erected around themselves excommunicated him from even the commonest courtesies of life and sent him exiled and an outlaw from the pale of their peculiar code of refinements, manners or morals? Can he so soon unlearn every lesson which has sunk with so much bitterness deep into his bosom? Can he straightway forget what manner of expression the most familiar countenances wore?

Can he so soon forget that the lips now dropping the honeyed words of consolation and wreathed with compassion's saddest, softest, sweetest smiles, were but yesterday curled in scorn or buried in speeding the poisoned language of detraction; that the eye now suffused with the tear of pity was but yesterday cold with suspicion or green with jealousy, or red with passion; that the faces now radiant with all the light of love were but yesterday dark with scowling hate.—He would experience, (and how bitterly!) that "the richest gift was poor when givers prove unkind," and striking away from him the proffered cup of consolation, would exclaim in the anguish of his heart, "I have known your Friendship, spare me the foul deceit of your Charity!—and we, the worshippers in this temple, covered with shame and with confusion and disgrace, would feel that our once proud rites and services here were a mockery and a farce, and we the miserable dupes and victims to a gross and wicked delusion.

It is the more necessary to take this elevated view of the duties of "Friendship," and its vivifying principle, the spirit of "Brotherly Love," because it is so easy for us to fall far short of our real duty in this matter.—How natural it is for us, when we ourselves are riding joyously upon the waves of a gay and happy prosperity, to forget the perils which encompass others of our brethren exposed upon other parts of the wide and uncertain sea of human life; or should the raging of the storm or the alarm of their signal guns reach across the intervening waste, and strike upon our sluggish and reluctant ears, yet still how insensible we are to the full force of the tempest of affliction that may be beating upon them, and how faintly do we conceive the horrors of that scene which may be threatening to engulf them with a speedy and sure destruction! Then the deceitfulness of our own hearts, and the weakness of our kindest dispositions, and most favorable intentions towards others, the bias of interest, and the strength of our selfish natures, all combine to make it so difficult for us to practice the duties of this high virtue; or rather make it so easy for us to compromise with those duties and get off in the discharge of them at the least possible sacrifice, that we should be the more careful to fence ourselves about with all the safeguards and incentives to the cultivation of this virtue which our affection for each other may prompt, or our zeal for the Order suggest.

The old maxim of having in every thing we undertake a high standard of excellence, is equally applicable here. There will then too be a greater likelihood of our reaching a high and honorable degree in the scale of "Friendship" than if we placed our standard so low as that even to reach it would confer no singular degree of credit.

But the objector asks, "may you not be investing this virtue with more than its real importance, and marring the proportions of that moral edifice

of which it was designed to form merely a part?" To this we reply an emphatic negative.—Our Order teaches us nothing which conflicts with our higher and more imperative duties. It imposes no obligations which violate those higher ones imposed by the God of nature, and resulting directly from the relations in which we stand to others around us, either in our natural, social or civil condition. Indeed, something like this, is expressly taught us in one of our initiatory charges, where we are admonished that in relieving the distresses of our brethren we should do it with a prudent reference to our ability and means, and not so as to injure "our wives, children, families or connexions," thus directly recognising the doctrine that there are relations and duties imposed upon us by nature of higher authority, and more binding than any we can here voluntarily assume.

Nor need we be under the apprehension of running into any Quixotic extravagance in the practice of the duties of "Friendship." The tendency of the money-getting spirit of this selfish age, to repress and stifle in our bosoms many of the noble and generous impulses of our nature, to degrade us into "hewers of wood and drawers of water," while it is but too likely to abate much of the ardour of our enthusiasm in this generous cause, makes it the more necessary that we should by all means in our power, endeavor to cultivate those emotions and practice those virtues which seem to oppose themselves as a counterpoise to the proclivity of these degenerate days. Instead of going far in quest of some ingenious speculations to account for the existence of this spirit, let us observe one or two of the more obvious ones which readily present themselves. We are, comparatively speaking, a people of yesterday, and the most of us, if not all of us, still feel the necessity of that continued labor which is likely to place our families clearly beyond the reach of want, and secure them from the reverses of fortune, and provide for them and us, time and means for the improvement of the intellectual and moral parts of our natures, and for cultivating and indulging in some of the charities or blandishments or elegancies of life. If this is not a probable cause and at the same time some justification of this apparently "quenchless thirst for gold," with which we seem to be smitten, it will be sufficient for our present purpose, at all events, to look around us at the civilized world and perceive, as we must at a glance, that the pursuits of industry and their rewards, seem to occupy its first and almost undivided attention; that the advance of civilization and refinement, drawing after them as they necessarily do, so many artificial wants and expensive luxuries, continues and increases that industrial labor requisite to supply the demand for them and justify their indulgence—while consistently with the blindness of human nature, mankind, engrossed in one leading object lose sight of nearly all its incidental ones; and in this particular kind of pursuit too, perhaps more than in any other, are but too likely to mistake the more insignificant means for the more important end. We disclaim however, any wish to depreciate the industrious spirit of them, nor do we disregard the rewards which are its chief incentive—but we do seek to redeem it from the grovelling and debasing idolatry of mammon, and hope to exalt and adorn it with some ennobling and graceful virtues.

Another inducement, and not an inconsiderable one to the cultivation of "Friendship," is that the beautiful operation of this part of the moral

machinery of our institution visible among its members exemplifies, that the practice of its attendant virtues and duties, such as frugality, industry, sobriety, moderation, good humor and the like, and the happiness resulting from the practice of these virtues, promote the health and vigor of body and mind, ameliorate and improve the general condition of its members, prohibit many hurtful excesses, avert many of the consequences which surely follow the violation of physical or moral laws, and thus prevent or diminish a large portion of that very evil which it is one of the main objects of our association to alleviate.

But a more comprehensive, if not more forcible reason than any we have yet alluded to, and consistent with the original view with which we set out is this; that, besides all the happiness it confers upon ourselves and each other in the practice of the duties it inculcates, it directs us on and prepares us for the cultivation of those other higher and more difficult virtues and duties of "Love and Truth;" these, according to our definition of them, succeed naturally the earlier duties of "Friendship," but our limited time will not permit us now to enumerate, much less to attempt to explain or enforce them.

Should such considerations as these we have thus hastily and imperfectly suggested, fail of exciting us to the proper cultivation of this active, lively principle of our association, let us seriously call to mind that mystic hour when first we passed the portals of this new and mystic temple, when led by a brother's guiding hand we at length reached its inmost shrines, and when stricken with awe and our spirits subdued by the mingled emotions crowding thick upon us, we submitted ourselves to the teaching of the presiding spirit of the place and undertook those solemn vows which constitute here our first and highest and most authoritative obligations.—And let us also seriously reflect, that however loosely we may speculate upon the number and extent of the duties of Odd-Fellowship, however we may torture our ingenuity in the attempt to explain away or soften the vigor of those duties and compromise with the inconveniences and sacrifices to which they subject us, these solemn vows are "the hand-writings against us on the wall," and that the memory of any of these violated obligations, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, will not down at our affrighted bidding.

Let us therefore, by impressing these considerations upon our minds, and bearing about with us the sense of their sacred importance, continue and increase in the exercise of this elevated and elevating virtue.—Let us place this key-stone in our triumphal arch.—Let us cap our Temple with this its greatest glory.

And here under the teaching of that sacred motto of "Friendship, Love and Truth," bound together by our mystic and indissoluble "link," sustained by the "Faith," elevated by the "Hope," enriched with the "Charity" which speak to us from out that sister Throne, let us renew the zeal and fervor of our worship in this consecrated temple.

Let us place here upon its altar of "Friendship" not a slumbering ember that may be fanned into a pale and sickly and doubtful existence, but that bright and burning fire of "Brotherly Love" which lighting up this sanctuary here, will go out into the world dispersing its chill and noisome vapors, and shedding a wholesome and genial warmth upon all within reach of its influence.

Then may we felicitate ourselves in the grateful strains of the good Montgomery :—

When "Friendship, Love and Truth" abound
 Among a band of Brothers,
 The cup of joy goes gaily round ;
 Each shares the bliss of others :
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way
 Along this vale of sorrow ;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
 Shall bloom again to-morrow.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love and Truth."

On Halcyon wings our moments pass,
 Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
 Old Time lays down his scythe and glass
 In gay good humor smiling :
 With ermine beard and forelock grey
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like winter turned to May,
 Night softened into morning.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love and Truth."

From these delightful fountains flow
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure ;
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow
 A more resplendant treasure ?
 Adorned with gems so richly bright
 We'll form a Constellation,
 Where every Star with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love and Truth."

ORACLES AND MYSTERIES.

MANKIND have been the victims of oracles, and mysteries, and pretended conjurors, and what they have chosen to call "wise men," ever since the beginning of time. Not contented with deriving instruction from the great volume of Nature spread out before us, and sufficiently capable, if rightly interpreted, to train the mind to wisdom, our poor insatuated race has too frequently been led to seek knowledge in the vain practice of astrology, divination, and other tricks and absurdities, now divested of all credit, and justly held in contempt by every reflecting mind. "Every one in early life," says an American writer, "in reading ancient history, is troubled to know what measure of credit should be given to the ancient oracles and mysteries, concerning which there are so many marvellous

tales to be found. Rollin's ancient history, a book much read among us, often mentions the responses of the oracles of antiquity. The writer was a pious, excellent man, but was fond of the marvellous, and not a little inclined to superstition. He believed that wicked spirits were sometimes permitted, by an all-wise Providence, to reside in these caves or inner shrines, to deceive mankind, by indirectly shadowing forth things to come. Other historians have spoken of the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as having great confidence in their supernatural knowledge.

"The first account we have of these *wise men* is that given by Moses, in his interview with Pharaoh. They were soon convinced that they could not struggle with the great Lawgiver, and yielded after a few trials of their skill. These magicians were scientific men, who soon discovered the natural from the miraculous.

"The whole worship of Isis, in Egypt, was full of mysteries, and these *wise men* alone had the key to them. Tombs, temples, and all public buildings, and all the arts and sciences, were full of mysteries to the common people. It was the same in Persia and Assyria as in Egypt. The wise men were advisers of the king, and he supported them in ease and dignity. They were called in by Belshazzar to interpret the hand-writing on the wall, but could not read it.

"When the Greeks made themselves masters of the learning of Egypt and Babylon, they found these mysteries of no small importance to themselves. They kept up the same air of secrecy, and devoted them to religious purposes. The oracle of Delphos having by accident established a reputation for correct prophecies, continued it, by art, for religious, but more frequently for political purposes. The Pythia, in every age, was a shrewd woman, who knew what was wanted, and who it was that inquired of her for knowledge; and her answers were made accordingly. The Egyptians and the Greeks were well acquainted with acoustics, and sounds were managed for their mysterious responses. That they understood the science of sound, witness the ear of Dionysius. The mysteries of Isis, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were kept up by subterranean caverns, so constructed as to throw strange images before the eyes of the initiated, by means of moveable lights, and by tubes conveying strange sounds, when they were in darkness, to frighten them. Every one can tell how busy the imagination is when we are a little alarmed for our safety. These strange sounds, persons accompanying those about to be initiated, were allowed to hear, and sometimes they saw flashes of strange lights. There can be no doubt but that some of these ceremonies were awfully imposing. The higher orders unquestionably understood the whole thing, but the lower did not. From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history, we must believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were used for good purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honour of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The hierophants—the higher priests of the order—were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people. The high-priesthood of this order in Greece was continued in one family, the Eumolpidæ, for ages. In this they resembled both the Egyptians and the Jews.

"The Eleusinian mysteries in Rome took another form, and were called the rites of Bona Dea; but she was the same Ceres that was worshipped in Greece. All the distinguished Roman authors speak of these rites,

and in terms of profound respect. Horace denounces the wretch who should attempt to reveal the secrets of these rites; Virgil mentions these mysteries with great respect; and Cicero alludes to them with a greater reverence than either of the poets we have named. Both the Greeks and Romans punished any insult offered to these mysteries with the most persevering vindictiveness. Alcibiades was charged with insulting these religious rites; and although the proof of his offence was quite doubtful, yet he suffered for it for years in exile and misery; and it must be allowed that he was the most popular man of his age.

"These mysteries were continued until some time after the days of Constantine, in the sixth century, when they were prohibited. Sad stories have been conjured up to give importance to the Egyptian mysteries, but no one has attempted to throw any dark shade over those of Greece or Rome. The philosopher will readily believe that there was nothing supernatural in any of their mysteries; and all may set it down as a fact, that the initiated never pretended to any thing like a commerce with the inhabitants of the invisible world. They unquestionably often assumed to possess wondrous powers and great secrets; but this was only a means of keeping knowledge from becoming too common; and this was an error which lasted for ages, even down to our times.

"Viewed by the light of a clear understanding, I believe all the marvelous deeds of the magicians, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Pythia, and the whole tribe of these mystery-dealing beings, vanish into things, if not easily explained, yet certainly to be traced out. Incantations, charms, and talismans, which thicken on every page of early history, are dissolved before the torch of reason.

"The Sybilline Oracles of Rome had once great influence among the people, and many honest men have now a belief that these oracles foretold the coming of Christ; but the wise part of our theologians have long since given up this fancy, for it can hardly be called a belief. The fourth pastoral of Virgil contains the supposed prophecy. The following is as fair an account of it as we have seen:—

"The Sybilline Oracles having received information from the Jews, that a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to foretel that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil, viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated eclogue entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half-sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy; and the rival Triumviri, though a short time before in open hostility, have the honour of equally sharing the poet's applause.

"While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age, and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expedition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmaceutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite

author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable, as it has handed down to posterity the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius, and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any of the writings of antiquity.

"Some of the Christian fathers have stated, that on the eve of the birth of Christ, all the oracles of the heathen world ceased. It is certain that the Delphic oracles grew into disrepute about this time; but the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of the Bona Dea, were kept up much longer. Milton adopted the belief of the early fathers of the church, and has expressed his poetical opinion, in an ode upon the subject of the silence of the oracles, which is full of deep interest and exquisite beauties. But there is no more reason to think that he was convinced of this as a fact, than that he believed all the incidents in his *Paradise Lost*.

"All superstitions are to be traced to the diseases of the body or the mind. The filtres and charms are made for a diseased body or mind. Sometimes they may be efficacious, by chance; sometimes nature, the best of nurses, overcomes all obstacles, and heals the malady in spite of the nostrums prescribed. Among the ignorant, in all nations and ages, these panaceas are found. The greater the ignorance, the more efficacious the charm. The charm called the Obi, or Obiah, which is now practised in Jamaica, and other slave-holding places, was brought from Africa, and is now known throughout the country bordering on the Senegal and on the Gambia, and probably is a very ancient superstition. Something resembling this charm has been practised by the Indians all over the North American continent.

"Feeble minds, under the influence of supposed guilt, are more likely to be affected by superstitious feelings than strong ones, full of deeds of blood. Sickness, fatigue, and hunger, would have made Hercules a whining child, as chills and fevers did the mighty Cæsar; but a sound mind in a sound body, with a good education and a clear conscience, will never fear the charms of superstition, the spells of witchcraft, nor the power of magic. The seeds of superstition are too often sown in the nursery, and cherished in our youthful days. Bugbears are too often mingled with lullabies, and raw-head and bloody-bones with the first tales given to amuse infancy. The household divinities should all be pure, kind, lovely characters, having countenances of beauty, and tongues of truth. The stories of the fireside should be free from all hobgoblins and monsters.

There are perhaps many things in our history, and even in our natures and our hopes, hard to be understood, and some portion of them that the Great Author of our race never intended that we should be fully acquainted with. A sound mind will very readily comprehend enough of its powers and capacities to teach it, never to strive to attain what is above human reach, or to sink with fear at that which it cannot readily explain. Seen by the light of philosophy and sound sense, all the marvellous deeds of the magician, the astrologer, and the whole tribe of those who attempt to deceive the people, sink into those of common men."

SONG OF THE EXILE.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY C. M. SAWYER.

See the clouds above us hasting ;
 Ah, with them might I but flee !
 Must I dwell by sorrow wasting,
 Far from all that's dear to me ?
 Clouds you azure arch arraying
 Haste not thus in your career !
 With you oft my heart is straying—
 Leave me not so lonely here !

As they came, ah, they're departing,
 Heeding not my heart-sick prayer,
 No kind aid to me imparting—
 Swifter still they ride the air.
 Here alone I still must languish,
 Longings filling all my breast,
 From thee, home, how deep my anguish—
 With thee, O, how sweet my rest !

Grant me yet one fond petition,
 Wanderers of the viewless air ;
 Though you leave me here, a mission
 With you on your pinions bear !
 To my home, O, bear some token
 That my heart remembers yet—
 Take this song—tho' sad and broken,
 It will say, I ne'er forget !

THE GLORY OF EARTH IS EVANESCENT IN ITS DURATION.

BY BRO. G. W. MAGERS.

How vain is Earth's glory, how fitting its light,
 How soon is its greatness enveloped in night ;
 Its proudest achievements are shrouded in gloom,
 The king and his subject inherit one doom.

ON a bright beautiful morning in May, I stood amid a garden, redolent with the breath of spring's earliest flowers. The earth, was beautifully arrayed in her new carpet of verdure ; the trees, bedecked with leaflets green, interspersed with blushing blossoms : The lovely flowers, looked timidly up toward the day-god, as if anxious to drink in his cheering beams : the early songsters, were caroling their wildest, freest notes of

melody. The blue arch of Heaven, was spread out serenely o'er the bounding earth; without a cloud to dim, or darken its beautiful surface: all was life, and beauty, and hopefulness! I left the place, with my mind filled with ideas of poetry, with thoughts of immortality!

I returned again, and lo! what a change! The beautiful walls of the garden were thrown down! The earth now presented a stark, dreary, and sterile aspect. The trees looked barren and leafless! The flowers, the lovely flowers had

“Withered at the north wind's breath!”

The birds, which erewhile gladdened the place with their thrilling lays, had flown. Heaven's broad expanse was overspread with threatening clouds. The cold, hoarse, hollow winds of December, were sweeping gloomily o'er the garden; sighing the funeral dirge of the flowers; singing the requiem of departed beauty, and vernal glory! All was cold, and lifeless. With my heart saddened at the sight, I turned away, inwardly exclaiming, what a striking emblem of the mutability of all earthly things; of the instability, and transitory nature of all human affairs!—Thus is it, with man's fondest hopes, and proudest achievements! How soon is the garden of his cherished anticipations invaded by the stroke of death, or the blast of misfortune; and in an hour, the foundations upon which the hopes of years were built, may be swept away, and all his grand designs frustrated. Although he may “to-day, put forth the tender leaves of hope; and to-morrow, bear his blushing honors thick upon him;” yet “the third day there may come a chilling frost,” and whilst he is exulting in prosperity, and luxury, all his “greatness” may be laid “level with the dust!”

Passing away, passing away, all things beneath the sky,
All, all, that blooms with life to-day; must wither, fade and die!

In the blended past, what resolutions, and convulsions, and changes, have taken place in the affairs of men and nations. Nations have arisen up, and stood forth boldly in all the pride and pomp of power and glory, but those nations have fallen; their glory has departed, their sceptres have been wrested from them; their thrones have up-turned, and mingled with the dust; and around the brow of humbled majesty, the chaplets of mortified pride, and blasted ambition, have enwreathed themselves! Sects, and parties have come forth upon the bustling arena of mortal strife, and each has in turn put forth its momentous, or imbecile effort; and though great impulses may have been inspired; and great ends accomplished, and greater ones contemplated; yet after flourishing a while they began to languish, and finally they died!

As a leaf, from some o'er hanging limb,
Falls on the surface of a journeying stream,
And then glides off toward the widening sea;

Thus has it been with much of human hope, and mortal enterprise!—Where is now the glory of those oriental cities of other centuries, where thronging thousands were once bustling about, on the noisy arena of commercial life? Where is Balbec, Palmyra, and Pompei; with their myriad populations? and where Ninevah, Babylon, and Jerusalem of old, with their teeming millions, and their hill-tops enthroned with stately palaces,

almost outvieing in splendor, the lustre of the noon-day sun? Some of those cities have dwindled down into insignificant fishing villages! The bowels of the earth have swallowed others, those among them, the locality of which can be at all identified, are but miserable wrecks of former grandeur; the silent, yet signal, and impressive monitors proclaiming emphatically to all the world that all human power is imbecile; that all earthly glory is evanescent in its nature; and rapidly passing away: and all that can now be said of these once splendid cities, and vast nations which contained them is; "here once flourished a mighty city! This was once the site of a powerful empire!" Where's the glory, and what the end, of that ambitious spirit, whose military prowess gained him the mastery over the whole known world; and who, not content with having attained to the zenith of power and glory; was prompted to weep because there were no more nations to subdue to his dominions! Although he immortalized his name, and built up to perpetuate his memory, a monument as enduring as the "everlasting hills;" yet the results of his achievements are scarcely discernible; and Alexander the mighty conquerer became a drunken sot, and died in a fit of debauchery! And what has become of the splendid military conquests, of him of more modern date, yet of similar ambition and aim? He who stretched out his iron sceptre over the nations of the east; and made all Europe tremble at his nod? Who filled all Europe with weeping and desolation; and drenched the land with the blood of the slain! Who claimed as his own, the princely heritages of monarchs, and despots; and trampled on the crowns of kings and princes! Who burst asunder the holy ties of matrimonial affinity, to subserve his base purposes; and brought ecclesiastical power to submit to his sway!—Go, visit him in his prison-abode on the secluded, rock-bound island of St. Helena. Stript of his power; robbed of his glory; guarded, watched, and subdued! His proud, ambitious, eagle spirit, could not submit contentedly to such humiliation; and after pineing awhile over his prostrate condition he died, and lo! a heap of dust is all that now remains of the giant Napoleon! He who paralyzed the nations of the earth with fear; and shook the political world to its centre! Thus plainly demonstrating the fact, that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Thus in like manner have passed away, the millions who hung with extacy upon the living fire, the fervid pathos, of the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, Tully, &c.! Their thundering, overwhelming, or captivating peals of oratory, have died away along the sunny vales of those oriental climes; and the waves of time have obliterated from existence, even from history's page, the myriads who were the willing captives of their power! The magnificent monuments of art, in sculpture, painting, &c., together with much of the glory of ancient literature, is also in ruins; or fast verging to decay! and on the face of all earthly things, whether ancient or modern, great or small; animate or inanimate; is plainly and indelibly written "CHANGE!" Amid the mutabilities, fluctuations, and changes of earth; it is a source of unqualified consolation to know, that

There is a bright inheritance that fadeth not away;
Unlike the flitting wealth of earth, which lives but to decay;
An indisputable estate, a title to it given,
By Him who holds the destinies of all in earth or Heaven

There is a mansion-home, prepared for those who sorrow have,
The builder of it, hath declared we shall be with him there !
Its sapphire floors, and jasper walls, and arches all sublime,
And God built stories, far outvie the crumbling towers of time !

Canisteo, October, 1843.

A STATE OF NATURE.

WHILE labouring under the restraints that a state of civilization imposes, we are but too apt to find fault with our condition, and, if wrought to a pitch of excitement, perhaps wish that we were well out of the trammels of society, and dwelling in peace in some remote corner of the world, where law and government were alike unknown. Feelings of this description are frequently very chimerical, and, while indulging in them, we forget that the slight troubles that affect us are the penalties paid for a state of social freedom more happy than is enjoyed by almost any people.—There are few countries in the world, besides the U. States, in which a virtuous family can sit down securely at their own cheerful fireside, with their door shut and bolted, and no dread upon their minds of disturbance or personal molestation. And who would not, to enjoy this great boon, give up a little of his individual pretensions for the good of the whole ?—Man is a gregarious animal ; he necessarily prefers society, with all its trammelling conditions, to a life of solitude. The natural independence enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk has its charms, and captivates many a young and ardent mind ; but if put to trial, it would soon lose all its zest. The dismal quietness that would prevail, the difficulties of gaining a rude subsistence, the fear of wild beasts and venomous reptiles, the frightful idea of laying in a helpless state of disease, if not dying unheeded and uncared for, form no species of allurements, and would make us exclaim, in the words of Cowper,

“ Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”

A state of natural independence among fellow-men would be much more irksome and fatal, for the strong would overpower the weak, and the artful, with impunity, would circumvent the unsuspecting. There must be order—there must be law. “ A state of nature (says Doctor Wade, in his excellent *History of the Middle and Working Classes*), is a state of great inequality ; as much so as men’s abilities and physical power. It follows that it is civil, not natural liberty ; which induces equity among mankind, by making the law, not force, the shield and arbiter of right.

The natural right of a man to do as he desires, and can, supposes the same right in every other person : but the exertion of so many independent rights would often cause them to clash and destroy each other. A law that would restrain all, might be beneficial to all ; because each might gain more by the limitation of the freedom of others, than he lost by the curtailment of his own. Natural liberty is the right of every one to go where he lists, without regard to his neighbour ; civil liberty compels him to go on the public road, which is most convenient to himself, consistently with the enjoyment of the same convenience by other persons. The

establishment of civil liberty is the enclosure of the waste, by which each surrenders his right of common, for the quiet possession and culture of a separate allotment.

The transition from the natural to the civil state, subjects man to responsibilities to which he was not before liable. In the former he indulges his appetites, solely with reference to himself; in the latter, he can only indulge them, with reference to the society of which he is a member: and this he is bound to do, first, by the criminal restraint which the law imposes on actions of importance; and, secondly, by the moral restraint, which public opinion imposes on those of lesser degree.

As the natural was the first state of man, it may be inferred that this state would have continued, had not a persuasion arisen that social order would be more conducive to happiness. As the public good was the motive, so it must continue the end of civil society; and for this reason, that there is no obligation imposed on mankind, save their advantage, to maintain the social in preference to the individual state of existence. And upon this principle the laws of a free people are founded, namely, that they shall impose no restraints on the acts of individuals, which do not conduce in a greater degree to the general good.

Whether man has benefitted by the introduction of civil society, is a moral problem, which, like other problems, not mathematical, can only be solved by inferential testimony. Two reasons make strongly, and, I think, decisively in favour of the affirmative conclusion. First, mankind had their *choice*, and it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they would voluntarily have left their natural state, had not experience shown them that the social was the better. Secondly, by the surrender of a portion of his natural freedom, man appears to have been well compensated by civil enjoyment. Civilization only divests man of a fraction, not the whole of his primitive liberty: all those acts that are personal to himself, he may continue to indulge in as freely as the savage, subject to no other control than public opinion, which he may defy if he pleases. The law restrains public deeds, and this it does because they are hurtful to others, not to the perpetrator only. Such restraint is civil liberty, and he who seeks greater licence, can neither be just nor rational; he can scarcely be a man, but something worse.

The establishment of civil rights entirely supersedes the operation of the natural rights, which previously governed the relation of individuals. The right of revenge, of the strong to oppress the weak, and of all those powers which are supposed to appertain to the wild justice of nature, are abrogated by the institution of society. The law is then supreme arbiter: it may be a bad law, but while it continues unrepealed, it is the sole rule, the only tribunal of resort to establish a claim, or redress an injury.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further the distinction between natural and civil liberty. The first is a chimera, like the points and lines of mathematicians; but, like them, it serves as a basis for reasoning, and enables us to deduce the real from the abstract. Alexander Selkirk might possess his natural rights in Juan Fernandez, but nobody else. Two men could not live a day on a desolate island—they could not meet at the fountain for a pitcher of water, without settling the question whether age, strength, or first comer, should have precedence; and the termination of the dispute would be the establishment of civil order between them."

A SMILE.

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

THERE is a smile of sweetness,
Which beams upon the face,
Caus'd by benevolence which glows,
T'ward all the human race.

There is a smile of tenderness,
That speaketh from the eye,
Unnotic'd by the world at large,
'Tis answer'd by love's sigh.

There is a smile endearing,
When friendship calls it forth,
A rival to most other smiles,
For its intrinsic worth.

Yet oh! there is a smile more pure
Than ever friendship shows,
It is a smile more exquisite
Than passion ever knows.

This yieldeth pure felicity,
No other can impart;
It rises from no weaker source
Than a fond Mother's heart.

The smile of sweet approval,
Without a trace of guile,
Oh! bless'd the consciousness to feel,
We merit such a smile.

Such is the smile of value,
Essence of earth's best love,
Which fades not till it mingleth,
With Heaven's smile above.

Not for the wealth of worlds on worlds,
Should one forego that smile,
'Midst all of life's dark miseries,
'Twill be its hoard the while.

That eye so fondly beaming,
That sweet confiding look,
Is stamp'd forever on life's page
Gives value to life's book.

Oh ! who would trust the heart with one,
Who lightly could esteem,
The cheering, soothing, holy smile,
Which from such source doth beam.

GRAND DINNER OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD-FELLOWS.

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, in the chair.

By some strange association of ideas, Odd-Fellows and *mere* conviviality have become identified. The public at large are, in fact, utterly ignorant of the real purposes of a society which has religion for its basis, and charity for its aim. The Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is composed of a vast number of highly respectable individuals, whose objects are to relieve the sick, and aid the orphan and the widow. A certain number of lodges form what is termed a district; at the head of every district is a Grand Master, a Deputy Grand, and a Corresponding Secretary. The Grand Board of Direction is in Manchester, and from thence have emanated all laws regulating the society. The Manchester Unity is not to be confounded with the mere merry dogs formerly known as Odd-Fellows; the principle of the present society is pure philanthropy.

The dinner of Monday last, which took place at White Conduit House, was the second in commemoration of the formation of the society, and General Sir De Lacy Evans took the chair. The company, about 500 in number, sat down at four o'clock to a repast prepared and superintended by Mr. Rouse, whose skill, either as regards a hot dinner or a cold collation, is perfectly indisputable.

When the cloth was drawn, the gallant Chairman gave "The Health of Her Majesty."

This toast was not responded to *pro forma*, but the entire company, with the ladies who filled the gallery, gave a prolonged cheer for the beloved Queen of the Isles.

The next toast was, "Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales." This was succeeded by an appropriate song by P. V. Fletcher.

"The Queen Dowager, Patroness of the Odd-Fellows' Unity, and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN then, in a brief speech, proposed, "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows."

This toast, which included all lodges in unity, was received with tremendous cheering, and followed by an appropriate song by Bro. Sparks.

After which Provincial Corresponding Secretary ROE said—That so much had already been uttered and written concerning the Order, that it would be perfectly hopeless to say any thing new on the subject; but still he would not shrink from the task, but would endeavour to state a few facts for the information of such of their friends who are not yet members.—He then read some documents, from which it appeared that the Order was in a most flourishing condition, numbering now 368 districts, nearly 4,000

lodges, and upwards of 250,000 members. He stated the increase of the Order during the last five years, to have been rapid beyond all previous comparison, being at the rate of 20,000 members and upwards per annum. That at the present time the Order was in the receipt of near 300,000*l.* per annum, which sum was expended in the relief of *sick and depressed brethren*, and that the surplus fund of the institution was now over 400,000*l.*, which he held to be a fair proof of its prosperity and efficiency.—Mr. Roe remarked that the origin of the Order was lost in antiquity, but they grounded their claim to public notice upon a better foundation than ancient origin,—he meant their utility and the benefits they conferred upon their members; as instances of which he named their allowances in sickness—their grants of pecuniary aid to distressed members—their funeral donations—their perambulating relief, which enabled a brother to travel for employment all over the kingdom; and last, and best of all, he said they had their fund for the protection of the widow and orphan of deceased brothers, and shortly would have a fund for the protection of the aged and superannuated members. The worthy corresponding secretary, who was much cheered, concluded an excellent speech by calling on those who had not yet joined to do so, and share those benefits enjoyed by the brethren of this unity.

After the applause had subsided, the CHAIRMAN gave—"Continual prosperity to the *North London District*."

Mr. LANCASTER, Provincial Deputy Grand Master, apologized for the diffidence which he said oppressed him, in addressing so numerous and brilliant an assemblage, and explained that the North London District was yet but a young branch of their wide-spread unity, being only established in the year 1839, and then consisting of but two lodges, and only about 100 members; but so prosperous had been their course that they now could number 2,500 members, and 38 lodges, all of which were, he believed, in a flourishing condition. He stated that either in their benefits, their medical aid to sick brothers, their widows' and orphans' fund, or any other of the usual benefits of the Order, they were as liberal, *and as well able to be liberal*, as any district in the unity. He stated that in his opinion their particular district was destined to fill an important page in the history of Odd-Fellowship, from the zeal with which they were carrying out its pure principles. He said, in allusion to the superannuation, that it had commenced in this district, and that one lodge alone had accumulated near 100*l.* towards the accomplishment of this noble project, and that other lodges were now employed in striving to form a library, and thus add an intellectual to the many physical benefits conferred by their Order upon its members; and that a committee was now in existence, whose object was, if possible, to establish a school, where the offspring of their poorer brethren might receive a sound moral education. Mr. Lancaster said that since their last anniversary the North London District had succeeded in opening a lodge in France, which he felt was a triumph to the Order, and would be a benefit to the whole family of Man, as uniting nations in bonds of brotherhood more binding than treaties of peace. He expressed, in the name of his district, the gratitude he felt at the compliment paid them by their honourable Chairman, their visiting friends, and last, not least, by the ladies, and hoped their prosperity would continue.

The next toast was "Prosperity to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund,"

to which President FAULKNER, Past Provincial Grand Master, responded in a brief speech, in the course of which he intimated that, after satisfying all classes, they had 700*l.* in hand. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. ROE then proposed the health of the Chairman.

General Sir DE LACY EVANS acknowledged the compliment, spoke in high terms of the society, and concluded by proposing the health of "the Ladies," a toast which we need not say was drunk with the greatest cordiality. On the Chairman vacating his seat the company retired to the grounds, and on the boards of the "theatre" P. G. GRIFFITHS, of the Lord Portman Lodge, delivered an address entitled "The Mission of the Guardian Angels."

FAVOURITISM IN FAMILIES.

PARENTAL affection, with all its amiableness, and its high utility, is liable to some unhappy weaknesses, which often lead to fatal and distressing results. When indulged to an extravagant degree, without being tempered by that judicious severity which is required to keep in check the wayward and imperfect understandings of children, it completely mars their education, or, to use a common and expressive phrase, *spoils* them. When indulged partially among the various members of a family, its effects are hardly less fatal, while its criminality is seldom attended with the same excuse.

The first of these faults is fortunately rare; otherwise the native wickedness of the human heart would not be nearly so much repressed in grown society as it is. But the more guilty, though less fatal weakness, of showing an undue favour to a part of a family, to the exclusion of the rest, is much more common, if indeed it may not be said to pervade, more or less, the bosom of every existing parent. It requires little effort to show that this is one of the most cruel and unreasonable of all vices—though, seated as it is amidst the unapproachable mysteries of the heart, there may be more difficulty in administering to it even a slight degree of correction. External individuals are generally surprised to find that the preference of the parents, where it exists, is not occasioned by any superior merit or more engaging appearance in its objects, but more frequently seems to arise from the very absence of those qualifications. There may, it is true, be cause for the preference, where its object or objects are less favoured by nature than the rest; nay, humanity demands, in such cases, that the affections of the parents should be called forth in larger measure, to compensate, as far as possible, for the deficiencies of nature. But the preference often exists where there is inferior temper and character, without any peculiarity of organization to render it excusable. Love is expended where there is no love in return—where the disposition, on the contrary, is so harsh and cold, that Love, like the bird sent out by Noah, cannot find in it whereon to place his foot—while, on the other hand, children of docile and affectionate character, who might amply repay the fondness and care of a parent, are neglected. There is something so irrational, as well as so unjust, in all this, that observers are lost in astonish-

ment at the blindness which may accompany a passion, in general the most praiseworthy, and beautiful to look upon, of all which animate our nature.

There would be little use in thus adverting to a weakness so well known, and so generally reprehended where it occurs, if we had not some hope of awakening the consciences of many who have no chance of otherwise being informed of their error. We recollect a simple but touching anecdote, which we encountered many years ago in the course of our juvenile reading, and which may perhaps, by being revived here, stir the souls of a few, to whom reasoning on such a subject might be useless. A lady of rank had two sons, from six to eight years of age, named John and Frederick, the former of whom she doated on with an extravagant degree of fondness, while she carried her neglect and contempt to as great an extreme towards his brother. John she was in the habit of calling exclusively "My son," as if she had deemed him alone entitled to that endearing appellation. As for Frederick, though he was a child of the best dispositions, and every way worthy of her affection, she held him in such contempt and detestation, as sometimes to scream when he came into her presence, and desire "that odious thing" to be taken out of her sight. All this was the more strange, as John did not seem to regard her with any remarkable degree of affection, but, on the contrary, would sometimes repel her caresses, as more troublesome than agreeable to him, and, in general, rather shunned than sought her company. One day, when she was in bed very seriously indisposed, she heard the door opened, and a young foot enter the apartment. Having longed exceedingly all the morning to see her favourite child, who, instead of inquiring for her, had been amusing himself out of doors, she now supposed that this must be he, and accordingly exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness and delight, "My son, is it you?" "No, mamma," was the timid answer returned to her inquiry, "it is only Frederick." The poor child had crept, with the longings of undeserved affection, to his mother's chamber, expecting to meet some one who could inform him how she was; and, now, terror-struck lest her disappointment at finding *him* where she expected his more beloved brother, would draw forth her anger, and perhaps increase her illness, he was, after giving the above reply, about to leave the room. The mother, however, was touched by the unconscious accusation contained in her child's words, and, springing from the bed, she clasped him in her arms with an ardour as extreme as her former coldness, assuring him, with tears of penitence and affection, that he too was her son, and never again should be neglected. From that time forward, she was never observed to manifest the least partiality for either of her children.

If this story be true—which it has all the appearance of being—it proves that the reason, when once effectually roused upon this subject, has the power of overcoming the passion which inspires parents with these erroneous attachments. We, therefore, call upon all parents, *at this very moment*, to take themselves to task, and, if they be self-convicted of any undue preference of one child over another, let them exert their understandings to put down the unjust dictates of their feelings, and endeavour to equalise their affections over the whole of those who have a claim upon them. An injustice towards any individual in the little flock of which they have been made the keepers, is one of the most flagrant cruelties,

and one of the most dangerous errors, that can be committed. It is the former, because no cruelty can be so shameful as that which is exercised upon a creature which neither provokes nor can resent it. It is the latter, because it is apt to derange all the best objects which we are enjoined to hold in view in the culture of youth, and thus occasion a serious damage to the general interest.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

IN a former number of the Journal, we presented our readers with the biography of Washington, a man whose memory meets with the highest respect, not only by the Americans, to whom he secured the blessings of national independence, but by the British, whose warlike efforts he powerfully assisted in frustrating. The following notice of the early days of this great man, is from the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a production of the United States, and will be perused with interest and edification by our young friends, who will see how much depends on attending to the admonitions and guidance of a good mother.

"It is impossible to visit the shades of Mount Vernon (where Washington resided, and now lies buried,) to stand near the tomb where the father of his country reposes, to see the gardens which he cultivated, the mansion where he rested from the toils of war, the piazza where he so often lingered to view the setting sun gild the mighty river Potomac, without desiring to be acquainted with his domestic life, and save from oblivion every circumstance respecting him. Many anecdotes of his early years are treasured in this land of his nativity. Some of the most interesting ones were derived from his mother, a dignified and pious matron, who by the death of her husband while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, 'only to acquire *obedience, diligence, and truth.*' These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once by an inadvertence of his youth, a considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere immediately with the plans of his mother. He came to her with a frank acknowledgement of his error, and she replied, while a tear of affection moistened her eye, 'I had rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood.'

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury, or weak indulgence.—He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in labours which the children of wealthy parents would not account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship. The systematic improvement of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's

concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded his person, that he was *never known to be in a hurry*, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties. Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wishes was a law.

Her common influence over him was strengthened by that dignity with which a strength of mind had invested her. This imparted to her great elevation of feeling. During some periods of our revolutionary war, when the fears of the people were wrought up to a distressing anxiety, many mistaken reports were in circulation, which agonized the hearts of those whose friends occupied posts of danger. It would sometimes be said to her, 'Madam, intelligence has been received that our army is defeated, and your son a prisoner.' 'My son,' she would reply, 'has been in the habit of acting in difficult situations.'

At length the blessings of peace and independence were vouchsafed to our nation, and Washington, who for eight years had been divided from the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, 'first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,' came to lay his laurels at her feet, who had first sown their seeds in his soul.

This venerable woman continued, until past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around her. At length the wasting agony of a cancer terminated her existence, at the residence of her daughter, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Washington was with her in the last stages of life, to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, by the most tender offices of affection. With pious grief he closed her eyes, and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself. It was in a beautiful and secluded dell, on the family estate, partly overshadowed by trees, where she frequently retired for meditation, and where the setting sun-beams shone with the softest radiance.

Travellers who visit the tomb at Mount Vernon, will find it interesting to extend their visit to this spot—where the mother of our hero, whom he was thought, in person and manners, greatly to resemble, rests without a stone.

We have now seen the man, who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. We have traced many of his virtues back to that sweet submission to maternal guidance which distinguished his early years. She whom he honoured with such filial reverence, said, that 'he had learned to command others, by first learning to obey.'

Let those, therefore, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, lay the foundation of filial virtue, and not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, 'My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.'"

[*Cham. Ed. Journal.*]

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE SEPTUAGINT AND VULGATE.

It has generally been admitted, that the SEPTUAGINT, which, as has been explained, is so called from the number SEVENTY, or, more properly, SEVENTY-TWO interpreters, who were said to be employed in the formation of it, was the first Greek version of the Old Testament. No mention has been made of any that preceded it, and it cannot be deemed probable that Ptolemy would have taken so much pains to procure a version of the Jewish law, had any other previously existed: and it is equally improbable he should have been unacquainted with it, had it existed at a time when, with the assistance of Demetrius, he was procuring Greek books from every part of the world. It is plainly affirmed by Philo, that before his time the law was not known in any language but the original. The acquaintance with Jewish customs and Jewish history, which many Heathen writers, before the reign of Ptolemy, have manifested, has led many persons to conclude that they must have derived their knowledge from a Greek version of at least parts of the Old Testament. Yet we may account for the knowledge of Jewish customs, &c. which these writers display, without supposing that they obtained it from any Greek version; for we have direct evidence, that Aristotle, at least, had intercourse with the Jews, for the purpose of gaining information respecting their law; and as the philosophers were certainly acquainted with the doctrine of the Gymnosophists and of the Druids, who had not any written law, so we may suppose they obtained their knowledge of the Jewish religion from personal intercourse with individuals of that nation.

At first, it is probable, the Law only was translated, for there was no need of the other books in the public worship; no other part of the Scriptures but the Law having been in early times read in the synagogues. But afterwards, when the reading of the Prophets also came into use in the synagogues of Judea, in the time of the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes, and the Jews of Alexandria, who in those times conformed themselves to the usages of Judea and Jerusalem in all matters of religion, were induced hereby to do the same; this caused a translation of the Prophets also to be there made into the Greek language, in like manner as the Law had been before. After this, other persons translated the rest for the private use of the same people; and so that whole version was completed which we now call the Septuagint; and after it was thus made, it became of common use among all the churches of the Hellenistical Jews, wherever they were dispersed among the Grecian cities.

When the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vulgar tongue, the version of the SEVENTY was read in the synagogues, even in Judea itself. It is true, this was not universally done; there was a sort of division among the Jews about it; some were for having the Scripture read only in *Hebrew*, and were, therefore, called *Hebrews* or *Hebraizers*; whilst others read it in *Greek*, and were called *Hellenists*, that is, *Grecians* or *Grecizers*, as has been already observed. As the number of the latter was greater than that of the *Hebrew-Jews*, and the Apostles preached most frequently to them, it is not to be wondered at, as St. Jerome observes, that the passages of the

Old Testament, which are quoted in the New, are sometimes borrowed from thence. It is thus seen that this version preceded the publication of the Gospel; and it has been authorised by the use which the Apostles made of it, as well as the whole church. It seems very evident, however, from various passages, as Parkhurst has remarked, that the writers of the New Testament, in their citations of the Old, did not intend either literally to translate the Hebrew, or to stamp their authority on the SEVENTY translation but only to *refer us to the Original Scriptures*.

The Septuagint version was continued in public use among the Jews for more than three hundred years; but as it grew into use among the Christians, it went out of credit with the Jews. In the twelfth year of the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 128, Aquila, a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, published a new Greek version of the Old Testament. This man, who had been a Christian, and afterwards became a Jew, is supposed to have undertaken this work in opposition to the Christians, not only that the SEVENTY might be superseded, but that a new version might be given of those passages on which they relied most in their controversies with the Jews. The Hellenistic Jews received this version, and afterwards used it every where instead of the Septuagint: and, therefore, this Greek translation is often made mention of in the Talmud, or Compendium of Jewish Doctrines, but the Septuagint never. The Emperor Justinian published a decree, which is still extant among his institutions, whereby he ordained that the Jews might read the Scriptures in their synagogues, either in the Greek version of the SEVENTY, or in that of Aquila, or in any other language, according to the country in which they should dwell. But the Jewish doctors having determined against this, their decrees prevailed against that of the emperor, and, within a little while after, both the Septuagint and the version of Aquila was rejected by them; and ever since, the solemn reading of the Scriptures among them, in their public assemblies, has been in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages. "The Chaldee," says Prideaux, "is used in some of their synagogues even to this day, and particularly at Frankfort, in Germany."

Not long after the time of Aquila, there were two other Greek versions of the Old Testament Scriptures made; the first by Theodotion, who lived in the time of Commodus, the Roman emperor, and the other by Symmachus, who flourished a little after him in the reigns of Severus and Caracalla. The former is supposed to have belonged to Ephesus, and fell into the heretical errors of Ebion and Marcion, to which sect Symmachus also belonged, being by birth a Samaritan, and by profession first a Jew, then a Christian, and, lastly, an Ebionite heretic. They both of them undertook the making of their versions with the same design as Aquila did, although not entirely for the same end; for they all three entered on this work for the perverting of the Old Testament Scriptures. Aquila, however, did it for the serving of the interest of the Jewish religion, the other two for promoting the interest of the heretical sect to which they belonged; and all of them wrested the original Scriptures in their versions of them, as much as they could, to make them speak for the different ends which they proposed. From the circumstances, therefore, under which these versions were made, it may be inferred that their authority cannot be very great, though, from the fragments of them which have been collected,

we may derive considerable assistance in understanding particular portions of the Old Testament.

In speaking of the ancient versions of the Bible, it must be observed, that there are two in the Syriac language—the Old, which is a translation of the Old Testament from the *Hebrew*, and the New, which is a translation of the New Testament from the *Greek*. This last is, beyond contradiction, the most ancient that ever was formed in the Christian church. It is that which the Christians in the east, called *Maronites*, make use of in their worship; and they, as well as the other Syrian Christians, boast very much of its antiquity; for they allege that one portion of it was made by the command of Solomon, for the use of Hiram, king of Tyre, and the other part by the command of Abgarus, king of Edessa. It is certain this version was of considerable antiquity, and was in all likelihood made within the first century after Christ, and had for its author some Christian of the Jewish nation that was thoroughly skilled in both the Hebrew and Syriac languages; and as it is amongst the oldest translations that we have of any part of the Scriptures, so it is the best, without any exception, that has been made of them by the ancients into any language whatsoever. This last character belongs to it in respect of the New Testament, as well as of the Old; and, therefore, of all the ancient versions which are now consulted by Christians for the better understanding of the Holy Scriptures, as well of the New Testament as of the Old, none can better serve this end than this old Syriac version, when carefully consulted and well understood. To this purpose the very nature of the language gives much assistance; for, it having been the mother-tongue of those who wrote the New Testament, and a dialect of that in which the Old was first given, many things of both are more happily expressed in it through this whole version than can well be done in any other language.

The language of princes generally become, in time, the common language of their subjects. The conquests of Alexander made the Greek tongue universal; and by the same means the Latin tongue extended itself, with the Roman empire, all over the world; so that, at length, there was scarce a nation where, by the help of this language, you might not make yourself understood.

It is not known who was the author of the first Latin version of the Scriptures; but St. Augustine, a celebrated bishop of the Latin church, about A. D. 400, tells us that there soon appeared a great number of them. "We know them who translated the Scriptures in *Greek*," says he, "and the number of them is not great; but the number of the *Latin*, translators is infinite. When the faith came to be established, the first man who found a Greek copy, notwithstanding the little knowledge he had of the two languages, boldly undertook a translation of it." From another passage of his writings it has been generally concluded, that there was one particular version called "the Italian," in higher estimation than the rest, and which was the authorised version of the Roman churches. However this may be, it is certain the Latin church was in want of a version of the Scriptures formed directly from the Hebrew, as all the Latin translations in existence at that time had been taken from the *seventy*. St. Jerome, who was contemporary with St. Augustine, was in every respect best suited, of any of the learned men of that time, to the task of making a new translation, which he accordingly undertook. He began by correct-

ing some books of the Old Testament in the Latin Bible, particularly the version of the Psalms, and marked those passages wherein any difference existed between the Latin version, the Greek of the SEVENTY, and the Hebrew original. He had early applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, and at different periods had the assistance of five Jewish teachers; he had access also to the works of Origen, who published what is called the *Hexapla*, that is, the Bible in *six* different languages. From these he must have derived considerable assistance in the work he undertook—that of translating into Latin all the books of the Old Testament, to which he added a correct edition of the common version of the New.

This work of St. Jerome is still used in the Roman Catholic church, and is known by the name of the *Vulgate*; for which some have gone so far as to claim the authority and infallibility of an inspired production. At first, however, his version was not generally received; for although many were pleased with it, because it was more consonant to the original, and a more literal translation than that of the SEVENTY; yet others, and among the rest Augustine, considered it a rash attempt, and calculated to diminish the authority of the Greek version. It was approved of by the Jews as conformable to their text, and was received into the church gradually and by tacit consent, rather than by the sanction of public authority.

Nevertheless, the *Vulgate* which we have at present and which the celebrated Council of Trent declared to be authentic, is not the pure version of St. Jerome; it has in it a great deal of ancient *Italian*; but it cannot now be discovered by whom, or at what time, this mixture was made.—Some think that St. Jerome has no part at all in the present *Vulgate*; and it is certain that the *Psalms* in it are not his. Nevertheless, the Latin version comes nearer to the *Hebrew*, and is more perspicuous, than the *Septuagint*. Since the time of the Council of Trent, namely, in 1589 and 1592, corrected editions of the *Vulgate* have been published under the authority of the Popes Sixtus the Fifth and Clement the Eighth.

[*Cham. Ed. Jour.*]

DANGERS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In an early number of our Journal we took occasion to bring forward an article on the nature and tendency of circumstantial or presumptive evidence, as admitted by the Scottish criminal laws in cases of accusation for murder. We then gave a very remarkable instance where a concatenation of circumstances, apparently trifling and unimportant when viewed separately, yet taken together, formed a chain of evidence which led to the discovery of the guilty person with almost the certainty of ocular testimony. At the same time we promised to give, in a future paper, a counter instance, where circumstances, all tending to bring home the guilt to the person accused, and so construed and acted on by the dispensers of the law, had nevertheless been afterwards found to be deceptive, and to have brought down the penalty of guilt on the innocent head. Various causes have contributed to delay our fulfilling this promise; but chiefly from our wish to procure an example where the incidents were of as interesting a description as possible.

The first case we shall notice is one recorded by the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, in his great work, his *Commentary on Littleton*, which is said to have occurred in the eighth year of the reign of James the First of England.

In the county of Warwick, there lived two gentlemen, brothers, one of whom was possessed of considerable landed property. He had only one child, a daughter, the charge of whom he by his will devised to his brother, until she should attain the age of sixteen years, when she became entitled to take her property into her own hands. The uncle, after his brother's death, discharged the duty of guardian, to all appearance with great care and fidelity, until his niece reached her eighth or ninth year, having her instructed in all the accomplishments proper to her age and station. About that period, it happened one day that in consequence of some real or supposed juvenile misdemeanour, the uncle thought himself called upon to inflict a little personal chastisement on his niece, on which occasion the child was heard, by some of the servants, to exclaim, "Oh! good uncle, do not kill me!" Next morning the child was amissing, and notwithstanding a strict and immediate search was instituted, no traces of her could afterwards be obtained.

From the incident just mentioned, together with the circumstance of the uncle's being the immediate heir to the estates of his lost niece, suspicion naturally fell on him as the supposed murderer. He was apprehended, and committed to jail; but as there existed no direct proof of his guilt, nor indeed of the murder having been committed at all, the "justices of the assize (to use the words of Coke) admonished him to find out the child, and thereupon bailed him until the next assizes." As the time drew near for the fulfilment of this injunction, the uncle, who suspected what the consequences of his non-compliance would be, bethought him of a stratagem for deceiving the officers of the law. He procured a child from a distant quarter, resembling as nearly as might be, in years and appearance, the one that was amissing; and having attired her suitably, he produced her in court as his lost niece. The imposture was, however, discovered; the attempt was regarded as only a farther corroboration of the relative's guilt, and he was tried, condemned, and executed. Time rolled on without the smallest circumstance transpiring to raise a doubt of the justness of the punishment; but in about seven or eight years afterwards—that is to say, when the time arrived at which the girl supposed to be murdered, was by the will of her father, entitled to claim her property—she, to the surprise of every one, made her appearance, and her identity being clearly ascertained, she was put in possession of her wealth. It turned out, that, early on the morning after being beaten by her uncle, as above mentioned, she was to have gone to attend a school in the neighbourhood; but, instead of proceeding thither, she fled across the country into a neighbouring county, where, from her intelligence, education, and interesting appearance, she was received into a gentleman's family upon whom she had imposed with some plausible story, the fear of being again discovered and claimed by her uncle no doubt inducing her to conceal her real name and situation. There she had resided until the period of her personal freedom had arrived, little dreaming, of course, of the fatal consequences of her flight and seclusion to her unfortunate relative. "This case," adds Sir Edward Coke, "we have reported for a double caveat; first, to judges, that they, in case of life,

judge not too hastily upon bare presumption; and secondly, to the innocent and the true man, that he never seek to excuse himself by false or undue means lest thereby he overthrow himself as the uncle did.”*

Sir Matthew Hale, in noticing the above case, and observations by his great predecessor, also mentions another melancholy instance which occurred, he says, in Staffordshire, within his own remembrance. An individual was suddenly amissing in his native place; and suspicion having fallen on a certain person as the murderer, he was apprehended and tried. So strong were the presumptions against him, not only of his having taken the man's life, but even of having afterwards consumed the body *in an oven*, that he was convicted and executed. Within a twelvemonth, however, the supposed victim returned, when it appeared that he had indeed been kidnapped, and sent across the sea against his will by the individual who had been executed; “and so,” adds Sir Matthew Hale, “although he justly deserved death, yet he was really not guilty of that offence for which he suffered.”

The above examples are sufficient to show both the perilous nature of presumptive evidence, and the undue extent to which it was formerly permitted to bear against the accused. It has accordingly since been recognised as an established principle, both in the law of Scotland and England, that *actual certainty of the murder being committed* must first be got at, ere presumption, however strong, be permitted to affect the innocence or safety of any individual. “I would never,” observes the eminent lawyer last quoted, “convict any person of murder, or manslaughter, *unless the fact were proved to be done*, or at least the body found dead.” Burnet, one of the greatest of our Scotch criminal law authorities, lays it down as “a leading and indispensable rule, in judging of presumptive evidence, in no case to admit of its effect, unless there be proof of the *corpus delicti*. Till it be proved that a murder has been perpetrated, it is in vain to inquire whether this or that circumstance ought to have any effect against the party accused. Till it be proved that a murder has been perpetrated, it is in vain to inquire whether a particular individual has been guilty of it.”

Although a man's life, however, may thus, in such cases, be protected by the scrupulous jealousy of the law, it is impossible to guard his character from suspicions, which may so affect his circumstances and peace of mind as to render mere existence a boon little to be envied; and we shall now detail to our readers a peculiarly affecting instance of this nature, where the undoubted proof of innocence only arrived after the unfortunate individual had underlain the horrid imputation of murder for many years, and had in consequence been reduced from comfortable circumstances, and a respectable station in society, to a state of unpitied poverty and distress. The individual we allude to is still alive; and the truth of the narrative will at once be recognised by the inhabitants of the district where the circumstances took place.

It is now about 25 years since, that, on the evening of a market-day at a burgh town in the south of Scotland, a party of four or five individuals were returning together to their domiciles in the country. They were on horseback, and all farmers, with the exception of one, who was a drover or cattle-dealer. The conversation, of course naturally turned on the mar-

*Coke's Pleas of the Crown, cap. 104.

ket they had been attending, which happened to be an unusually brisk one, and, as most of them had been sellers, their spirits were proportionably high. The cattle-dealer, especially, seemed to be in a remarkably voluble and sanguine humour—spoke freely of his gains by the day's sales—mentioned his intentions of proceeding directly to a large southern fair that was approaching, in order to make purchases to the amount of several hundred pounds; and even, in the heat of his animation and confidence, produced a large pocket-book, boastfully observing that it contained ample funds for the purpose. There was nothing in all this to excite any surprise in his companions, with the exception of one circumstance, that the affairs of the drover, it had been generally surmised for a considerable time past, were by no means in a flourishing condition. These rumours, however, might be false; besides, one lucky hit in the market, they all knew, might at any time change the tide of a man's fortunes.

These cattle-dealers, while travelling in their vocation, seldom, as is well known in agricultural districts, need to pay for their night's quarters in any part of the country where they are at all known—their company being always welcome at the farmer's fireside for the information they bring respecting the state of distant markets, the chance of driving a bargain with them, &c. &c. It was but natural, therefore, that the individual we now speak of should receive an invitation to supper and bed for the night from one of his companions, on arriving at the cross road which turned off the highway towards the house of the latter. This, indeed, was uniformly his home while sojourning in that district, from the great intimacy which subsisted between the farmer and himself. The offer, however, was in the present instance at first declined, and they bade each other good night; but, after riding on a little distance with the remainder of the party, the dealer seemed to regret having done so—spoke of the quantity of money he had about him—the prudence of taking daylight for his journey—his being a good deal wearied—and, finally, turned his horse's head, declaring his determination of overtaking his friend, which he could do in a few minutes, and stopping with him all night.

Next morning the dealer's horse was found by some of the farmer's servants, straying about the barn-yard, saddled and bridled. They at first thought little of it, including that the owner had come home with their master, who from the early hours kept in the country, had arrived after the household had retired to rest on the preceding evening. But when this was found not to be the case, fears began to arise of some accident having happened. Inquiry was immediately made throughout the neighborhood, but to no purpose; while another circumstance took place during the day which led to suspicions no way favourable to the occupant of the farm-house. A dog belonging to the drover had by some means found its way thither, and getting under the bed where its master usually slept, it kept up a continued howling in that long melancholy cadence in which dogs are popularly supposed to display their instinctive consciousness of recent or approaching death. This it continued to do for several days, resisting all inducements to quit its post; and it was at last necessary to use main force to get it out. Every field in the district was then scoured; ditches and quarries were searched; ponds, pools, and wells were dragged—but all in vain. A wood of some extent in the vicinity was hunted again and again by a pack of hounds belonging to a nobleman, which were then

in that quarter, in order to discover the dead body—but still to no purpose. The public interest grew gradually stronger. Intelligence of the mysterious event soon reached the public authorities, and a strict investigation was set on foot. The individuals who accompanied the unfortunate man on the night preceding his disappearance, and who resided in different parts of the country, came forward, and their testimony agreed in every particular—the large quantity of money he said he had about him—the manner in which he meant to dispose of it—the invitation given him by their brother farmer—his declining, and afterwards returning to accept of it—his perfect sobriety—in not one tittle was there the slightest discrepancy in their evidence. The farm-servants declared their uncertainty as to the time of night when their master arrived at home on the evening alluded to, which seemed to imply caution on his part in entering the house—the strange situation in which the dealer's horse was found next morning—the still more strange conduct of the dog—and their master's evident agitation throughout the subsequent search. The latter himself, when interrogated, either could or would say nothing beyond solemnly declaring his utter inability to account for the disappearance of the man, whom he had not seen, he said, from the time he parted with him on the highway in company with the other; he had ridden slowly home, so that any one wishing to overtake him could easily have done so. As to caution in entering his house, he made it a rule, he said, never to disturb any of the family, should they have gone to bed, on his return from market or elsewhere, but to dress and supper his horse with his own hands; and the latter statement was confirmed by the testimony of his family.

All this might be true, but was nevertheless far from satisfying the public mind. The farmer was universally looked upon as being in some way or other connected with the disappearance of the absent man; but as no trace of the drover or his property could be discovered about his dwelling or premises, he was allowed to go at liberty. But his freedom, and even his tacit acquittal in the eye of justice, was now of little benefit to him. The brand of the murderer was stamped on his character. By most men he was looked on as decidedly guilty; by many he was regarded with doubt; and, in fact, the presumptions were so strong against him, that even those who disbelieved them, being unable to urge any thing in his exculpation beyond their own secret conviction of his innocence, at last held their peace. Let no man presume to despise public opinion. Its power in this instance was fearfully, though wrongfully, shown. He was shunned every where. On the highway, his former friends avoided him. At market, no one would either buy from or sell to him. The consequences of all this were soon visible. He lost heart; got behind with his rent; his effects were roused off; in short, he became a "broken" man.

Years rolled on, and this *victim of presumptive evidence*—for such he still was—gradually sunk to a state of poverty and desertion; for even after the infirmities of age overtook him, people scrupled to lend their assistance to the *supposed murderer*. At last, by the interest of some individual less suspicious or more charitably disposed than others, he was enabled to rent a toll-bar in his native country. In this situation he had continued for several years, when a rumour reached the district that the drover had been seen in America by a young man who had recently emigrated from that part of the country. The report, however, was so vague,

that it was generally discredited; and not being afterwards confirmed, the old man still continued to lie under the horrid suspicions against him.—But justice was doomed to be done to his character at last. One day, while sitting in his toll-house, an individual entered, and, without speaking a word, seated himself in a chair opposite to him. The man was seemingly in the extremity of poverty, but his hat was so much slouched over his features that they could not be seen distinctly. To the inquiries of the old man, whether or not he was ailing, he continued silent for some time with his eyes bent to the ground, but at last looked up in the other's face, and lifted his hat. It was the drover!—the man who had been amissing for more than a dozen years, and whose mysterious disappearance had been the occasion of all his misfortunes. After gazing on each other for some moments in silence, the one doubtful whether a ghost of a living man stood before him, and the other seemingly agitated with strong feelings of shame and contrition, the latter stretched out his hand, and asked the old man if he could forgive his worst enemy. The latter knew not what answer to make to his address, and few more words, indeed, passed between them, for a sudden conviction of the truth at once flashed on the old man's mind, which was confirmed by the guilt-speaking silence of the other. The following, we believe, is the true account of the drover's story: About the time of his disappearance, he had become deeply involved in extensive bill transactions, and these, together with several severe losses in trade, placed the alternative before him, of either absconding with what money he still possessed, or of remaining to be stripped of every farthing, and thrown into jail. He determined on the former course, and, to prevent pursuit, devised the horrible contrivance—which, as we have seen, he too successfully executed—of throwing the imputation of his murder on some one. After abandoning his horse near the farm-steading of his victim, he fled to the hills, and traversed the country by the loneliest paths, to a distant sea-port on the Solway, whence he got across to Liverpool, and there took shipping for America, in a vessel which he had previously ascertained was on the eve of sailing. He had fully determined, he said, to return when he had made sufficient to satisfy his creditors; but his energies were blighted—nothing thrived with him. He often seemed in a way of becoming rich, but some unexpected misfortune always destroyed his hopes. He was at last utterly ruined, lost his health, and was unable to work; and, finding himself, as he thought, dying, he procured a free passage in a homeward-bound vessel, in order, he said, to ask forgiveness of the man he had wronged so much, without which, he declared, he could not die in peace. On being asked why he did not prevent all that wrong by sending home some notification of his being alive, he alleged his fears of being pursued by some of his creditors. But it was too evident, from his manner, that this tardy reparation was not prompted by real contrition, but rather by the cunning of despair, and that, had he succeeded in his pursuits abroad, there would have been little probability of his ever returning to repair the mischief, both to character and property, he had perpetrated by his absconding. The old man saw this, and only saying that he forgave him, and prayed God to forgive him also, desired him to leave the house, and never vex his eyes with his presence more.—The wretch, accordingly, departed. He lived many years afterwards in the same district; and although generally loathed and despised, yet, strange

to say, he found much less difficulty in supporting himself comfortably than the poor man he had ruined by treachery.

It is at once with shame, surprise, and regret, that we have to conclude this melancholy story by stating, that the injured old man has been suffered to drag on his existence unnoticed, in that poverty and obscurity to which the crime of one, and the mistaken suspicions of the many, so undeservedly reduced him. Private charity may have done something to smooth his declining years; but we think—and we are confident the world will think with us—that the poor man who thus fell a victim to mistaken public prejudice, was, in common fairness, entitled to a reparation as public as the injury. Let us hope that it will yet be done.

[*Cham Ed. Journal.*]

ON WITNESSING THE ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

THE rooms are spacious and the structure grand,
The architect may proud declaim command;
All the embellishments much taste display,
All fit equipments for a bright array.
Some more than others show rare works of art,
Yet when combin'd, for beauty each has part;
That which most strikes the eye is the rare show,
Of seeming gems which in the windows glow.
There rubies, emeralds, and diamonds shine
That to believe them real our thoughts incline;
For painted glass looks natural as they,
Or rainbow tints shown by the sun's clear ray
Art here with nature doth so closely vie,
Touch is deem'd needful to convince the eye.
One fain would learn who might the artist be
That gave to fancy such reality?
Who that so gracefully doth colours blend,
Making the means subservient to the end?
Who for stain'd glass has richest laurels won
His name 'tis said is William Hannington—
A true Odd-Fellow, not of low degree,
Whose merits grace the whole fraternity.
An honest man as well as one of art—
A name which in God's work holds noble part

E. C. H.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH this number we close the second volume of the "Covenant and Official Magazine," and ere another issue shall have reached our friends and patrons the year eighteen hundred and forty-three will have past forever to mingle with, and add to the accumulating mass of ages that were. In beholding the retrospect how impressively are we admonished of the evanescence of all things human—and how forcibly are we reminded of the inestimable value of the time that has rolled by, peradventure, whilst we heedless beings have been in a great measure careless of its importance and inattentive to the many opportunities which it has afforded for the improvement of our temporal and future being. To the contemplative mind, the past is full of light and experience; grateful for the unmeasured blessings which the great Creator has bestowed upon him, the virtuous man catches from it new views of his duty and relations and gathering along the pathway of life through which he has passed, knowledge and conviction from every point of his divergence from strictly moral and honorable doing, he beholds in the future a new field of existence into which he is about to enter, and with fixed resolution he determines to avail himself of the light which the past sheds upon the unbroken tracks of the future and thus to avoid the evils and digressions which mar the chart of time already spent.

Setting out upon his career with these promptings this man, the older he grows, becomes more imbued with the value of time, more and more deeply impressed with the importance of its proper application and in the sequel finds always in the retrospect the delightful and soul-stirring pleasure which ever arises from the consciousness of time well spent.

How is it on the other hand? The mere citizen of the world, who lives on his course from day to day insensible of the admonitions which Time as it flies is ever suggesting to him, who ploddingly toils for the day and trusts in the same physical power for the wants of to-morrow, who lies down at night and rises at the morning's first dawn, when creation is most impressive in its teachings of omnipotence and of man's entire dependance, without giving himself the least concern as to the Time which is passing him at every breath he takes, which is ever around him and before him; such a man's whole life thus spent, in comparison with the career of him that profits constantly by the experience of the past, and practically acts upon its useful teachings, immeasurably sinks in the contrast, even as to

temporal enjoyments and comforts—and how eminently behind such a life in the Eternal future, is the prospect of him who marked well the lessons and counsels which Old Father Time never fails to impress upon the human heart—and what are the emotions which the retrospect affords? The old man looks back upon Time that is o'er, and beholds from his youth the chequered scenes through which he has passed, he recollects again the period of his boyhood, his early manhood, the mid age and the rapid passage from this stage to the "sear and yellow leaf"—he has before his mind's eye the innocent sports of his youth, the buoyant hopes which stimulated his manhood, the sterner feelings of middle life, when the gilded hue of the former can no longer cheat the reality and with these he makes the solemn contrast—he remembers the struggles, the trials, the toils of life, and along side of these he lays its pleasures, its joys and its pastime, and with grateful heart gives thanks that he still lives and is permitted to hope for a state which is Eternal. The youth just entering upon the theatre of human life flushed with high expectations of wealth or fame sees nothing in the retrospect, the past appears to him like a blank in the book of existence—he lifts the curtain which veils the future and in the full vista, sees honour, fame, reward. There all his hopes centre, thitherward his efforts, his energies tend—he follows the phantom with never tiring industry year after year, passes the threshold of manhood, glides into sober life, beholds at length that he has been pursuing a mere delusion, and learns the homely truth that a life of honest thrift and well spent time, whether it lead to fame and fortune or not, yields more abundantly true comfort and happiness in this world, than the seductions and fascinations which led him off, as the easy victim of his own folly. There are a thousand scenes which crowd upon a reflecting mind at the close of the year—we recollect the plans we made at the beginning of the year—how admirably they have succeeded and led on to our pleasures and enjoyments, or how signally they have failed and overwhelmed us with disaster—we remember our parents, brothers, sisters, our friends and companions who entered with us with light hearts and full hopes upon the new year, and the tear that moistens the cheek as it courses slowly down, is the outpouring of our grief that death has been among the group, and the place of father, mother, brother, sister, companion or friend is now vacant, and the voice whose affectionate counsels we were wont to hear and venerate has been hushed forever. We were rich and the heavy hand of adversity has come upon us, we were in the full tide of health and disease marks us now as its victim, we were high in the honour and fame of the world, these fickle lures have escaped our grasp and left us humbled to the dust. Such is the true picture of human life and each revolving year like a bright mirror is constantly reflecting its sober reality.—If we would gather the proper moral from the retrospect, we must learn to value and properly employ Time; a well spent life gives peace to the human conscience, tranquillity and serenity to old age, and is a sure passport to a happy Eternity.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, Hillsborough, New Hampshire.
Weckamet Lodge No. 3, Dover, do.

In yielding to the wishes of the editor, to take upon myself a part of the editorial labors of this paper, I am desirous only to promote *its* usefulness and lighten the burden of *his* duties, by contributing something myself, and by the talent I hope to bring to my assistance from among the brethren of the South. There are many gentlemen attached to the Order in this State and Georgia, who are known 'far and wide' to be able and interesting writers; and I hesitate not to say, that their love for the Order will prompt them to advance its interests by contributing to the support of its chief agent—the Magazine.

It can no longer be doubted, that the interests of our Order require an official organ, nor will it be denied that the Covenant has been an instrument of great good, by the knowledge of the Institution it has imparted,—the exposition and defence of its principles, and the news it has monthly conveyed to all sections of the country.

It would seem that every Odd-Fellow must ardently desire its continuance, as a promoter and defender of the genuine principles and practice of our beloved Institution. It has thus far met with general approbation; how it shall succeed hereafter in this respect, time alone can determine.

The wisdom of the Order has caused the sail to be spread and the Covenant to be sent forth, trusting to approving patrons to supply the gale that shall waft it onward, and make its voyage successful and glorious.

There has been some manifestation of a disposition to crush the Magazine, or wrest it from the control of the Grand Lodge, and thereby open the door, and encourage the increase of papers by the brotherhood. Doubtless the reasons assigned for pursuing this course were deemed good and sufficient by those of the brethren at the time.

But it is to be feared that many of the papers that would have sprung up, if the Covenant had ceased, would not be conducted by brethren possessing a sufficient knowledge of the Order—its principles, and wants, and that through them the Order would be made to languish and suffer in public estimation.

The question of the continuance or discontinuance of the Covenant was fairly presented before the Grand Lodge at its late session, and received that serious attention its importance so justly demanded; and after respectful and due consideration by the Representatives of the different Grand Lodges, it was decided that it should be continued as the Official Organ of that body.

To those brethren, if any there be, who would yet exert themselves to deprive the Order of the benefit of the paper, we would respectfully say—

The experiment 's ours! Your opposition save,
Our freighted Ark 's already on the wave,
'Tis under way in gallant sailing trim,
As it deserves, so let it sink or swim.

It will be my purpose to present information on the state of the Order in general—its condition and prospects—to lay before the brethren statements of such matters as seem important to its prosperity—to make known its wants, and suggest the best methods of causing those wants to go smiling from its portals. I shall also endeavor to engage my readers in the practice of its principles, and have an eye to its defence from the superstitious and ignorant,—from foes without, and foes within, if any

such there be. I shall therefore write *to* the Order, and *for* the Order; and while I endeavor to do good and communicate, I trust the brethren will exercise toward me the charity belonging to Odd-Fellowship, even though they may not approve.

To extend our beneficial institution, and ameliorate the condition of humanity, by causing a more close bond of *Friendship* to be drawn—a deeper fraternal *Love* to exist—a glorious *Truth* to be cherished, and a constant practice of the principles of the Order, will be my earnest endeavor. If in the station I now occupy, as Assistant Editor of the Magazine, I can render the Order a better service than I have heretofore done, I shall not regret having assumed it; and if, haply, I succeed in aiding Odd-Fellowship on to the glorious triumphs it is destined to achieve, the honest purpose of my labor will be gained.

ALBERT CASE.

Charleston, S. C., Nov., 1843.

JOURNAL OF THE R. W. G. LODGE U. STATES, FROM 1821 TO 1843, INCLUSIVE.

WE copy with great pleasure the Prospectus of Brothers McGowan and Treadwell of New York, who have undertaken to publish this valuable work. At the September session 1842, the Grand Secretary was authorized by resolution to have this object accomplished, provided it could be done by individual enterprise and without subjecting the Grand Lodge of the United States to expense. The magnitude of the work, the labour and toil which it would require to collect, explain and arrange the proceedings of the Order in this country attendant upon its organization, and its early progress, together with the large amount of outlay necessary to set the project on foot and carry it successfully through, deterred the undersigned from urging the subject upon competent Brethren. The great value of the work to the Representatives during the session, and the probability that unless consummated at once, it would be from time to time further adjourned until much of the materials necessary for its compilers would be lost or mislaid, induced the Grand Secretary to offer the work to the enterprising brethren who have now undertaken it.—The thorough experience of Brother Treadwell in keeping Legislative records, his general business talents and industrious habits eminently qualify him for the task of collecting, condensing and putting in proper form all the unpublished proceedings of that body, and of adding such useful and interesting explanations as may serve to render them intelligible to the Brotherhood.

Brother McGowan is a P. G. Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, whom we have had the pleasure of meeting in the Grand Lodge of the United States, as a Representative from New York; he is a practical printer, an experienced and active member of the Order and an Odd-Fellow of long standing—from the labours of these two Brethren, assisted as we learn they will be, by a most distinguished P. G. Sire, we have no doubt the work will be one of great value and interest to the Order, and we fondly trust that the Brethren throughout the United States in view of the great merit of Brothers Treadwell and McGowan in undertaking a work

of such immense value to Odd-Fellowship, dependant for remuneration entirely upon our own constituency, will one and all come up to their aid by a liberal subscription to this volume. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this movement is among the greatest benefits to Odd-Fellowship of the age.

To the Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, and Membership of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, in the United States.

BRETHREN:—The Subscribers respectfully announce that arrangements have been made, by which the JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES, will be published, in pursuance of the resolution passed at the September Session, 1842.

The increased desire manifested on the part of the Fraternity to possess itself of the valuable and interesting records containing the early annals of the body exercising supreme authority over the Order in this country, prompted the adoption of the vote alluded to: and it now remains for the Brethren to extend that support which will indemnify those who have undertaken the labor of revision, and hazard of publication. No part of the Journal prior to 1827, has heretofore appeared in print, but has remained a "sealed book" in the archives of the Order; and that portion which has been heretofore printed, has been gotten up in such haste as to make correctness impossible.

Under the sanction and authority of the Grand Lodge of U. S., the complete Journal of Proceedings will be published in One Volume of about six hundred pages, of the size of the "Covenant and Official Magazine," printed on fine paper, with new type, and bound in embossed cloth. It will embrace the minutes and important documents and statistics, from the period of Organization until the close of the late Session; together with copious notes explanatory of subjects not fully expressed in the text: thus presenting a perfect and authentic history of the progress of the Order in the United States, and the jurisdiction thereunto belonging. The Constitution and Laws of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., embracing the latest amendments, will be appended to the work. The embellishments to consist of the Portraits of the seven Grand Sires, and the Grand Corresponding Secretary, executed in superior style on steel, by an eminent Artist. Copy-right secured.

It is important that every organized body of the Order within the range of the Jurisdiction, and every member who takes interest in its prosperity, should be possessed of the work: not alone as an embodiment of the official history, but as containing the decisions of our highest tribunal on usages and customs, from infancy to its present maturity. To be enabled to meet the required demand, it is desirable that specific orders be forwarded without delay. The work will be ready for delivery, by the first of February, 1844. Price \$2.00 per copy, to be paid for previous to being forwarded from the city of New York.

CHARLES MCGOWAN,
JOHN G. TREADWELL.

NEW YORK, November 1st, 1843.

Orders for the Work, direct to C. McGOWAN, 87 Barclay-street, New York.

The Travelling Agent of the Covenant and Official Magazine, is duly authorized to receive Subscriptions.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Maine—Extract of a letter from John D. Kinsman, dated Portland, Nov. 3, 1843.

Our watch-word here is truly forward and onward—the Maine Lodge No. 1, now numbers 217 and 24 are waiting for initiation—the Ancient Brother's No. 4, number about 50—on the 31st ult. we formed a Degree Lodge—on the 7th inst. D. G. S. Churchill visited us for the purpose of installing an Encampment—and on the 6th inst. steps will be taken by some of us (members of Maine Lodge,) preparatory to forming another Subordinate Lodge in this city.

Massachusetts—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary Albert Guild, dated Boston, November 20th, 1843.

I expect to forward three petitions for new Lodges in New Hampshire in the course of a week—there has been I think eight new Lodges instituted in this the State of Massachusetts since I saw you, and the probability is that there will be as many more, within the next three months.

New York—Extract of a letter from the Publishers of the Journal of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. States, dated New York, Nov. 27, 1843.

Our notes will be much more copious than we first anticipated, we have discovered much information in relation to the first establishment of the Order in this city, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, which had been supposed to be lost forever. We have the certificate of five survivors of the Shakspeare Lodge as organized in 1806, prior to its organization in 1818, and one of those who revived it in 1818.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. S. Albert Case, dated Charleston, November 18th, 1843.

I have just returned from a tour in Georgia. The Order in Georgia is prospering rapidly—I opened one Lodge, one Encampment, one Grand Lodge, and visited the other Lodges. The Lodge at Milledgeville, *Sylvan No. 4*, had a procession and Oration on the 8th, and immediately thereafter their Hall was consecrated to the uses and purposes of Odd-Fellowship. The Oration was delivered by Col. F. H. Sanford. The Legislature was in session at Milledgeville on the occasion, and thousands witnessed the display and speak in flattering terms of the Order. The G. Lodge formed on the 13th, immediately granted a charter for No. 6, at Columbus.

I shall have a lot of subscribers to vol. 3, in Georgia, and have engaged a good list of contributors to its columns. The patrons may therefore expect a rich fund of interesting matter from the intellectual store-house of gentlemen and ladies of talent in that State.

DEATH OF P. G. M. ROBINSON S. HINMAN,

Late G. Representative of Connecticut to the Grand Lodge of the U. States.

It is with profound grief that we announce to the brotherhood, the death of this eminently distinguished Odd-Fellow. Among the first to embrace our beloved Order and to welcome its introduction within the borders of Connecticut, he continued up to his latest period of physical capacity its ardent friend, its devoted patron and its zealous advocate—and when prostrated upon the bed of sickness dwelt often in love and delight upon the happy influences which its benign principles had shed upon his path of life—he died at the residence of his colleague Grand Representative William H. Ellis in the city of New Haven, beloved and respected by his fellow citizens and endeared especially to the brotherhood of Odd-Fellows for his many and valuable services to the Order and the spotless purity of his private life. To his fellow Representatives in the Grand Lodge of the United States at the sessions of 1842 and 1843, this painful intelligence will be a source of deep regret, and bring mournfully to their recollection, the eloquent and pathetic closing prayer of the Grand Chaplain, who when he invoked a blessing upon the assembled Representatives then about to separate and return to their respective homes in the utterance of devout thanksgiving, that so many who had assembled at the Annual Session of 1842, had again been permitted to meet in council in 1843—solemnly exclaimed,

But my brethren how many of us may meet each other on this floor in the coming year."

We shall never forget the pure and elevated tone and moral of Grand Representative Hinman's remarks in the last debate in which he participated during the late Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The question before the Lodge was a proposition to refund the charter fee paid by an Encampment, and one of the arguments in support of the application was the poverty of the Encampment. "I come said Rep. Hinman from a Grand Encampment without a dollar in her treasury, not even the means of defraying my expenses as her Representative on this floor, but sir her poverty shall never operate as an argument when clear law, principle and practice are against her claims."

"DEATH OF GENERAL HINMAN.

"It is with heartfelt sorrow that we announce the death of ROBINSON S. HINMAN, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate for the District of New Haven, and a member of the bar of this county. He died at the house of William H. Ellis, Esq., in this city, on Friday evening the 10th inst., at the age of 42. Though prepared from his declining health to expect this sad termination, yet we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the melancholy reality. Cut down in the prime of life—in the midst of his usefulness—surrounded by friends as true as any man ever had—respected universally in the community, and most of all, by those who knew him best—there are few who have more to attach themselves to life, and few whose loss would be more widely felt. In his profession, he was distinguished, not less by his attention to the interests confided to his care, than an upright and honorable bearing towards all who had occasion to meet with him; and in the discharge of his official duties, no one could have been more faithful to his trusts, or more accommodating and attentive to those who had business in the Court of which he was Judge. His disease was pulmonary—he was conscious of his situation to the last—and met death without a struggle, calmly resigned to the divine will.

"Green be the turf above thee!
Friend of my early days—
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

"The funeral of Gen. Hinman, on Monday, attested how strong was the respect of those who had known him in life. It was attended by the Judges of the Superior and County Court, the members of the Bar—the fraternity of Masons—the several Societies of Odd-Fellows, numbering several hundred—the boys of the Lancasterian School, under Mr. Lovell—and a large concourse of citizens.—Gen. Hinman will be missed from many a circle of friends, who knew and appreciated the generous qualities of his heart; his philanthropy as a man; his public spirit as a citizen; his uprightness and consistency as a politician; his devotedness as a friend.—No man had fewer enemies, or warmer admirers."

"At a meeting of the Members of the Bar, of New Haven County, on the occasion of the death of Gen. ROBINSON S. HINMAN, held November 11th, 1843, Hon. Ralph I. Ingersoll, was appointed Chairman, and John S. Rice, Secretary.

"Resolved, unanimously, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of ROBINSON S. HINMAN, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate for this District, and an honorable and much respected member of the New Haven County Bar: that in token of our respect for his memory, and our sympathy with his afflicted relatives, we will wear the usual badge of mourning, and in a body attend the funeral on Monday next.

"Resolved, That these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the papers of this city, and that the Secretary of this meeting furnish a copy to the near relatives of the deceased.

RALPH I. INGERSOLL, Chairman.

JOHN S. RICE, Secretary."

"In our next we shall present to our readers a full and complete directory of all the Lodges and Encampments in the United States.

"Miss Louise.—May we hope to hear again from this admirable writer.

"Delta.—Will he again consent to grace our pages with his chaste, energetic and truthful moral.

"Miss H. J. W. of Boston.—We beg the favor to hear from her—our mutual friend the Deputy Grand Sire has encouraged us to hope for her efforts on behalf of the Covenant.

"We again request Agents of the Covenant to forward their lists for 1844. It is important that we may know what edition to work off. We shall forward only such quantity of the January Number as they may expect to dispose of for cash.

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